



# SHAKESPEARE'S LIBRARY.

*PART II—VOL I*

—o—

THE COMEDY OF ERRORS.

KING RICHARD III

KING JOHN

KING HENRY V

THE SECOND PART OF KING HENRY VI

**PRINTED BY BALLANTYNE AND COMPANY  
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# Shakespeare's Library

A COLLECTION OF THE  
PLAYS ROMANCES NOVELS POEMS,  
AND HISTORIES

EMPLOYED BY

# H A K E S P E A R E

IN THE COMPOSITION OF HIS WORKS

With Introductions and Notes

SECOND EDITION

CAREFULLY REVISED AND GREATLY ENLARGED

The Text now first formed  
from a New Collation of the Original Copies

VOLUME THE FIFTH

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## *PREFACE*

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THE Fifth and Sixth Volumes of "Shakespeare's Library," forming the second and concluding division of the present publication, contain eleven dramas, from which Shakespeare is supposed, with good reason, to have derived assistance, in greater or smaller measure, in the preparation of his own plays on the same subject

These foundation-dramas stand, however, on a very unequal footing; for, as elsewhere explained, the poet, in some cases, merely revised the existing texts; in others, his obligation was scarcely more than nominal; and in the rest, with one exception, the original piece supplied nothing beyond the outline and general suggestion.

The "Merry Wives of Windsor," as here reprinted from the *4to* of 1602, exhibits, on the contrary, Shakespeare's own first sketch, afterwards completed and matured by himself, as we find it in the *folio* of 1623, and in the modern editions.

Almost all the dramatic compositions which are assembled in these two volumes are of the highest rarity, but such is especially the case with the "Famous Victories of Henry V, 1598," "The Troublesome

Reign of King John, 1591," "The First Part of the Contention, 1594," the "True Tragedy of Richard, Duke of York, 1595," and the "True Tragedy of Richard III, 1594," all of which, with the exception of the last, are supposed to be *unique*. But three or four copies at most exist of any of them.

To bring them all together, therefore, in a convenient shape for reference appeared to be desirable. Of the whole number, four have never been collected before, and as regards three of the others, the "Taming of a Shrew," the "Famous Victories," and "King John," the editions employed in "Six Old Plays, 1779," were late reprints, instead of the *editiones principes*, which are generally purer, and (in inquiries of this kind) always more satisfactory and authoritative. But where the Editor of 1779, professing not to "depart from the original copies," chose the right texts, he failed altogether to observe that accuracy which in such cases is indispensable.

W C H.

THE COMEDY OF ERRORS.

## *EDITION*

*Menæcmi A pleasant and fine concerte Comædie, taken out of  
the most excellent wittie Poet Plautus Chosen purposely from  
out the rest, as least harmefull, and yet most delightfull Written  
in English, by W W London, Printed by Tho Creede, and  
are to be sold by William Barley, at his shop in Gratiouse streeete  
1595. 4°*

## THE PRINTER TO THE READERS

—o—

THE writer hereof (loving Readers) having diverse  
of this Poettes Comedies Englished, for the use  
and delight of his private friends, who in Plautus  
owne words are not able to understand them I have  
prevailed so far with him as to let this one go farther  
abroad, for a publike recreation and delight to all  
those, that affect the diverse sorts of bookees compiled  
in this kind, wherof (in my judgment) in hamelesse  
mirth and quicknesse of fine conceit, the most of  
them come far short of this And although I found  
him very loath and unwilling to hazard this to the  
curious view of envious detraction, (being as he tels  
mee) neither so exactly written, as it may carry any  
name of a Translation, nor such libertie therin used,  
as that he would notoriously varie from the Poets  
owne order yet sith it is onely a matter of meri-  
ment, and the litle alteration therof, can breed no  
detriment of importance, I have over-rulde him so  
farre, as to let this be offred to your curteous accept-  
ance, and if you shall applaude his litle labour  
heerein, I doubt not but he will endevour to gratifie  
you with some of the rest better laboured, and more  
curiously pollished

Farewell.

\* Where you finde this marke, the Poets conceit is somewhat  
altered, by occasion either of the time, the country, or the phrase.

## *THE ARGUMENT.*

—o—

Two Twinborne sonnes, a Sicill marchant had,  
Menechmus one, and Sosicles the other  
The first his Father lost a litle Lad,  
The Grandsire namde the latter like his brother  
This (giowne a man) long travell tooke to seeke  
His Brothei, and to Epidamnum came,  
Where th' other dwelt inricht, and him so like,  
That Citizens there take him for the same  
Father, wife, neighbours, each mistaking either,  
Much pleasant error, ere they meete togithei



A PLEASANT AND FINE CONCEITED

C O M A E D I E,

CALLED

*M E N E C H M U S,*

TAKEN OUT OF THE MOST EXCELLENT

*POET PLAUTUS*

—o—

ACT I SCENE I

*Enter PENICULUS, a Parasite*

PENICULUS was given mee for my name when I  
was yong, bicause like a broome I swept all  
cleane away, where so ere I become Namely all the  
vittels which are set before mee Now in my judgement,  
men that clap iron bolts on such captives as  
they would keepe safe, and tie those servants in  
chaines who they thinke will run away, they commit  
an exceeding great folly my reason is, these poore  
wretches enduring one miserie upon an other, never  
cease devising how by wrenching asunder their gives,  
or by some subteltie or other they may escape such  
cursed bands If then ye would keep a man without

all suspition of running away from ye, the surest way  
is to tie him with meate, drinke and ease Let him  
ever be idle, eate his belly full, and carouse while  
his skin will hold, and he shall never, I warrant ye,  
stir a foote These strings to tie one by the teeth,  
passe all the bands of iron, steele, or what metall so  
ever, for the more slack and easie ye make them, the  
faster still they tie the partie which is in them I  
speake this upon experience of my selfe, who am  
now going for Menechmus, there willingly to be tied  
to his good cheare he is commonly so exceeding  
bountifull and liberall in his fare, as no marveyle  
though such guestes as my selfe be drawne to his  
Table, and tyed there in his dishes Now because I  
have lately bene a straunger there, I meane to visite  
him at dinner for my stomacke mee-thinkes even  
thrusts me into the fetters of his daintie fare But  
yonder I see his doore open, and himselfe readie to  
come foorth

## SCENE II

*Enter MENECHMUS talking backe to his wife within*

If ye were not such a brabbling foole and mad-braine scold as yee are, yee would never thus crosse  
your husbande in all his actions. 'Tis no matter, let  
her serve me thus once more, Ile send her home to  
her dad with a vengeance I can never go foorth a  
doores, but shee asketh mee whither I go? what I  
do? what busines? what I fetch? what I carry?  
\* As though she were a Constable or a toll-gatherer,  
I have pampered her too much she hath servants  
about her, wooll, flax, and all things necessary to  
busie her withall, yet she watcheth and wondreth  
whither I go Well sith it is so, she shall now have

some cause, I mean to dine this day abroad with a sweet friend of mine

*Pen* Yea mary now comes hee to the point that prickes me this last speech gaules mee as much as it would doo his wife , If he dine not at home, I am drest

*Men* We that have Loves abroad, and wives at home, are miserably hampred, yet would every man could tame his shrewe as well as I doo mine I have now filcht away a fine ryding cloake of my wives, which I meane to bestow upon one that I love better Nay, if she be so warie and watchfull over me, I count it an almes deed to deceive her

*Pen* Come, what share have I in that same?

*Men* Out alas, I am taken

*Pen* True, but by your friend

*Men* What, mine owne Peniculus?

*Pen* Yours (ifaith) bodie and goods if I had any

*Men* Why thou hast a bodie

*Pen* Yea, but neither goods nor good bodie

*Men* Thou couldst never come fitter in all thy life

*Pen* Tush, I ever do so to my friends, I know how to come alwaies in the nicke Where dine ye to-day?

*Men* Ile tell thee of a notable pranke

*Pen* What, did the Cooke marre your meate in the dressing? Would I might see the reversion

*Men* Tell me didst thou see a picture, how Jupiters Eagle snatcht away Ganimede, or how Venus stole away Adonis?

*Pen* Often, but what care I for shadowes, I want substance.

*Men* Looke thee here, looke not I like such a picture?

*Pen* O ho, what cloake have ye got here?

*Men* Prethee say I am now a brave fellow

*Pen* But hearke ye, where shall we dine?

*Men.* Tush, say as I bid thee man.

*Pen* Out of doubt ye are a fine man.

*Men* What? canst adde nothing of thine owne?

*Pen* Ye are a most pleasant gentleman

*Men* On yet

*Pen* Nay not a word more, unlesse ye tell mee how you and your wife be fallen out

*Men* Nay I have a greater secret then that to impart to thee.

*Pen* Say your minde

*Men* Come farther this way from my house

*Pen* So, let me heare

*Men* Nay farther yet

*Pen* I warrant ye man

\**Men* Nay yet farther

*Pen* Tis pittie ye were not made a water-man to row in a wherry

*Men* Why?

*Pen* Because ye go one way, and looke an other, stil least your wife should follow ye But what's the matter, Ist not almost dinner time?

*Men* Seest thou this cloake?

*Pen.* Not yet Well what of it?

*Men.* This same I meane to give to EROTUM

*Pen* That's well, but what of all this?

*Men* There I meane to have a delicious dinner prepar'd for her and me.

*Pen.* And me

*Men* And thee

*Pen.* O sweet word What, shall I knock presently at her doore?

*Men.* I knocke But stae too Peniculus, let's not be too rash Oh see shee is in good time comming forth

*Pen* Ah, he now lookes against the Sun, how her beames dazell his eyes

### Enter EROTUM

*Ero* What mine owne Menechmus, welcome sweete heart

*Pen* And what am I, welcome too?

*Ero* You Sir? ye are out of the number of my welcome guests

\* *Pen* I am like a voluntary souldier, out of paie

*Men* Erotium, I have determined that here shal be pitcht a field this day, we meane to drinke for the heavens And which of us performes the bravest service at his weapon the wine boll, yourselfe as Captaine shall paie him his wages according to his de-serts

*Ero* Agreed

*Pen* I would we had the weapons, for my valour pricks me to the battaile

*Men* Shall I tell thee sweete mouse? I never looke upon thee, but I am quite out of love with my wife

*Ero* Yet yee cannot chuse, but yee must still weare something of hers whats this same?

*Men* This? such a spoyle (sweete heart) as I tooke from her to put on thee

*Ero* Mine owne Menechmus, well woorthie to bee my deare, of all dearest

*Pen* Now she showes her selfe in her likenesse, when shee findes him in the giving vaine, she drawes close to him

*Men* I thinke Hercules got not the garter from Hypolita so hardly, as I got this from my wife Take this, and with the same take my heart

*Pen* Thus they must do that are right Lovers especially if they mean to [be] beggers with any speed

*Men* I bought this same of late for my wife, it stood mee (I thinke) in some ten pound

*Pen* There's tenne pounds bestowed verie thrifly

*Men* But knowe yee what I woulde have yee doo?

*Ero* It shall bee done, your dinner shall be readie.

\* *Men* Let a good dinner be made for us three.

Harke ye, some oysters, a mary-bone pie or two,  
some artichockes, and potato rootes, let our other  
be as you please

*Ero* You shall Sir

*Men* I have a little businesse in this Cittie, by that  
time dinner will be prepared Farewell till then,  
sweete Erotium Come Peniculus

*Pen* Nay I meane to follow yee I will sooner  
leese my life, then sight of you till this dinner be done  
[*Exeunt*

*Ero* Who's there? Call me Cylindrus the Cooke  
hither

*Enter CYLINDRUS*

Cylindrus, take the Hand-basket, and heere, there's  
ten shillings is there not?

*Cyl* Tis so mistresse

*Ero* Buy mee of all the daintiest meates ye can  
get, ye know what I meane so as three may dine  
passing well, and yet no more then inough

*Cyl* What guests have ye to-day mistresse?

*Ero* Here will be Menechmus and his Parasite,  
and myselfe.

*Cyl* That's ten persons in all

*Ero*. How many?

*Cyl* Ten, for I warrant you, that Parasite may  
stand for eight at his vittels

*Ero* Go dispatch as I bid you, and looke ye re-  
turne with all speed

*Cyl* I will have all readie with a trice. [*Exeunt*

## ACT II SCENE I.

*Enter MENECHMUS, SOSICLES MESSENIO his servant,  
and some Saylers*

*Men* Surely Messenio, I thinke Sea-fairers never  
take so comfortable a joy in any thing, as when they

have bene long lost and turmoyl in the wide seas,  
they hap at last to ken land

*Mes* Ile be sworn, I shuld not be gladder to see  
a whole Country of mine owne, then I have bene at  
such a sight But I pray, wherfore are we now come to  
Epidamnum? must we needs go to see everie Towne  
that we heare off?

*Men* Till I finde my brother, all Townes are alike  
to me I must trie in all places

*Mes* Why then let's even as long as wee live seeke  
your brother six yeares now have roamide about  
thus, Istria, Hispania, Massyla, Ilyria, all the uppe  
sea, all high Gieece, all Haven Towns in Italy I  
think if we had sought a needle all this time, we must  
needs have found it, had it bene above ground It  
cannot be that he is alive, and to seek a dead man  
thus among the living, what folly is it?

*Men* Yea, could I but once find any man that  
could certainly enforme me of his death, I were  
satisfied, othewise I can never desist seeking Little  
knowest thou Messeno how neare my heart it goes

*Mes* This is washing of a Blackumore Faith let's  
goe home, unlesse ye meane we shoulde write a storic  
of our traiale

*Men* Sirra, no more of these sawcie speccles, I  
perceive I must teach ye how to serve me, not to rule  
me

*Mes* I, so, now it appeares what it is to be a ser-  
vant Wel yet I must speake my conscience Do  
ye heare sir? Faith I must tell ye one thing, when I  
ooke into the leane estate of your purse, and consider  
advisedly of your decaying stocke, I hold it verie  
needful to be drawing homeward, lest in looking your  
brother, we quite lose ourselves. For this assue your  
selfe, this Towne Epidamnum, is a place of outra-  
gious expences, exceeding in all ryot and lascivious-  
nesse and (I heare) as full of Ribaulcs, Parasites

Dunkards, Catchpoles, Cony-catchers, and Sycophants, as it can hold then for Curtizans, why here's the currantest stamp of them in the world Ye must not thinke here to scape with as light cost as in other places The verie name shews the nature, no man comes hither *sine damno*

*Men* Yee say very well indeed give mee my purse into mine owne keeping, because I will so be the safer, *sine damno*

*Mes* Why Sir?

*Men* Because I feare you wil be busie among the Curtizans, and so be cosened of it then should I take great paines in belabouring your shoulders, so to avoid both these harms, Ile keep it my selfe

*Men* I pray do so sir, all the better

### Enter CYLINDRUS

\* I have tickling geare here yfaith for their dinners · It grieves me to the heart to think how that cormorant knave Peniculus must have his share in these daintie morsels But what? Is Menechmus come alreadie, before I could come from the Maiket? Menechmus, how do ye sir? how haps it ye come so soone?

*Men* God a mercy my good friend, doest thou know mee?

*Cyl.* Know ye? no not I. Where's mouldichappes that must dine with ye? A murrin on his manners.

*Men* Whom meanest thou good fellow?

*Cyl* Why Peniculus woiship, that whorson licktrencher, your Parasiticall attendant

*Men.* What Peniculus? what attendant? My attendant? Surely this fellow is mad

*Mes* Did I not tell ye what cony-catching villaines you should finde here?

*Cyl* Menechmus, harke ye sir, ye come too soone  
backe again to dinner, I am but returned from the  
Market

*Men* Fellow, here thou shalt have money of me,  
goe get the priest to sacrifice for thee I know thou  
art mad, els thou wouldest never use a straunger thus

*Cyl.* Alas sir, Cylindrus was wont to be no stranger  
to you Know ye not Cylindrus?

*Men* Cylindrus, or Coliendrus, or what the divell  
thou art, I know not, neither do I care to know

*Cyl* I know you to be Menechmus

*Men* Thou shouldest be in thy wits, in that thou  
namest me so right, but tell me, where hast thou  
knowne me?

*Cyl* Where? even heere, where ye first fell in  
love with my mistresse Erotium

*Men* I neither have Lover, neither knowe I who  
thou art.

*Cyl* Know ye not who I am? who fils your cup  
and dresses your meate at our house?

*Mes* What a slave is this? that I had somewhat to  
breake the Rascals pate withall

*Men* At your house, when as I never came in  
Epidamnum till this day

*Cyl* Oh tharts true Do ye not dwell in yonder  
house?

*Men* Foule shame light upon them that dwell  
there, for my part

*Cyl* Questionlesse, hee is mad indeede, to curse  
himselfe thus. Harke ye Menechmus

*Men* What saist thou?

*Cyl* If I may advise ye, ye shall bestow this money  
which ye offred me, upon a sacrifice for your selfe  
for out of doubt you are mad that curse your scife

*Mes* What a verlet art thou to trouble us thus'

*Cyl* Tush he wil many times jest with me thus  
Yet when his wife is not by, tis a ridiculous jest

*Men* Whats that?

*Cyl* This I say, Thinke ye I have brought meate inough for three of you? If not, ile fetche more for you and your wench, and snatchcrust your Parasite

*Men* What wenches? what Parasites?

*Mes* Villaine, Ile make thee tell me what thou meanest by all this talke?

*Cyl* Away Jack Napes, I say nothing to thee, for I know thee not, I speake to him that I know

*Men* Out drunken foole, without doubt thou art out of thy wits

*Cyl* That you shall see by the dressing of your meat Go, go, ye were better to go in and finde somewhat to do there, whiles your dinner is making readie Ile tell my mistresse ye be here

*Men* Is he gone? Messenio I thinke uppon thy words alreadie

*Mes* Tush marke I pray, Ile laie fortie pound here dwels some Curtizan to whom this fellow belong

*Men* But I wonder how he knowes my name

*Mes* Oh ile tell yee. These Courtizans as soone as ame straunge shippe arriveth at the Haven, they sende a boye or a wench to enquire what they be, what their names be, whence they come, wherefore they come, &c If they can by any meanes strike acquaintance with him, or allure him to their houses, he is their owne We are here in a tickle place maister, tis best to be circumspect

*Men* I mislike not thy counsaile Messenio

*Mes* I, but follow it then. Soft, here comes some bodie forth Here sirs, Marriners, keep this same amongst you

*Enter EROTUM.*

Let the doore stand so, away, it shall not be shut. Make hast within there ho maydes looke that all things be readie Cover the boord, put fire under

the perfuming pannes, let all things be very handsome  
 Where is hee, that Cylndrus sayd stood without here?  
 Oh, what meane you sweet heart, that ye come not in?  
 I trust you thinke yourselfe more welcome to this  
 house then to your owne, and great reason why you  
 should do so Your dinner and all things are readie  
 as you willed Will ye go sit downe?

*Men* Whom doth this woman speake to?

*Ero* Even to you sir, to whom else should I speake?

*Men* Gentlewoman ye are a straunger to me, and I  
 marvell at your speeches

*Ero* Yea sir, but such a straunger, as I acknowledge  
 ye for my best and dearest friend, and well you have  
 deserved it

*Men* Surely Messenio, this woman is also mad or  
 drunke, that useth all this kindnesse to mee uppon so  
 small acquaintance

*Mes* Tush, did not I tell ye right? there be but  
 leaves which fall upon you now, in comparison of the  
 trees that wil tumble on your necke shortly I tolde  
 ye, here were silver tong'de hacsters But let me talke  
 with her a litle Gentlewoman what acquantance  
 have you with this man? where have you seen him?

*Ero* Where he saw me, here in Epidamnum

*Mes* In Epidamnum? who never till this day set  
 his foote within the Towne?

*Ero* Go, go, flowting Jack Menechmus what need  
 al this? I pray go in

*Men* She also calls me by my name

*Mes* She smels your purse

*Men* Messenio come hither, here take my purse  
 Ile know whether she aime at me or my purse, ere I go

*Ero* Will ye go in to dinner, sir?

*Men* A good motion, yea and thanks with al my  
 heart

*Ero* Never thanke me for that which you com-  
 maunded to be provided for yourselfe.

*Men* That I commaunded?

*Ero* Yea, for you and your Parasite

*Men* My Parasite?

*Ero* Peniculus, who came with you this morning when you brought me the cloake which you got from your wife

*Men* A cloake that I brought you, which I got from my wife?

*Ero* Tush what needeth all this jesting? Pray leave off

*Men* Jest or earnest, this I tell ye for a truth I never had wife, neither have I, nor never was in this place till this instant, for only thus farre am I come, since I biake my fast in the ship

*Ero* What ship do ye tell me off?

\* *Mes* Marry ile tell ye, an old rotten weather-beaten ship, that we have saild up and downe in this sixe yeares, Ist not time to be going homewards thinke ye?

*Ero* Come, come, Menechmus, I pray leave this sporting and go in

*Men* Well Gentlewoman, the truth is, you mistake my person, it is some other that you looke for

*Ero.* Why, thinke ye I know ye not to be Menechmus, the sonne of Moschus, and have heard ye say, ye were borne at Siracusis where Agathocles did raigne, then Pythia, then Liparo, and now Hieio

*Men* All this is true.

*Mes* Either shee is a witch, or else shee hath dwelt there and knew ye there

*Men* Ile go in with her, Messenio, Ile see further of this matter

*Mes.* Ye are cast away then

*Men.* Why so? I warrant thee, I can loose nothing, somewhat I shall gaine, perhaps a good lodging during my abode heere Ile dissemble with her an other while Nowe when you please let us go in, I made straunge with you, because of this fellow here, least

he should tell my wife of the cloake which I gave you

*Ero* Will ye staie any longer for your Peniculus your Parasite?

*Men* Not I, Ile neither staie for him, nor have him let come in, if he do come

*Ero* All the better But sū, will ye doo one thing for me?

*Men* What is that?

*Ero* To beare that cloake which you gave me to the Diars, to have it new trimd and altered

*Men* Yea that will be well, so my wife shall not know it Let mee have it with mee after dinner I will but speake a word or two with th's fellowe, then ile follow yee in. Hoe Messenio come aside goe and provide for thyselfe, and these ship boyes in some Inne, then looke that after dinner you come hithe for me

*Mes* Ah maister, will yee be cony catcht thus wil fully?

*Men* Peace foolish knave seest thou not what a sot she is, I shall coozen her I warrant thee

*Mes* Ay maister

*Men* Wilt thou be gone?

\**Mes* See, see, she hath him safe enough now Thus he hath escaped a hundred Pyrates hands at sea, and now one land-rover hath boundid him at first encounter Come away fellowcs

### ACT III

*Enter PENICULUS*

Twentie yeares I thinke and more haue I playde the knave, yet never playd I the ioothish knave as I haue done this morning I follow Menechmus, and

he goes to the Hall where now the Sessions are holden , there trusting our selves into the prease of people, when I was in midst of all the throng, he gave me the slip, that I could never more set eye on him, and I dare sweare, came directly to dinner That I would he that first devised these Sessions were hang'd, and all that ever came of him tis such a hinderance to men that have belly businesses in hand. If a man be not there at his call, they amearce him with a vengeance Men that have nothing else to do, that do neither bid anie man, nor are themselves bidden to dinner, such should come to Sessions, not we that have these matteis to looke too If it were so, I had not thus lost my dinner this day , which I think in my conscience he did even purposely couzen me off Yet I meane to go see if I can but light uppon the reversion, I may perhaps get my penyworthes But how now? is this Menechmus comming away from thence? dinner done, and all dispatcht? What execrable lucke have I ?

*Enter MENECHMUS the travailer*

Tush I wairant ye, it shall be done as ye would wish. Ile have it so altered and trimd anew, that it shall by no meanes be knowne againe

*Pen* He carries the cloake to the dyars, dinner done, the wine drunke up, the Parasite shut out of doores Well, let me live no longer, but ile revenge this injurious mockerie. But first ile harken awhile what he saith

*Men.* Good goddes, who ever had such lucke as I ? Such cheare, such a dinner, such kinde entertainment? And for a farewell, this cloake which I meane shall go with me.

*Pen* He speakes so softly, I cannot heare what hee

saith I am sure he is now flowing at me for the losse  
of my dinner

*Men* She tels me how I gave it her, and stole it  
from my wife When I perceived she was in an error,  
though I knew not how, I began to sooth her, and to  
say every thing as she said Meane while I far'd well,  
and that a' free cost

*Pen* Wel, I'le go talke with him

*Men* Who is this same that comes to me?

*Pen* O well met fickle-braine, false and treacherous  
dealer, craftie and unjust promise-breaker How have  
I deserved, you should so give me the slip, come  
before and dispatch the dinner, deale so badly with  
him that hath reverenst ye like a sonne?

*Men* Good fellow, what meanest thou by these  
speeches? Raile not on mee, unlesse thou intendst  
to receive a railers hire

*Pen* I have received the injury (sure I am) alreadie.

*Men* Prethee tell me, what is thy name?

*Pen* Well, well, mock on sir, mock on, doo ye  
not know my name?

*Men* In troth I never sawe thee in all my life,  
much lesse do I know thee

*Pen* Fie, awake Menechmus, awake, ye oversleepe  
your selfe

*Men* I am awake, I know what I say.

*Pen* Know you not Peniculus?

*Men* Peniculus, or Pediculus, I know thee not

*Pen* Did ye filch a cloake from your wife this  
morning, and bring it hither to Erotium?

*Men* Neither have I wife, neither gave I any cloake  
to Erotium, neither filcht I any from any bodie

*Pen* Will ye denie that which you did in my com-  
pany?

*Men* Wilt thou say I have done this in thy com-  
pany?

*Pen* Will I say it? yea, I will stand to it

*Men* Away filthie mad duvell away, I will talke no longer with thee

*Pen* Not a world of men shall staine me, but ile go tell his wife of all the whole mattei, sith he is at this point with me I will make this same as unblest a dinner as ever he eate

*Men* It makes mee wonder, to see how every one that meetes me cavils thus with me Wherefore comes foorth the mayd now?

*Enter ANCILLA, EROTIUMS mayd*

Menechmus, my mistresse commends her haitly to you, and seeing you goe that way to the Dyars, shee also desireth you to take this chaine with you, and put it to mending at the Goldsmythes, shee would have two or three ounces of gold more in it, and the fashion amended

*Men* Either this or any thing else within my power, tell her, I am readie to accomplish

*Anc* Do ye know this chaine sir?

*Men.* Yea I know it to be gold

*Anc* This is the same you once tooke out of your wifes Casket

*Men* Who, did I?

*Anc* Have you forgotten?

*Men.* I never did it

*Anc* Give it me againe then

*Men* Tarry, yes I remember it tis it I gave your misties

*Anc* Oh, are ye advised?

*Men* Where are the bracelets that I gave her likewise?

*Anc.* I never knew of anie

*Men.* Faith, when I gave this, I gave them too

*Anc* Well sir, ile tell her this shall be done?

*Men* I, I, tell her so, shee shall have the cloake  
and this both togither

*Anc* I pray Menechmus put a litle jewell for my  
eare to making for me ye know I am alwaies reache  
to pleasure you

*Men* I will, give me the golde, ile paie for the  
workemanship

*Anc* Late out for me, ile paie it ye againe

*Men* Alas I have none now

*Anc* When you have, will ye?

*Men* I will Goe bid your mistresse make no doubt  
of these I warrant her, ile make the best hand I can  
of them Is she gone? Doo not all the gods con-  
spire to loade mee with good lucke? well I see tis  
high time to get mee out of these coasts, least all these  
matters should be lewd devises to draw me into some  
snare There shall my garland lie, because if they  
seeke me, they may think that I am gone that way  
\* I wil now goe see if I can finde my man Messenio,  
that I may tell him how I have sped

#### A C T I V

*Enter MULIER, the wife of MENECHMUS the Citizen,  
and PENICULUS*

*Mul* Thinkes he I will be made such a sot, and to  
be still his diudge, while he prowles and purloynes all  
that I have to give his Trulles?

*Pen* Nay hold your peace, wee'll catch him in the  
nicke This way he came, in his garland forsooth,  
bearing the cloak to the Dyars And see I pray  
where the garland lyes, this way he is gone See, see,  
where he comes againe without the cloake.

*Mul* What shall I now do?

*Pen* What? that which ye ever do , bayt him for  
life

*Mul.* Surely I thinke it best so

*Pen.* Stay, wee will stand aside a little, ye shall catch him unawares

*Enter MENECHMUS the Citizen*

*Men.* It would make a man at his wittes end, to see how brabbling causes are handled yonder at the Court If a poore man never so honest, have a matter come to be scand, there is hee outfaste, and overlaide with countenance If a rich man never so vile a wretch, come to speake, there they are all readie to favour his cause What with facing out bad causes for the oppressors, and patronizing some just actions for the wronged, the Lawyers they pocket up all the gaines For mine own part, I come not away emptie, though I have bene kept long against my will For taking in hand to dispatch a mattei this morning for one of my acquaintaunce, I was no sooner entered into it, but his adversaries laide so hard unto his charge, and brought such matter against him, that do what I could, I could not winde my selfe out til now I am sore afraied Erotium thinks much unkindnes in me that I staid so long, yet she will not be angry considering the gift I gave her to day

*Pen.* How thinke ye by that?

*Mul.* I thinke him a most vile wretch thus to abuse me,

*Men.* I will hie me thither

*Mul.* Yea go pilferer, goe with shame inough, no bodie sees your lewd dealings and vile theevery

*Men.* How now wife, what ail yee? what is the matter?

*Mul.* Aske yee mee whats the matter? Fye uppon thee.

*Pen.* Are ye not in a fit of an ague, your pulses beate so sore? to him I say.

*Men.* Pray wife why aie ye so angry with me

*Mul.* Oh you know not?

*Pen* He knowes, but he would dissemble it

*Men.* What is it?

*Mul* My cloake

*Men* Your cloake

*Mul* My cloake man, why do ye blush?

*Pen* He cannot cloake his blushing Nay I might  
not go to dinner with you, do ye remember? to him  
I say

*Men* Hold thy peace Peniculus

*Pen.* Ha hold my peace, looke ye, he beckons on  
mee to hold my peace

*Men* I neither becken nor winke on hym

*Mul.* Out, out, what a wretched life is this that I  
live

*Men* Why what aile ye woman?

*Mul* Are ye not ashamed to deny so confidently,  
that which is apparent?

*Men* I protest unto before all the goddes (is not  
this inough) that I beckond not on hym

*Pen* Oh sir, this is another matter, touch hym in the  
former cause

*Men* What former cause?

*Pen* The cloake man, the cloake, fetch the cloake  
againe from the dyars

*Men* What cloake?

*Mul* Nay ile say no more, sithe ye know nothing  
of your owne doings

*Men* Tell me wife, hath any of your servants abused  
you? Let me know

*Mul* Tush, tush

*Men* I would not have you to be thus disquietted

*Mul* Tush, tush

*Men* You are fallen out with some of your friends

*Mul* Tush, tush

*Men* Sune I am, I have not offended you

*Mul* No, you have dealt verie honestly

*Men* Indeed wife, I have deserved none of these words, tell me, are ye not well?

*Pen* What shall he flatter ye now?

*Men* I speak not to thee knave Good wife come hither.

*Mul* Away, away, keep your hands off

*Pen* So, bid me to dinner with you againe, then slip away from me, when you have done, come foith bravely in youi garland, to flout me alas you know not me, even now

*Men* Why Asse, I neither have yet dined, nor came I there, since we were there togither

*Pen* Who ever heard one so impudent? Did yee not meete me here even now, and would make me beleeve I was mad, and said ye were a straunger, and ye knew me not?

*Men* Of a truth since wee went togither to the Sessions Hall, I never returned till this very instant, as you two met me

*Pen.* Go too, go too, I know ye well enough Did ye think I would not cry quittance with you, yes faith, I have tolde your wife all.

*Men* What hast thou told her?

*Pen.* I cannot tell, aske her?

*Men* Tell me wife, what hath he told ye of me? Tell me I say, what was it?

*Mul* As though you knew not, my cloake is stolne from me?

*Men* Is your cloake stolne from ye?

*Mul* Do ye aske me?

*Men* If I knew, I would not aske

*Pen.* O craftie companion, how he would shift the matter, come, come, deny it not, I tell ye, I have bewrayd all.

*Men.* What hast thou bewrayd,

*Mul* Seeing ye will yeeld to nothing, be it never

so manifest, Heare mee, and ye shall know in fewe words both the cause of my grieve, and what he hath told me I say my cloake is stolne from me

*Men* My cloake is stolne from me?

*Pen* Looke how he cavils, she saith it is stolne from her

*Men* I have nothing to say to thee I say wife tell me

*Mul* I tell ye, my cloake is stolne out of my house

*Men* Who stole it?

*Mul* He knowes best that carried it away

*Men* Who was that?

*Mul* Menechmus

*Men* T'was very ill done of him What Menechmus was that?

*Mul* You

*Men* I, who will say so?

*Mul* I will

*Pen* And I that you gave it to Eriotum

*Men* I gave it?

*Mul* You

*Pen* You, you, you, shall we fetch a kernel of Beagles that may cry nothing but you, you, you For we are wearie of it

*Men* Heare me one word wife, I protest unto you by all the gods, I gave it her not, indeed I lent it her to use a while

*Mul* Faith sir, I never give nor lend your apparel out of doores, mee thinkes ye might let mee dispose of mine own garments, as you do of yours I pray then fetch it mee home againe

*Men* You shall have it againe without faile

*Mul* Tis best for you that I have otherwise thinke not to roost within these doores againe.

*Pen* Harke ye, what say ye to me now, for bringing these matters to your knowledge?

*Men*. I say, when thou hast anie thing stolne from

thee, come to me, and I will helpe thee to seek it  
And so farewell

*Pen* God a mercy for nothing, that can never be,  
for I have nothing in the woild worth the stealing  
So now with husband wife and all, I am cleane out of  
favour A mischife on ye all [Exit.

*Men* My wife thinks she is notably reveng'd on me,  
now she shuttes me out of doores, as though I had  
not a better place to be welcome too If she shut  
me out, I know who will shut me in Now will I  
entrete EROTUM to let me have the cloake againe to  
stop my wifes mouth withall, and then will I provide  
a better for hei Ho who is within there? Some  
bodie tell EROTUM I must speake with her

### Enter EROTUM

*Ero* Who calls?

*Men* Your friend, more then his owne

*Ero* O Menechmus, why stand ye here? pray come  
in

*Men* Tarry, I must speake with ye here

*Ero* Say your minde

*Men*. Wot ye what? my wife knowes all the matter  
now, and my comming is, to request you, that I may  
have againe the cloake which I brought you, that so  
I may appease her and I promise you, ile give ye an  
other worth two of it

*Ero* Why I gave it you to carry to you dyars, and  
my chaine likewise, to have it altered

*Men* Gave mee the cloake and your chaine? In  
truth I never sawe ye since I left it heere with you,  
and so went to the Sessions, from whence I am but  
now returned

*Ero*. Ah then sir, I see you wrought a device to  
defraude mee of them both, did I therefore put yee in  
trust? Well, well

*Men* To defraud ye? No, but I say, my wife hath intelligence of the matter

*Ero* Why sir, I asked them not, ye brought them me of your owne free motion Now ye require them againe, take them, make sops of them you and your wife together, think ye I esteeme them or you either Goe, come to mee againe when I send for you

*Men* What so angry with mee, sweete Lrouum Staie, I pray staie

\**Ero* Staie? Faith sir no thinke ye I wil stue at your request?

*Men* What gone in chafing, and clapt to the doores? now I am everie way shut out for a very benchwhistler neither shall I have enteruiment heere nor at home I were best go tue some other friends, and aske counsaile what to do

## ACT V

*Enter MENECHMUS the travellor MULIER*

*Men* Most foolishly was I overseene in giving my purse and money to Messenio, whom I can nowhere find, I feare he is fallen into some lewd company

*Mul* I maryaile that my husband comes not yet, but see where he is now, and brings my cloake with him

*Men* I muse where the knave shoulde be

*Mul* I will go ring a peale through bo' th' his cales for this dishonest behaviour Oh sir, ye are welcome home with your theevery on your shoulders are ye not ashame to let all the world see and speake of your lewdnesse?

*Men* How now? what lackes this woman?

*Mul* Impudent beast, stand ye to question about it? For shame hold thy peace

*Men* What offence have I done woman, that I should not speake to you?

*Mul* Askest thou what offence? O shamelesse boldnesse!

*Men* Good woman, did ye never heare why the Grecians termed Hecuba to be a bitch?

*Mul* Never

*Men* Because she did as you do now, on whom soever she met withall, she railed, and therefore well deserved that dogged name

*Mul* These foule abuses and contumelies, I can never endure, nay rather will I live a widowes life to my dying day

*Men* What care I whether thou livest as a widow or as a wife? This passeth, that I meet with none but thus they vexe me with straunge speeches

*Mul* What straunge speeches? I say I will surely live a widowes life, rather than suffer thy vile dealings

*Men* Prethee for my part, live a widow till the worldes end, if thou wilt

*Mul* Even now thou deniedst that thou stolest it from me, and now thou bringest it home openly in my sight Art not ashame?

*Men.* Woman, you are greatly to blame to charge mee with stealing of this cloake, which this day an other gave me to carry to be trimde

*Mul* Well, I will first complaine to my father Ho boy, who is within there? Vecio go runne quickly to my father, desire him of all love to come over quickly to my house Ile tell him first of your prankes, I hope he will not see me thus handled

*Men* What a Gods name meaneth this mad woman thus to vexe me?

*Mul* I am mad because I tell ye of your vile actions and lewde pilfring away my apparell and my Jewels, to carry to your filthe drabbes.

*Men* For whome this woman taketh mee I knowe not, I know her as much as I know Hercules wifes father

*Mul* Do ye not know me? That's well, I hope ye know my father, here he comes Looke, do ye know him?

*Men* As much as I knew Calcas of Troy Even him and thee I know both alike

*Mul* Doest know neither of us both, me nor my father?

*Men* Faith nor thy grandfather neither

*Mul* This is like the rest of your behaviour

### *Enter SENEX*

*Sen* \* Though bearing so great a burthen, as olde age, I can make no great haste, yet as I can, I will goe to my daughter, who I know hath some earnest businesse with me, that shee sends in such haste, not telling the cause why I should come But I durst laie a wager, I can gesse neare the matter I suppose it is some brabble between her husband and her These yoong women that bring great dowries to their husbands, are so masterfull and obstinate, that they will have their own wils in evearie thing, and make men servants to their weake affections. And yoong men too, I must needs say, be naught now a dayes, Well ile go see, but yonder mee thinks stands my daughter, and her husband too Oh tis even as I gessed

*Mul.* Father ye are welcome.

*Sen* How now daughter? What? is all well? why is your husband so sad? have ye bin chiding? tell me, which of you is in the fault?

*Mul* First father know, that I have not any way misbehaved my selfe, but the truth is, I can by no

meanes endure this bad man to die for it and therefore desire you to take me home to you againe

*Sen.* What is the matter?

*Mul.* He makes me a stale and a laughing stocke to all the world

*Sen.* Who doth?

*Mul.* This good husband here, to whom you married me

*Sen.* See, see, how oft have I warned you of falling out with your husband?

*Mul.* I cannot avoid it, if he doth so fowly abuse me

*Sen.* I alwaies told ye, you must beare with him, ye must let him alone, ye must not watch him, nor dog him, nor meddle with his courses in any sort

*Mul.* Hee hautes naughtie harlottes under my nose

*Sen.* Hee is the wiser, because hee cannot bee quiet at home

*Mul.* There hee feastes and bancquets, and spendes and spoiles

*Sen.* Wold ye have your husband serve ye as your drudge? Ye will not let him make merry, nor entertaine his friendes at home

*Mul.* Father, will ye take his part in these abuses, and forsake me?

*Sen.* Not so, daughter, but if I see cause, I wil as well tel him of his dutie

*Men.* I would I were gone from this prating father and daughter

*Sen.* Hitherto I see not but hee keepes ye well, ye want nothing, apparell, mony, servants, meate, drinke, all thinges necessarie. I feare there is fault in you

*Mul.* But he flicheth away my apparell and my jewels, to give to his Trullies

*Sen.* If he doth so, tis verie ill done, if not, you doo ill to say so.

*Mul* You may beleeve me father, for there you may see my cloake which now he hath fetcht home againe, and my chaine which he stole from me

*Sen* Now will I goe talke with him to knowe the truth Tell me Menechmus, how is it, that I heare such disorder in your life? Why are ye so sad man? wherein hath your wife offended you?

*Men* Old man (what to call ye I know not) by high Jove, and by all the Gods I sweare unto you, whatsoever this woman here accuseth mee to have stolne from her, it is utterly false and untrue, and if I ever set foote within her doores, I wishe the greatest miserie in the worlde to light uppon me

*Sen* Why fond man, art thou mad to deny that thou ever setst foote within thine owne house where thou dwellest?

*Men.* Do I dwell in that house?

*Sen* Doest thou denie it?

*Men* I do

*Sen* Harke yee daughter, are ye remooved out of your house?

*Mul* Father, he useth you as he doth me, this life I have with him

*Sen* Menechmus, I pray leave this fondnesse, ye jest too perversly with your friends

*Men* Good old fater, what I pray have you to do with me? or why should this woman thus trouble me, with whom I have no dealings in the world?

*Mul* Father, maise I pray how his eies sparkle, they towle in his head, his colour goes and comes, he lookes wildly See, see

*Men.* What? they say now I am mad, the best way for me is to faine my selfe mad indeed, so I shall be rid of them

*Mul* Looke how he stares about, how he gapes.

*Sen* Come away daughter, come from him

*Men* Bachus, Appollo, Phœbus, do ye call mee to

come huri in the woods with you? I see, I heare, I come, I flie, but I cannot get out of these fields Here is an old mastiffe bitch stands barking at mee, and by her stands an old goate that beares false witnesse against many a poore man

*Sen* Out upon him Bedlam foole

*Men* Harke, Appollo commaunds me that I shoulde rende out hir eyes with a burning lampe

*Mul* O father, he threatens to pull out mine eyes

*Men* Good gods, these folke say I am mad, and doubtlesse they are mad themselves

*Sen* Daughter

*Mul* Here father, what shall we do?

*Sen* What if I fetch my folkes hither, and have him carried in before he do any harme

*Men* How now? they will carry mee in if I look not to my selfe I were best to skare them better yet. Doest thou bid me, Phœbus, to teare this dog in peeces with my nayles? If I laie hold on him, I will do thy commandment

*Sen* Get thee into thy house daughter, away quickly

*Men* She is gone yea Appollo I will sacrifice this olde beast unto thee and if thou commandest mee, I will cut his throate with that dagger that hangs at his girdle

*Sen* Come not neare me, sirra

*Men* Yea I will quarter him, and pull all the bones out of his flesh, then will I barrell up his bowels

*Sen* Sure I am sore afraid he will do some hurt

*Men* Many things thou commandest me Appollo, wouldst thou have me harnesse up these wilde horses, and then clime up into the Chariot, and so over-ride this old stincking toothlesse Lyon So now I am in the Chariot, and I have hold on the raines, here is my whip, hait, come ye wilde Jades make a hideous noyse with your stamping · hait I say, will ye not go?

*Sen* What? doth he threaten me with his horses?

*Men* Harke, now Appollo bids mee ride over him  
that stands there, and kill him How now? who  
pulls mee downe from my Chariot by the haire of  
my head Oh shall I not fulfill Appolloes command-  
ment?

*Sen* See, see, what a shaine disease this is, and  
how well he was even now I will fetch a Physitian  
strait, before hee grow too farre into this rage [*Exit*

*Men* Are they both gone now? Ile then hie me  
away to my ship, 'tis time to be gone from hence

[*Exit*

*Enter SENEX and MEDICUS.*

*Sen* My loines ake with sitting, and mine eies with  
looking, while I staine fo'r yonder laizie Phisitian see  
now where the creeping drawlatch comes

*Med* What disease hath hee said you? Is it a  
letarge or a lunacie, or melancholie, or dropsie?

*Sen* Wherfore I pray do I bring you h'rit that you  
shuld tell me what it is? and cure him of it

*Med* Fie, make no question of th'rt Ile cure him  
I warrant ye Oh here he comes, staine let us make  
what he doth.

*Enter MCNECHMUS the Citizen*

*Men* Never in my life had I more overthwart for-  
tune in one day, and all by the villanie of this false  
knavie the Palasite, my Ulisses that workes such mis-  
chiefs against mee his king But let me live no longer  
but ile be revengde upon the life of h'm his Fie?  
nay tis my life, for hee lives by my m'cate and drinke  
Ile utterly withdraw the slaves life from him And  
Erotium shee sheweth plainly what she is, who  
because I require the cloake againe to carrie to my  
wife, saith I gave it her, and flatly falleth out with me  
How unfortunate am I?

*Sen.* Do ye heare him?

*Med.* He complaines of his fortune

*Sen.* Go to him

*Med.* Menechmus, how do ye man? why keepe you not your cloake over your arme? It is verie hurtfull to your disease Keepe ye warme I play

*Men* Why hang thyself, what carest thou?

*Med* Sir can you smell anie thing?

*Men* I smell a prating dolt of thee

*Med* Oh I will have your head throughly purged Pray tell me Menechmus, what use you to drinke? white wine or claret?

*Men* What the divell carest thou?

*Sen.* Looke, his fit now begins

*Men* Why doest not as well aske mee whether I eate bread, or cheese, or beefe, or porridge, or birdes that beare feathers, or fishes that have finnes?

*Sen.* See what idle talke he falleth into

*Med* Tarry, I will aske him further. Menechmus, tell me, be not your eyes heavie and dull sometimes?

*Men* What doest thinke I am an Owle?

*Med* Doo not your guttes gripe ye, and croake in your belly?

*Men* When I am hungrie they do, else not

*Med* He speakes not like a mad man in that Sleepe ye soundly all night?

*Men* When I have paid my debts I do The mischiefe light on thee, with all thy frivolous questions

*Med* Oh now he rageth upon those words, take heed

*Sen.* Oh this is nothing to the rage he was in even now He called his wife bitch, and all to nought

*Men* Did I?

*Sen.* Thou didst, mad fellow, and threatenedst to ryde over me here with a Chariot and horses, and to kill mee, and teare me in peeces. This thou didst, I know what I say.

*Men.* I say, thou stolest Jupiters Crowne from his head, and thou wert whipt through the Towne for it, and that thou hast kild thy fathei, and beater thy mother Doo ye thinke I am so mad that I cannot devise as notable lyes of you, as you do of me?

*Sen.* Maister Doctor, pray heartly make spedee to cure him, see ye not how mad he waxeth?

*Med.* Ile tell ye, hee shall be brought over to my house, and there will I cure him

*Sen.* Is that best?

*Med.* What else? there I can order him as I list

*Sen.* Well, it shall be so

*Med.* Oh sir, I will make yee take necsing powder this twentie dayes

*Men.* Ile beate yee first with a bastanado this thirtie dayes

*Med.* Fetch men to carry him to my house

*Sen.* How many will serve the tyme?

*Med.* Being no madder than hec is now, fourre will serve

*Sen.* Ile fetch them, staie you with him maister Doctor

*Med.* No by my faith, Ile goe home to make readie all things needfull Let your men bring him hither

*Sen.* I go [Exeunt]

*Men.* Are they both gone? Good Gods what meaneth this? These men say I am mad, who without doubt are mad themselves I stirre not I fight not, I am not sicke I speake to them, I know them Well what were I now best to do? I would goe home, but my wife shuttes me foorth a doores Erotium is as farre out with me too Even here I will rest me till the evening, I hope by that time, they will take pittie on me.

*Enter MESSENIO the Travellers servant.*

\**Mes.* The prooef of a good servant, is to regard

his maisters businesse as well in his absence, as in his presence and I thinke him a verie foole that is not carefull as well for his ribbes and shoulders, as for his belly and throate When I think upon the rewards of a sluggard, I am ever pricked with a carefull regard of my backe and shoulders for in truth I have no fancie to these blows, as many a one hath methinks it is no pleasurie to a man to be basted with a ropes end two or three houres togither I have provided yonder in the Towne, for all our marriners, and safely bestowed all my masters Trunkes and fardels and am now comming to see if he be yet got forth of this daungerous gulfe, where I feare me [he] is overplunged, pray God he be not overwhelmed and past helpe ere I come

*Enter SENEX, with foure Lorarii, porters*

*Sen.* Before Gods and men, I charge and commaund you sirs, to execute with great care that which I appoint you if yee love the safetie of your owne ribbes and shoulders, then goe take me up my sonne in lawe, laie all hands upon him, why stand ye stil? what do ye doubt? I saie, care not for his threatnings, nor for anie of his words Take him up and bring him to the Phisitians house I will go thither before

[*Exit.*]

*Men.* What newes? how now masters? what will ye do with me? why do ye thus beset me? whither carrie ye mee? Helpe, helpe, neighbors, friends, Citizens!

*Mes.* O Jupiter, what do I see? my maister abused by a companie of varlets

*Men.* Is there no good man will helpe me?

*Mes.* Helpe ye maister? yes the villaines shall have my life before they shall thus wrong ye Tis more fit I should be kild, then you thus handled.

Pull out that rascals eye that holds ye about the  
necke there I'le clout these peasants, out ye rogue,  
let go ye valet

*Men* I have hold of this villaines eie

*Mes* Pull it out, and let the place appeare in his  
head Away ye cutthroat theeves, ye murthereis

*Lo Omnes* O, O, ay, ay, crie pittifullie

*Mes* Away, get ye hence, ye mongrels, ye dogs  
Will ye be gone? Thou raskal behind there, ile give  
thee somewhat more, take that It was time to  
come maister, you had bene in good case if I had  
not bene heere now, I tolde you what would come  
of it

*Men* Now as the gods love me, my good friend I  
thank thee thou hast done that for me which I shall  
never be able to requite

*Mes* I'le tell ye how sir, give me my freedome

*Men* Should I give it thee?

*Mes* Seeing you cannot requite my good turne

*Men* Thou art deceived man

*Mes* Whelein?

*Men* On mine honestie, I am none of thy maister,  
I had never yet anie servant would do so much for  
me

*Mes* Why then bid me be free will you?

*Men* Yea surelie, be free, for my part

*Mes* O sweetly spoken, thanks my good master

*Servus alius* Messenio, we are all glad of your  
good fortune

*Mes* O maister, ile call you maister still, I prue  
use me in anie service as ye did before, ile dwell  
with you still, and when ye go home, ile wait upon you

*Men* Nay, nay, it shall not need.

*Mes* Ile go strait to the Inne and delive- up my  
accounts and all your stufte your purse is lockt up  
safely sealed in the casket, as you gave it mee I  
will goe fetch it to you.

*Men* Do, fetch it.

*Mes* I will.

*Men.* I was never thus perplext Some deny me to be him that I am, and shut me out of their doores This fellow saith he is my bondman, and of me he begs his freedome he will fetch my purse and monie well if he bring it, I will receive it, and set him free I would he would so go his way My old father in lawe and the Doctor saie I am mad, who ever sawe such straunge demeanors? well though Erotium be never so angrie, yet once againe ile go see if by intreatie I can get the cloake on her to carrie to my wife

[Exit]

*Enter MENECHMUS the Traveller, and MESSENIO*

*Men.* Impudent knave, wilt thou say that I ever saw thee since I sent thee away to day, and bad thee come for mee after dinner?

*Mes* Ye make me starke mad I tooke ye away and reskued ye from foure great bigboard villaines, that were carrying ye away even heere in this place Heere they had ye up, you cried, Helpe, helpe I came running to you you and I togither beat them away by maine force Then for my good turne and faithfull service, ye gave mee my freedome I tolde ye I would go fetch your Casket, now in the mean time you ranne some other way to get before me, and so you denie it all againe

*Men* I gave thee thy freedome?

*Mes.* You did

*Men.* When I give thee thy freedome, Ile be a bondman my selfe go thy wayes

*Mes.* Whewe, marry I thanke ye for nothing.

*Enter MENECHMUS the Citizen*

*Men.* Forsworne Queanes, sweare till your hearts

ake, and your eyes fall out, ye shall never make me  
beleeve that I carried hence either cloake or chaine

*Mes* O heavens, maister what do I see?

*Men Tra* What?

*Mes* Your ghoast.

*Men Tra* What ghoast?

*Mes* Your Image, as like you as can be possible

*Men Tra* Surely not much unlike me as I thinkē

*Men Cit* O my good friend and helper, well met  
thanks for thy late good helpe

*Mes* Sir, may I crave to know your name?

*Men Cit* I were too blame if I should not tell thee  
anie thing, my name is Menechmus

*Men Tra* Nay my friend, that is my name.

*Men. Cit* I am of Syracuse in Sicilia

*Men Tra* So am I

*Mes* Are you a Syracusan?

*Men Cit* I am

*Mes* O, ho, I know ye. this is my maister, I  
thought hee there had bene my maister, and was  
proffering my service to him, pray pardon me sir, if  
I said any thing I should not

*Men Tra* Why doating patch, didst thou not  
come with me this mooring from the ship?

*Mes* My faith he saies true, this is my maister, you  
may go looke ye a man God save ye maister. you  
sir farewell This is Menechmus

*Men Cit* I say that I am Menechmus.

*Mes* What a jest is this? Are you Menechmus?

*Men Cit* Even Menechmus the sonne of Moschus.

*Men Tra* My fathers sonne?

*Men Cit* Friend, I go about neither to take your  
father nor your country from you.

*Mes* O immortal Gods, let it fall out as I hope, and  
for my life these are the two Twinnes, all things agree  
so jump togither. I will speake to my maister. Me-  
nechmus

*Both.* What wilt thou?

*Mes* I call ye not both, but which of you came with me from the ship?

*Men Cit* Not I

*Men Tra* I did

*Mes* Then I call you Come hither

*Men Tra.* What's the matter?

*Mes* This same is either some notable cousening Jugler, or else it is your brother whom we seeke I never sawe one man so like an other, water to water, nor milke to milke, is not liker then he is to you

*Men Tra* Indeed I thinke thou saiest true Finde it that he is my brother, and I here promise thee thy freedom

*Mes* Well, let me about it Heare ye sir, you say your name is Menechmus

*Men Cit* I do

*Mes* So is this mans You are of Syracusis?

*Men Cit* True

*Mes* So is he Moscus was your father?

*Men Cit* He was

*Mes.* So was he his What will you say, if I find that ye are brethren and twins?

*Men. Cit* I would thinke it happie newes

*Mes* Nay staie maisters both, I meane to have the honor of this exploit Answeire me your name is Menechmus?

*Men Cit* Yea

*Mes* And yours?

*Men Tra* And mine

*Mes* You are of Syracusis?

*Men Cit* I am.

*Men Tra* And I

*Mes* Well, this goeth right thus farre What is the farthest thing that you remember there?

*Men Cit* How I went with my father to Tarentum, to a great mart, and there in the preasse I was stolne from him.

*Men Tra.* O Jupiter!

*Mes* Peace, what exclaiming is this? How old were ye then?

*Men Cit* About seven yeare old for even then I shedde teeth, and since that time, I never heard of anie of my kindred

*Mes* Had ye never a brother?

*Men Cit* Yes, as I remember, I heaid them say, we were two twinnes

*Men Tra* O fortune!

*Mes* Tush, can ye not be quiet? Were ye both of one name?

*Men Cit* Nay (as I think) they cald my brother, Sosicles

*Men Tra* It is he, what need farther prooфе? O Brother, Brother, let me embrace thee

*Men Cit* Sir, if this be true, I am wonderfully glad, but how is it, that ye are called Menechmus?

*Men Tra* When it was tolde us that you and our father weie both dead, our Giaundisire (in memorie of my fathers name) chaungde mine to Menechmus

*Men Cit* Tis verie like he would do so indeed But let me aske ye one question more, what was our mothers name?

*Men Tra* Theusimarche

*Men Cit* Brother, the most welcome man to mee, that the world holdeth

*Men Tra* I joy, and ten thousand joyes the more, having taken so long travaile and huge paines to seeke you

*Mes* See now, how all this matter comes about. This it was, that the Gentlewoman had ye in to dinner, thinking it had bene he

*Men Cit* True it is I, willed a dinner to be provided for me heere this morning, and I also brought hither closely a cloake of my wives, and gave it to this woman

*Men Tra* Is not this the same, brother?

*Men Cit* How came you by this?

*Men Tra* This woman met me, had me in to dinner, enterteined me most kindly, and gave me this cloake, and this chaime

*Men Cit* Indeed she tooke ye for mee and I beleieve I have bene as straungely handled by occasion of your comming

*Mes* You shall have time inough to laugh at all these matters hereaftre. Do ye remember maister, what ye promised me?

*Men Cit* Brothei, I will intreate you to performe your promise to Messenio, he is worthe of it

*Men Tra* I am content

*Mes Io Tryumphē*

*Men Tra* Brother, will ye now go with me to Syracusis?

*Men Cit* So soone as I can sell away such goods as I possesse here in Epidamnum, I will go with you

*Men Tra* Thanks my good brother

*Men. Cit* Messenio, plaine thou the Crier for me, and make a proclamation

*Mes* A fit office. Come on. O yes.  
What day shall your sale be?

*Men Cit* This day sennight

*Mes.* All men, women and children in Epidamnum, or elsewhere, that will reparie to Menechmus house this day sennight, shall there finde all maner of things to sell servaunts, household stufte, house, ground and all so they bring readie money. Will ye sell your wife too sir?

*Men Cit* Yea, but I thinke no bodie will bid money for her

*Mes.* Thus Gentlemen we take our leaves, and if we have pleasede, we require a Plaudite

# KING RICHARD III

## *EDITION*

*The True Tragedie of Richard the Third Wherein is shovne the  
death of Edward the fourth, with the smothering of the two yoong  
Princes in the Tower With a lamentable ende of Sidores wife,  
an example for all wicked women And lastly the coniunction  
and royning of the two nobl. Houses, Lancaster and Yorke As  
it was playd by the Queenes Maiesties Players London  
Printed by Thomas Creede, and are to be sold by Willam  
Barley, at his shop in Newgate Market neare Christ Church  
doorre 1594 4°*

It may be said that there is nothing in common between Shakespeare's play, as printed in 1597, and the "True Tragedy," as printed in 1594, but to a certain extent it seemed to be desirable to make the earlier and inferior drama part of the series, inasmuch as it serves to show the extraordinary mastery of Shakespeare and the poverty of the material with which he had to deal. Here, as elsewhere, he has gone a good deal to his favourite Holinshed, whom he has sometimes copied verbally. See Douce's "Illustrations," II 40-1<sup>1</sup> Legge's "Richardus Tertius," of which three or four MSS. are known, is annexed much for the same reason. At the same time, it is gravely to be doubted whether it ever formed part of "Shakespeare's Library," or whether the great bard ever set eyes on it. It is the performance mentioned by Harington in the "Brief Apology of Poetry," attached to his version of Ariosto, 1591.

In connection with the play of "Richard III," it would be as well for readers to have before them, or at least to peruse, the "Song of Lady Bessy," printed in the Percy Society's Series, II Halliwell's "Palatine Anthology," 1850, and by Mr. Illey wood separately, 8°, 1809, and also Giles Fletcher the elder's remarkable poem, published, or at least printed, in 1593, entitled "The Rising to the Crown of Richard the Third," which is inserted in Grosart's edition of Fletcher's works.

Christopher Brooke's powerful production, "The Ghost of Richard the Third," 4°, 1614, reprinted for the Shakespeare Society, is only noticeable as a striking outgrowth or outcome from the play, by which it was almost unquestionably suggested.

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<sup>1</sup> Another Latin play on the subject, grounded more or less on Legge's, by Henry Lacy, of Trinity College, Cambridge, was performed there in 1585. It was never printed, but MSS. copies of it are in Hill 2412 and 5926.



## *BARRON FIELD'S INTRODUCTION*<sup>1</sup>

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—o—

MALONE commences his History of the English Stage by saying that "Dryden has truly observed that Shakespeare 'found not, but created first, the stage;'"<sup>2</sup> and the critic then proceeds to produce evidence which shows that this observation is not true, as most certainly it is not "It was in truth (as Mr Collier more judiciously says) created by no one man, and in no one age, and, whatever improvements Shakespeare introduced, it will be seen that when he began to write for the theatre, our drama was completely formed and firmly established"<sup>3</sup> Bad as the following play is, it is a drama, completely formed, and was regularly acted If Dryden had said that Shakespeare found the stage of brick, and left it of marble, it would have answered his purpose as well, and would have been nearer to the truth

Of the propriety of making this reprint one of the Society's publications there can be no doubt. Architects tell us that when a gigantic object is of just and natural proportions, the only way to make it look large is to place a smaller natural object close to it, and they instance the dome of St Peter's Church at

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<sup>1</sup> To the Shakespeare Society's edition, 8<sup>o</sup>, 1844

<sup>2</sup> Prologue to an alteration of "Troilus and Cressida."

<sup>3</sup> Preface to "History of English Dramatic Poetry," p. ix

Rome Were either the height or the breadth of that monument exaggerated, and the building thus disproportioned, it would look large without any such comparison So it is with our gigantic Shakespeare The best way to measure him is to place such an ordinary contemporary work as the following in juxtaposition with his "Richard the Third" The author of the "True Tragedy" may perhaps, by making a long arm, reach to the knee of the Colossus Massinger and Marlowe could walk under his huge legs , Ben Jonson might touch his waist, by mounting an antique , Beaumont and Fletcher could stand under each of his arms He could take up Ford and Webster in the hollow of either hand , and so on

Antiquity and priority to Shakespeare constituting the only interest of the following piece, I have restrained from enforcing the metre<sup>1</sup> and modernising the orthography of it, as I did in Heywood's "Edward the Fourth," and have made it, with the exception of palpable errors of the press, a *facsimile* of the old edition, now reprinted through the liberality of His Grace the Duke of Devonshire, the owner of the copy

The best introduction to this history will be found in Mr Collier's edition of Shakespeare, vol v., pp. 342-5 But I agree with Mr Boswell that our great

<sup>1</sup> In one instance, in Heywood's "Histories," I stretched the word *canst*, to fill up the measure of the line, unnecessarily  
Page 37

"Chub Thou cannest bear me witness, I had ta'en "

My brother, the Rev F Field, on reading the work, discovered that the word "Chub" should be part of the line, and not the name of the speaker All the four old editions have the same error. The members of the Society will therefore please to correct the line as follows—

Chub, thou canst bear me witness I had ta'en

poet must be seen this humble work of his predecessor Mr Collier says that "we cannot trace any resemblances but such as were probably purely accidental, and are merely trivial" The reader will judge for himself I have in the notes pointed out several parallel ideas The following line in the Battle-scene is, in my opinion, quite enough to show that Shakespeare considered Nature, as Molière said of Wit, as his property, and that he had a right to seize it wherever he found it—

*King* A horse, a horse, a fresh horse

Mr Collier adds that "the portion of the story in which the two plays make the nearest approach to each other, is just before the murder of the Princes, where Richard strangely takes a page into his confidence respecting the fittest agent for the purpose" This should hardly be called strange in our dramatist, since it is authorised in the history by Sir Thomas More—

The same night King Richard said to a secret page of his, Ah, whom shall a man trust? they that I have brought up myself, they that I weened would have most surely served me, even those fail me, and at my commandment will do nothing for me Sir, quoth the page, there lieth one in the pallet chamber without, that I dare well say, to do your grace pleasure, the thing were right hard that he would refuse, meaning by this James Tyrrell

It is impossible to say who was the author of this work Mr Boswell, in reprinting the incorrect *verso* of it in his edition of Shakespeare, inclined to think it was the same person who wrote "The lamentable Tragedie of Locrine," 1595, from the resemblance of the style of the passage at page 117 to the two extracts which he makes from that old play, in one of which the word *revenge* is harped upon three times, and in the other the word *Guendoline* six But this is one of

the commonest artifices of rhetoric, and has been beautifully employed by Shakespeare himself—

"If you did know to whom I gave the ring,  
 If you did know for whom I gave the ring,  
 And would conceive for what I gave the ring,  
 And how unwillingly I left the ring,  
 When nought would be accepted but the ring,  
 You would abate the strength of your displeasure"<sup>1</sup>

It seems to have been a recommendation to our early historical plays (as the present is perhaps the very earliest printed one), to entitle them *true*—

"So sad, so tender, and so true"<sup>2</sup>

So we have the "True Tragedy of Richard Duke of York," the precursor of Shakespeare's "Henry the Sixth," and I have no doubt, from the manner in which the prologue to his "Henry the Eighth" dwells upon the words *truth* and *true*, that one of its titles was "All is true," and that it is the same play as is referred to by Sir Henry Wotton in 1613, under that name, as "representing some principal pieces of the reign of Henry 8,"<sup>3</sup> and that by the words "a new play," which Shakespeare's "Henry the Eighth" could not have been in that year, Sir Henry meant only a revival.

The explanatory notes that are necessary to this reprint are so few and brief, that I have placed them at the foot of the page, and the reader will remember, *passim*, that the letter *A* is used for the exclamation *Ah!* and *I* for the affirmation *Ay*, except where the latter is obviously the pronoun

<sup>1</sup> "Merchant of Venice," act v

<sup>2</sup> Shenstone

<sup>3</sup> "Reliquæ Wottonianæ, 3d ed p 425



## *The True Tragedie of Richard the Third.*

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Enters TRUTH and POETRIE *To them the Ghoast of  
George Duke of Clarence*

*Ghost* CRESCE, cruor sanguis satietur sanguine  
cresce,  
Quod spero citò O citò, citò, vendicta<sup>1</sup>  
[Exit]

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<sup>1</sup> [Old copy, *cresce*—*sanguinis*, &c. Linn. is, & is not always misprinted in early plays] “Increase, blood! Le- blood Le satisfied with blood! Which I hope it quickly wil O, quickly, quickly, revenge!” *Vindicta*, in our old plays, seem. to have constituted the knot, worthy of a Ghost’s intervention ‘o avenge In the “Battle of Alcazar,” 1594, we have, “Enter threc Ghōsts crying *Vindicta*,” and the word occurs in sever’l other play, cited by Mr Gifford (Jonson, II. 457) and Dyce (Peele, II. 17), insomuch that it exposed itself to ridicule, and our readers will remember the passage in Lodge’s “Wit’s Matrie, or the World, Madness,” 1596, in which one of the devils is said to be “a foule lubber, and looks as pale as the vizard of the ghōst, who cried so miserably at the theatre, “Hamlet, revenge,” and the anxiety of the commentators, to discover whether this alluded to Shakspeare’s “Hamlet,” or to an older play upon that subject an anxiety just and natural as it respects the date of the great poet’s work, but worthless as to the question whether his play, II. first entitled “The Revenge of Hamlet,” were meant to be ridiculed or not.

*Poetrie* Truth well met

*Truth* Thankes Poetrie, what makes thou vpon a stage?

*Poet* Shadowes

*Truth* Then will I adde bodies to the shadowes,  
Therefore depart and giue Truth leaue  
To shew her pageant

*Poet* Why will Truth be a Player?

*Truth* No, but Tragedia like for to present  
A Tragedie in England done but late,  
That will reuiue the hearts of drooping mindes

*Poet* Whereof?

*Truth* Marry thus

Richard Platagenet of the House of Yorke,  
Claiming the Crowne by warres, not by dissent,  
Had as the Chronicles make manifest,  
In the two and twentieth yeare of Henry the sixth,  
By act of Parliament intailed to him  
The Crowne and titles to that dignitie,  
And to his offspring lawfully begotten,  
After the decease of that forenamed King,  
Yet not contented for to staie the time,  
Made warres vpon King Henry then the sixth,  
And by outrage suppressed that vertuous King,  
And wonne the Crowne of England to himselfe,  
But since at Wakefield in a battell pitcht,  
Outragious Richard breathed his latest breath,  
Leauing behind three branches of that line,  
Three sonnes the first was Edward now the King,  
George of Clarence, and Richard Glosters Duke,  
Then Henry claiming after his decease  
His stile, his Crowne and former dignitie  
Was quite suppressed, till this Edward the fourth

*Poet* But tell me truth, of Henry what ensued?

*Truth* Imprisoned he, in the Tower of London lies  
By strict command, from Edward Englands King,  
Since cruelly murthered, by Richard Glosters Duke

*Poet* Whose Ghoast was that did appear to vs?

*Truth* It was the ghost of George the duke of Clarence,

Who was attected in King Edwards raigne,  
Falsly of Treason to his royaltie,  
Imprisoned in the Tower was most vnnaturally,  
By his owne brother, shame to parents stocke,  
By Glosters Duke drowned in a but of wine

*Poet* What shield was that he let fall?

*Truth* A shield conteining this, in full effect,  
Blood sprinkled, springs blood spilt, craues due  
reuenge

Whereupon he writes, *Cresce, cruor*

*Sanguis satetur sanguine cresce,*

*Quod spero citè O citè, citè, vendicta!*

*Poet* What maner of man was this Richard Duke of Gloster?

*Truth* A man ill shaped, crooked backed, lame  
armed, withall,  
Valiantly minded, but tyrannous in authoritie,  
So during the minoritie of the yoong Prince,  
He is made Lord Protector ouer the Realme  
Gentiles suppose that Edward now hath raigned  
Full two and twentie yeares, and now like to die,  
Hath summond all his Nobles to the Court,  
To sweare allegiance with the Duke his brother,  
For truth vnto his sonne the tender Prince,  
Whose fathers soule is now neare flight to God,  
Leauing behind two sonnes of tender age,  
Five daughters to comfort the haplesse Queene,  
All vnder the protection of the Duke of Gloster  
Thus gentles, excuse the length by the matter,  
And here begins Truthe Pageant, Poetrie  
Wend with me.

[Event]

*Enter EDWARD THE FOURTH, LORD HASTINGS, LORD MARCUS, and ELIZABETH To them RICHARD*

*Hast* Long liue my soueraigne, in all happinesse

*Mar* An honourable age with Cresuss wealth,

Hourely attend the person of the King

*King* And welcome you Peeres of England vnto  
your King

*Hast* For our vnthankfulness the heauens hath  
thiowne thee downe

*Mar* I feare for our ingratitudo, our angry God  
doth frowne

*King* Why Nobles, he that laie me here  
Can iaise me at his pleasure  
But my deare friends and kinsmen,  
In what estate I now lie it is seene to you all,  
And I feel myselfe neare the dreadfull stroke of death  
And the cause that I haue requested you in friendly  
wise

To meeete togither in this,  
That where malice & enuy sowing sedition in the  
harts of men  
So would I haue that admonished and friendly  
fauours,  
Ouercome in the heart of you Lord Marcus and  
Lord Hastings

Both, for how I haue gouerned these two and twentie  
yeares,

I leauie it to your discretions  
The malice hath still bene an enemy to you both,  
That in my life time I could neuer get any lege of  
amity betwixt you,  
Yet at my death let me intreate you to imbrace each  
other,  
That at my last departure you may send my soule  
To the royes celestiall.  
For leauing behinde me my yoong sonne,

Your lawfull King after my decease,  
 May be by your wise and graue counsell so gouerned,  
 Which no doubt may bring comfort  
 To his famous realme of England  
 But (what saith Lord Marcus and Lord Hastings)  
 What not one word? nay then I see it will not be,  
 For they are resolute in their ambition

*Ehz* Ah yeeld Lord Hastings,  
 And submit your selues to each other  
 And you Lord Marcus, submit your selfe,  
 See here the aged King my father,  
 How he sues for peace betwixt you both  
 Consider Lord Marcus, you are son to my mother the

Queene,  
 And therfore let me intreat you to mittigate your  
 wrath,

And in friendly sort, imbrace each other

*King* Nay cease thy speech Elizabeth,  
 It is but folly to speake to them,  
 For they are resolute in their ambitious mindes,  
 Therefore Elizabeth, I feele my selfe at the last instant  
 of death,

And now must die being thus tormented in minde

*Hast* May it be that thou Lord Marcus,  
 That neither by intreatie of the Prince,  
 Nor curtuous wold of Elizabeth his daughter,  
 May withdraw thy ambition from me

*Mar* May it be that thou Lord Hastings,  
 Canst not perceiue the mark his grace aimes at

*Hast* No I am resolute, except thou submit

*Mar* If thou beest resolute giue vp the vpshot,  
 And perhaps thy head may pate for the losses

*King* Ah Gods, sith at my death you iarre,  
 What will you do to the yoong Prince after my de-  
 cease?

For shame I say, depart from my presence, and leaue  
 me to my self,

For these words strikes a second dying to my soule  
 Ah my Lordis I thought I could haue commanded  
 A greater thing then this at your hands,  
 But sith I cannot, I take my leau of you both,  
 And so depart and trouble me no more.

*Hast* With shame and like your Maiestie I submit therfore,  
 Crauing humble pardon on my knees,  
 And would rather that my body shal be a pray to  
 mine enemy,  
 Rather then I will offend my Lord at the houre  
 And instance of his death

*King* Ah thankes Lord Hastings  
*Eliz* Ah yeeld Lord Marcus, sith Lord Hastings  
 Is contented to be vnted  
*King*. Ah yeeld Lord Marcus, thou art too ob-  
 stinate

*Mar* My gracious Lord, I am content,  
 And humbly craue your graces pardon on my knee,  
 For my foule offence,  
 And see my Lord my brest opened to mine aduersary,  
 That he may take reuenge, then<sup>1</sup> once it shall be said,  
 I will offend my gracious suffereinge

*King* Now let me see you friendly glue one an othei  
 your hands.

*Hast.* With a good will ant like your grace,  
 Therefore Lord Marcus take here my hand,  
 Which was once vowde and sworne to be thy death,  
 But now through intretie of my Prince,  
 I knít a league of amitie for euer.

*Mar* Well Lord Hastings, not in show but in deed,  
 Take thou here my hand, which was once vowed  
 To a<sup>2</sup> shiuered thy bodie in peecemeales,  
 That the foules of the ayre should haue fed  
 Their yoong withall,

<sup>1</sup> Than, for "rather than"

<sup>2</sup> Have.

But now vpon aleageance to my Prince, I vow perfect  
loue,

And hue friendship for euer

*King* Now for confirming of it, here take your  
oathes

*Hast* If I Lord Hastings falcifie my league of  
friendship

Vowde to Lord Marcus, I craue confusion

*Mar* Like oath take I, and craue confusion

*King* Confusion

Now, my Lords, for your yoong King, that lieth now  
at Ludlo,

Attended with Earle Riuers, Lord Gray, his two  
vnkles,

And the rest of the Queenes kindred,

I hope you will be vnto him as you haue bene to me,  
His yeares are but yoong, thirteene at the most,  
Vnto whose gouernment, I commit to my brot'ler the  
Protector,

But to thee Elizabeth my daughter,

I leauue thee in a world of trouble,

And command me to thy mother, to all thy sister's,  
And especially I gue thee this in charge vpon & at  
my death,

Be loyall to thy brother during his authoritie,

As thy selfe art vertuous, let thy praiers be modest

Still be bountifull in deuotion

And thus leauing thee with a kisse, I take my last  
farewell,

For I am so sleepie, that I must now make an ende,  
And here before you all, I commit my soule to  
almighty God,

My sauiour, and sweet redeemer, my bode to the  
earth,

My Scepter and Crowne to the yoong Prince my  
sonne

And now Nobles, draw the Curtaines and depart,

He that made me sau me,  
Vnto whose hands I commit my spirit

[*The King dies in his bed.*

*Enter SHORES WIFE, and HURSLY her mayde*

*Shor* O Fortune, wherefore wert thou called Fortune?

But that thou art fortunate?  
Those whom thou fauourest be famous,  
Meriting mere mercie,  
And fraught with miriors of magnanimitie,  
And Fortune I would thou hadst neuer fauoured  
me

*Hurs* Why mistiesse, if you exclaime against Fortune,

You condemne your selfe,  
For who hath aduanced you but Fortune?

*Shor* I as she hath aduanced me,  
So may she throw me downe  
Bnt Hursly, doest not heare the King is sicke?

*Hurs* Yes mistresse, but neuer heard that euerie  
sicke man died

*Shor* Ah Hursly, my minde presageth  
Some great mishaps vnto me,  
For last time I saw the King, me thought  
Gastly death approached in his face,  
For thou knowest this Hursly, I haue bene good to  
all,  
And still readie to preferre my friends,  
To what preferment I could,  
For what was it his grace would deny Shores wife?  
Of any thing, yea were it halfe his reuenewes,  
I know his grace would not see me want,  
And if his grace should die,  
As heauens forfend it should be so,  
I haue left me nothing now to comfort me withall,

And then those that aie my foes will triumph at my fall,  
 And if the King scape, as I hope he will,  
 Then will I feather my neast,  
 That blow the stormie winter neuer so cold,  
 I will be throughly prouided for one  
 But here comes Lodwicke, seruant to Lord Hastings  
 How now Lodwicke, what newes?

*Enter s LODWICKE*

*Lod* Mistresse Shore, my Lord would request you,  
 To come and speake with him

*Shor* I will Lodwicke  
 But tell me what newes, is the King recouered?

*Lod* I mistresse Shore, he hath recouered,  
 That he long lookt for

*Shor* Lodwicke, how long is it since  
 He began to mend?

*Lod* Euen when the greatest of his torment had  
 left him

*Shor* But are the nobles agreed to the content-  
 ment of the Prince?

*Lod* The Nobles and Peeres are agreed as the  
 King would wish them

*Shor* Lodwicke thou reuest me

*Lod* I but few thought that the agreemet and his  
 life would haue ended togither

*Shor* Why Lodwicke is he dead?

*Lod* In biseue mistresse Shore, he hath changed  
 his life

*Shor* His life, ah me vnhappie woman,  
 Now is misery at hand,

Now will my foes tryumph at this my fall,  
 Those whom I haue done most good, will now forsake  
 me.

Ah Hursly, when I enterteined thee first,

I was farre from change, so was I Lodwicke,  
 When I restored thee thy lands  
 Ah sweete Edward, farewell my gracious Lord and  
 souereigne,  
 For now shall Shores wife be a mirrour and looking  
 glasse,  
 To all hei enemies  
 Thus shall I finde Lodwicke, and haue cause to say,  
 That all men are vnconstant

*Lod* Why mistresse Shore, for the losse of one  
 friend,  
 Will you abandon the rest that wish you well?

*Shor* Ah Lodwicke I must, for when the tree  
 decaies  
 Whose fruitfull branch haue flourished many a yeare,  
 Then farewell those ioyfull dayes and offspring of my  
 heart,

But say Lodwicke, who hath the King made Protector,  
 During the innormitie<sup>1</sup> of the yoong Prince

*Lod* He hath made his brother Duke of Gloster  
 Protector

*Shor* Ah me, then comes my ruine and decale,  
 For he could neuer abide me to the death,  
 No he alwaies hated me whom his brother loued so  
 well,

Thus must I lament and say, all the world is vncon-  
 stant

*Lod* But mistresse Shore, comfort your selfe,  
 And thinke well of my Lord,  
 Who hath alway bene a helper vnto you

*Shor* Indeed Lodwicke to condemne his honour I  
 cannot,  
 For he hath alway bene my good Lord,  
 For as the world is fickle, so changeth the minds of  
 men

<sup>1</sup> Not within legal age to reign

*Lod* Why mistresse Shore, rather then want should  
oppresse  
You, that little land which you beg'd for me of the  
King,  
Shall be at your dispose  
*Shor* Thanks good Lodwicke

*Enter a CITIZEN and MORTON a seruving man*

*Cit* O maister Morton, you are very welcome met,  
I hope you think on me for my mony

*Mor.* I pray sir beare with me, and you shall haue  
it,  
With thankes too

*Cit* Nay, I pray sir let me haue my money,  
For I haue had thankes and too much more then I  
lookt for

*Mor* In faith sir you shall haue it  
But you must beare with me a litle,  
But sir, I marvell how you can be so gieecic for your  
mony,

When you see sir, we are so vncertaine of our owne

*Cit* How so vncertaine of mine owne?  
Why doest thou know any bodie wil come to iob me?

*Mor* Why no

*Cit* Wilt thou come in the night and cut my  
throate?

*Mor* No.

*Cit* Wilt thou and the rest of thy companions,  
Come and set my house on fire?

*Mor.* Why no, I tell thee.

*Cit* Why how should I then be vncertaine of mine  
owne?

*Mor* Why sir by reason the King is dead

*Cit* O sir! is the King dead?

I hope he hath guuen you no quittance for my debt.

*Mor.* No sir, but I pray staine a while, and you shall  
haue it

Assoone as I can

*Cit.* Well I must be content, where nothing is to be  
had,

The King looseth his ight they say,  
But who is this?

*Mor.* Mairy sir it is mistiesse Shore,  
To whom I am more beholding too for my seruice,  
Than the deerest friend that euer I had

*Cit.* And I for my sonnes pardon

*Mor.* Now mistresse Shore, how fare you?

*Shor.* Well Morton, but not so well as thou hast  
known me,  
For I thinke I shal be dauen to try my friends one  
day

*Mor.* God foifend mistresse Shore,  
And happie be that Sunne shall shine vpon thee,  
For preseruing the life of my sonne.

*Shor.* Gramercies good father,  
But how doth thy sonne, is he well?

*Cit.* The better that thou liues, doth he

*Shor.* Thankes father, but I am glad of it,  
But come maister Lodwicke shall we go?  
And you Morton, youle bear vs company

*Lod.* I mistiesse Shore,  
For my Lord thinkes long for our comming

[*Exit omnes*

*Cit.* There there, huffer, but by your leauie,  
The Kings death is a maime to hei credit,  
But they say, there is my Lord Hastings in the Court,  
He is as good as the Ase of hearts at maw,<sup>1</sup>  
Well euen as they brew, so let them bake for me  
But I must about the streets, to see and I can meete

---

\*<sup>1</sup> A game at cards See the Shakespeare Society's edit of  
"Patient Grissil," p 67

With such cold customers as they I met withall euen  
now,  
Maske if I meete with no bettei,  
I am like to keepe a bad hoshold of it [Exit]

*Enters RICHARD, Sir WILLIAM CASBIE, Page of his  
Chamber, and his traine*

*Rich* My friends depart,  
The houie commands your absence  
Leave me and euery man look to his charge  
[Exit traine]

*Cas* Renowned and right worthie Protector,  
Whose excellency far deserues the name of King then  
protector,  
Sir William Casbie wisheth my Lord,  
That your grace may so gouerne the yoong Prince,  
That the Crowne of England may flourish in all hap-  
piness  
[Exit Casbie]

*Rich* Ah yoong Prince, and why not I?  
Or who shall inherit Plantagines but he sonne?  
And who the King deceased, but the brother?  
Shall law bridle nature, or authorit e hinder inheritance?  
No, I say no Principalitie brooks no equaltie,  
Much less superioritie,  
And the title of a King, is next vnder the degree of a  
God,  
For if he be worthie to be called valiant  
That in his life winnes honour, and by his sword  
winnes riches,  
Why now I with renowne of a souldier, which s never  
sold but  
By waight, nor changed but by losse of life  
I reapt not the game but the glorie, and since it be-  
commeth  
A sonne to maintaine the honour of his deceased father,

Why should I not hazard his dignitie by my brothers  
sonnes?  
 To be basei than a King I disdaine,  
 And to be more then Protector, the law deny,  
 Why my father got the Crowne, my brother won the  
 Crowne,  
 And I will wear the Crowne,  
 Or ile make them hop without their crownes that de-  
 nies me.  
 Haue I remoued such logs out of my sight as my  
 brother Clarēce  
 And king Henry the sixt, to suffer a child to shadow  
 me,  
 Nay more, my nephew to disinherit me,  
 Yet most of all, to be released from the yoke of my  
 brother  
 As I terme it, to become subiect to his sonne,  
 No death nor hell shall not withhold me, but as I rule  
 I will raign,  
 And so raign that the proudest enemy shall not  
 abide  
 The sharpest shoure. Why what are the babes but  
 a puffe of  
 Gun-pouder? a marke for the soldiers, food for fishes,  
 Or lining for beds, deuices enough to make them  
 away,  
 Wherein I am resolute, and determining, needs no  
 counsell,  
 Ho, whose within?

*Enters PAGE and PERCIUALL.*

*Per.* May it please your Maiestie

*Rich.* Ha villaine, Maiestie

*Per.* I speake but vpon that which shal be my  
 good Lord

*Rich.* But whats he with thee?

*Page* A Messenger with a letter from the right honourable

The Duke of Buckingham [Exit PAGE]

*Rich* Sirra glue place

Ah how this title of Majestie, animates me to my purpose,

Rise man, regard no fall, haply this letter brings good lucke,

May it be, or is it possible,

Doth Fortune so much fauour my happinesse

That I no sooner deuise, but she sets abroach?

Or doth she but to trie me, that raising me aloft,

My fall may be the greater, well laughi on sweete change,

Be as be may, I will never feare colours nor regard ruth,

Valour brings fame, and fame conques death

Perciuall

*Per* My Lord

*Rich* For though thy letter declareth thy name,

Thy trust to thy Lord, is a sufficient warrant

That I vtter my minde fully vnto thicke,

And seeing thy Lord and I haue scene long foes,

And haue found now so fit opportunitie to ioyre league,

To alaize the proude enemy, tell him thus as a friend,  
I do accept of his grace, and will be as ready to put  
in practise

To the vttermost of my power, what ere he shalbe to  
deuise,

But wheareas he hath writ that the remouing of the  
yoong

Prince from the Queenes friends might do well,

Tell him thus, it is the only way to our purpose,

For he shall shortly come vp to London to his Coro-  
nation,

At which instant, we will be both present,

And where by the helpe of thy Lord, I will so plaine  
 my part,  
 That ile be more than I am, and not much lesse then  
 I looke for,  
 No nor a haire bredth from that I am,  
 A iudge thou what it is Perciuall

*Per* God send it my Lord, but my Loid willed me  
 to satisfie you, and to tell you by word of mouth that  
 he hath in readinesse a braue company of men

*Rich* What power hath he?

*Per* A braue band of his owne

*Rich* What number?

*Per* My Lord, to the number of five hundreth  
 footmen

And horsmen ayders vnto him, is my Lord Chamber-  
 laine, and my Loid Hastings

*Rich* Sounes, dares he trust the Lord Hastings?

*Per* I my Lord as his owne life, he is secret I  
 warrant you

*Rich.* Well Perciuall, this matter is waightie and  
 must not be slept, therefore return this awnser to thy  
 Lord, that to morrow I will meet him, for to day I  
 cannot, for now the funerall is past I must set a  
 screene before the fire for feare of suspition again,  
 I am now to strengthen my selfe by the controuersie  
 that is betwixt the kindred of the King deceast, and  
 the Queene thatts liung, the yoong Prince is yet in-  
 hucsters handling, and they not throughly friendes,  
 now must I so woike, that the water that drives the  
 mill may drowne it I climbe Peiciuall, I regard  
 more the glorie then the gaine, for the very name of  
 a King redouble a mans life with fame, when death  
 hath done his worst, and so commend me to thy  
 Lord, and take thou this for thy paines.

*Per.* I thanke your grace, I humbly take my leauue.

[Exit PERCIUALL.]

*Rich.* Why so, now Fortune make me a King,

Fortune glie me a kingdome, let the world report  
 the Duke of Gloster was a King, therefore Fortune  
 make me King, if I be but King for a yeare, nay but  
 halfe a yeare, nay a moneth, a weeke, three dayes,  
 one daye, or halfe a day, nay an houre, swounes half  
 an houre, nay sweete Fortune, clap but the Crowne  
 on my head, that the vassals may but once say, God  
 sauе King Richards life, it is inough Siriha, who is  
 there?

*Enter PAGE*

*Page* My Lord

*Rich* What hearest thou about the Court?

*Page* Ioy my Loid for your Protectorship for the  
 most part Some murmure, but my Lord they be of  
 the baser sort

*Rich* A mightie arme wil sway the baser soit,  
 authority doth terrifie

But what other newes hearest thou?

*Page* This my Lord, they say the yong King is  
 comming vp to his coronation, attendec on by his two  
 vncles, Earle Rivers & Lord Gray, and the rest of the  
 Queenes kindred

*Rich* A parlous<sup>1</sup> bone to ground upon, and a  
 rush stify knit,<sup>2</sup> which if I could finde a knot, I  
 would glie one halfe to the dogs and set sic on the  
 other

*Page* It is reported my Loid, but I know not  
 whether it be true or no, that the Duke of Buckingham

<sup>1</sup> Perilous

<sup>2</sup> This looks like a proverbial expression, but I have not been  
 able to find an instance of the last of the phrase. *Nudum in*  
*scrope querere* was the Roman proverb for *to stir'mle on plain*  
*ground*, and in Sir Philip Sidney's Sonnets there is an allusion  
 to it:—

"O, this it is the knotted straw is found"

is vp in the Marches of Wales with a band of men,  
and as they say, hee aims at the Crowne

*Rich* Tush a shadow without a substance, and a  
feare without a cause but yet if my neighbours  
house bee on fire, let me seek to sauue mine owne, in  
trust is treason, time slippeth, it is ill resting with edge  
tooles, or dallying with Princes matters, Ile strike  
whilst the yron is hote, and Ile trust neuer a Duke  
of Buckingham, no neuer a Duke in the world,  
further then I see him And siriha, so follow me

[Exit RICHARD

*Page* I see my Lord is fully resolued to climbe,  
but how hee climbs ile leauie that to your judge-  
ments, but what his fall will be thats hard to say  
But I maruell that the Duke of Buckingham and he  
are now become such great friends, who had wont  
to love one another so well as the spider doth the  
fie but this I haue noted, since he hath had the  
charge of Protector, how may noble men hath fled  
the realme, first the Lord Marcus sonne to the  
Queene, the Earl of Westmorland and Northumber-  
land, are secretly fled how this geare will cotten<sup>1</sup> I  
know not But what do I medling in such matters,  
that should medle with the vntyng of my Lordes  
points, faith do even as a great many do beside,  
medle with Princes matters so long, til they proue  
themselues beggars in the end Therefore I for  
feare I should be taken napping with any words, Ile  
set a locke on my lips, for feare my tongue grow too  
wide for my mouth

[Exit PAGE

<sup>1</sup> To cotton is to succeed, to prosper Gear is any business or  
matter

" Come on, sir frier, picke the locke,  
This gere doth cotton hanosome,  
That covetousnesse so cunningly  
Must pay the lechers ransome "

—“ Troublesome Raigne of King John,” part I.

*Enter the yoong PRINCE, his brother, DUKE OF YORKE,  
EARLE RIUERS, LORD GRAY, SIR HAPCE, SIR  
THOMAS VAUGHAN*

*King* Right louing vnckles, and the rest of this company, my mother hath written, and thinks it conuenient that we dismisse our taine, for feare the towne of Northampton is not able to ireceive vs and againe my vnckle of Gloster may rather think we come of malice against him and his blood therefore my Lords, let me here your opinions, for my words and her letters aie all one and besides I myselfe glue consent

*Riu* Then thus may it please you grace, I will shewe my opinion First note the two Iouse, of Lancaster and Yorke, the league of friendship is yet but greene betwxt them, and litt'e cause of variance may cause it breake, and thereby I think it not requisite to discharge the cōpany because of this The Duke of Buckingham is up 'n the Marches of Wales with a great power, and with him is ioyred the Protector, for what cause I know not, therfore my Lords, I haue spoken my mind volunt but d'o as your honours shall thinke good

*Vaugh* Why my Lord Riuers, wherfore is ne Protector but for the Kings safetie?

*Riu* I Sir Thomas Vaughan, and therfore a traitor, because he is Protector

*Gray* We haue the Prince in clāge, therfore we neede not care

*Riu* We haue the Prince, but they the authoriue

*Gray* Why take you not the Duke of Buckingham for the Kings friend?

*Riu* Yes, and yet we may misdoubt the Duke of Gloster as a foe.

*Gray*. Why then my Lord Riuers, I thinke it is

conuenient that we leaue you here behind vs at Northamton, for conference with them, and if you heare their pretence be good towards the King, you may in Gods name make ieturne & come with them, but if not, leaue them and come to us with speed For my sister the Queene hath willed that we should dismisse our companie, and the King himselfe hath agreed to it, therefore we must needs obey

*Riu* If it please your grace I am content, and humbly take my leaue of you all [Exit.

*King* Farewell good ynckle, ah gods, if I do live my fathers yeaes as God forbid but I may, I will so roote out this malice & enuie sowne among the nobilitie, that I will make them weary that were the first beginners of these mischieves

*Gray* Worthily well spoken of your princely Maiestie,

Which no doubt sheweth a king-like resolution.

*Vaugh* A toward yoong Prince, and no doubt forward to all vertue, whose raigne God long prosper among vs.

*King* But come vnckle, let vs forward of our iourney towards London

*Riu* We will attend vpon your Maiestie

[Exit omnes]

*Enter a nold Inne-keeper, and RICHARDS Page*

*Page.* Come on mine Oste, what doest thou vnderstand my tale or no?

*Oste* I faith my guest you haue amazed mee alreadie, and to heare it again, it wil mad me altogether, but because I may think vpon it the better, I pray you let me heare it once more

*Page.* Why then thus, I serue the right honourable the Lord Protector.

*Oste* I, I know that too well.

*Page* Then this is his graces pleasure, that this nigh the will be lodged in thy house, thy fare must be sumptuous, thy lodgings cleanly, his men vsed friendly and with great curtesie, and that he may haue his lodging prepared as neare Lord Riuers as possible may be

*Oste* Why sir if this be all, this is done alreadie

*Page* Nay more

*Oste* Nay sir, & you loue me no more, heres too much already

*Page* Nay, my Lords graces pleasure is further, that when all thy guesse<sup>1</sup> have tane their chambers, that thou conuey into my Lords hands the keyes of euery seuerall chamber, and what my Lords pleasure is further, thou shalt know in the morning.

*Oste* How locke in my guesse like prisoners, why doe you heare my guesse? mee thinkes there should be little better then treason in these words you haue vttered

*Page* Treason villaine, how darest thou haue a thought of treason against<sup>2</sup> my Lord, therefore you were best be briefe, and tell me whether you will do it or no?

*Oste* Alasse what shall I do? who were I best to offend? shall I betrai that good olde Earle that hath laine at my house this fortie yeares? why and I doe hee will hang me nay then on the other side, if I should not do as my Lord Protector commands, he will chop off my head, but is there no remedie?

*Page* Come sir be briefe, there is no remedie. therefore be briefe, and tell me straight

*Oste* Why, then sir heres my hand, tell my Lord Protector he shall haue it, I will do as he commands mee, but euen against my will, God is my witnessse

<sup>1</sup> *Guesse* is the old plural for *gues/s*

<sup>2</sup> *I e*, have a thought, against my lord, of treason

*Page* Why then farewell mine Oste

*Osie* Farewell euen the woorst guest that ever came to my house A maisters, maisters, what a troublesome vocation am I crept into, you thinke we that be In-keepers get all the world, but I thinke I shall get a faire halter to my necke, but I must go see all things done to my great grieve [Exit]

*Enters the mother QUEENE, and her daughter, and her sonne, to sanctuary*

Earle Riuers speakes out of his chamber

Ho mine Oste, Chamberlaine wheres my key?  
What pend vp like a prisoner? But staine, I feare I am betraide,

The sodain sight of Glosteis Duke, doth make me sore afraid

He speake to him, and gently him salute,  
Tho in my heart I enuie<sup>1</sup> much the man,  
God morrow my Lord Protector to your grace,  
And Duke of Buckingham God morrow too,  
Thankes noble Dukes for our good cheare, & for your cōpany.

*Here enters BUCKINGHAM and GLOSTER, and their traine*

*Rich* Thou wretched Earle, whose aged head imaginis nought but treacherie,  
Like Iudas thou admitted wast to sup with vs last night  
But heauens preuented thee our ills, and left thee in this plight.

---

<sup>1</sup> Envy for "hate."

Greeu'st thou that I the Gloster Duke, shuld as Protector sway?

And were you he was left behynd, to make vs both away?

Wilt thou be ringleader to wrōng, & must you guide the realme?

Nay ouer boord al such mates I hurl, whilst I do guid the helm

He weed you out by one and one, Ile burne you vp like chaffe,

Ile rend your stock vp by the rootes, that yet in triumphs laffe

*Riu* Alas good Dukes for ought I know, I neuer did offend,

Except vnto my Prince vnloyall I have bene,

Then shew iust cause, why you exclaime so rashly in this soit,

So falsely thus me to condemne, vpon some false report

But am I here as prisoner kept, imprisoned here by you?

Then know, I am as true to my Prince, as the proudest in thy crue

*Buc* A<sup>1</sup> biauely spokē good old Earle, who tho his lims be num

He hath his tongue as much at vse, as tho his yeares were yong

*Rich* Speakest y<sup>u</sup> the truth, how durst y<sup>u</sup> speak, for iustice to apeale?

When as thy packing with thy Prince, thy falsehood do reueale

A Riuers blush, for shame to speake, like traitor as thou art

Riu A brayd<sup>1</sup> you me as traitor to you grace  
 No altho a prisonei, I retuine defiance in thy face  
 The Chronicles I record, talk of my fidelitie, & of my  
 progeny,  
 Whei, as in a glas y<sup>n</sup> maist behold, thy ancestors &  
 their trechery  
 The wars in France, Irish cōflicts, & Scotland knowes  
 my trust,  
 When thou hast kept thy skin vnscaid, and let thine  
 armor rust  
 How thou vniustly here exclaim'st,  
 Yea far from loue or kin,  
 Was this the oath which at our princes death,  
 With vs thou didst combine?  
 But time permits<sup>2</sup> not now, to tell thee all my  
 minde  
 For well tis known that but for fear, you neuer wold  
 have clind<sup>3</sup>  
 Let Commons now haue it in hand, the matter is  
 begun,  
 Of whom I feare the lesser soit, vpon thy part will  
 run.  
 My Lords, I cannot breath it out in words like to  
 you but this,  
 My honor, I will set to sale,<sup>4</sup> let any comman man  
 come in,  
 And say Earle Riuers faith vnto his Prince did  
 quale,  
 Then will I lose my lands and life, but if none so can  
 doo,

<sup>1</sup> Braid for upbraid See Huloet's Dict The word is used by Shakespeare —

"Twould braid yourself too near for me to tell it"

— "Pericles," Scene I

<sup>2</sup> Old copy omits *not*

<sup>3</sup> Climb'd

<sup>4</sup> Pledge?

Then thou Protector iniur'st me, and thy copartner  
too  
But since as Judges heie you are, and taking no  
remorse,  
Spare me not, let me haue law, in iustice do your  
worst

*Buc* My Lord, lay down a cooling card,<sup>1</sup> this  
game is gone too far,  
You haue him fast, now cut him off, for feare of ciuill  
war,  
Iniurious Earle I hardly brooke, this portion thou  
hast guuen,  
Thus with my honor me to touch, but t'w iut*i* shall  
begin

*Riu* But as thou art I leauue thee here,  
Vnto the officers custody,  
First bare him to Pomphret Castle,  
Charge them to keep him secretly  
And as you heare from me so deale,  
Let it be done immediatly  
Take from our Garrison one whole band  
To guard him thither safely

*Riu* And send'st thou me to common Iavle?  
Nay then I know thy minde  
God bless these yoong and tender babes  
That I do leauue behinde  
And God aboue protect them day and night,  
Those are the maiks thou aim'st at, to rid them noum  
their right  
Farewell sweet England and my country men,  
Earle Riuers leades the way  
Yet would my life might rid you from this thrall,

<sup>1</sup> A card so decisive as to cool the courage of the adversary—

“There all is marr'd, there lies a cooling card”

—“First Part of Henry VI,” v. 4.

But for my stock and kindled to the Queen, I greatly  
feare the all  
And thus disloyall Duke farewell, when euer this is  
knowne,  
The shame and infamy thereof, be sure will be thine  
owne<sup>1</sup> [Exit]

*Rich* So now my Lord of Buckingham, let us  
hoyst vp saile while the winde serues, this hot begin-  
ning must haue a quicke dispatch, therefore I charge  
and command straightly,<sup>2</sup> that euerie high way be  
laid close, that none may be suffered to carrie this  
newes before we our selues come, for if word come  
before vs, then is oure pietence bewraied, and all we  
haue done to no effect If any aske the cause why  
they may not passe, vse my authoritie, and if he resist  
shoote him through Now my Lord of Buckingham,  
let vs take post hoise to Stony Stratford, where hap-  
pily ile say grace to the Princes dinner, that I will  
make the devoutest of them forget what meat they  
eate, and yet all for the best I hope [Exit.]

*Enter the yoong PRINCE, LORD GRAY, SIR THOMAS VAUGHON, SIR RICHARD HAPC, and their traine.*

*Hap* Lord Gray, you do discomfort the King by  
reason of your heauiness

*Gray* Alasse sir Richard, how can I be merry  
when we haue so great a charge of his gracie and  
again this makes me to greeue the more, because wee  
cannot heare from Earle Riuers, which makes me  
think the Protector and he haue bene at some words

*King*. Why good vnkle comfort your selfe, no doubt

<sup>1</sup> Part of the old play of "King John," which preceded Shakespeare's drama, is also in ballad measure And see Reed's "Shakespeare," xx 462.

<sup>2</sup> Strictly.

my vnkle Earle Riuers is well, & is comming no doubt with my vnkle of Gloster to meeve vs, else we should haue heard to the contrarie If any haue cause to feaie, it is my selfe, therefore good vnkle comfort your selfe and be not sad

*Gray* The sweete ioyce of such a grape would comfort a man where he halfe dead, and the sweete words of such a Prince would make men calesse of mishaps, how dangerous soever

*Hap* Lord Gray, we heare now by all likehoods the Protector not to be farre, therefore wee are to entertaine him and the Duke of Buckingham w<sup>t</sup>th curtesie, both for the Princes behalfe and for our owne

*Gray* Sir Richard Hap, I shall hardly shew the Protector or the Duke of Buckingham any meiry countenance, considering how hardly I haue been used by them both, but yet for love to my prince I will bridle my affectiō, but in good time they comē

*Enter s RICHARD, DUKE OF BUCKINGHAM and their  
traine*

*Rich* Long liue my Princely Nephew a l happi-  
nesse

*King* Thankes vnckle of Gloster for your curtesie,  
yet you haue made hast, for we looke rot for you as  
yet

*Rich* Therein I shew my humble dutie to your  
grace whose life I wish to redouble you deceased  
fathers dayes.

*King* Thankes good vnckle.

*Buc.* Long liue my gratiouse Prince

*King* Thankes Buckingham, but vnckle you wil'  
beare vs company towards London?

*Rich* For that cause we came

*Buc.* Gentlemen on afore keep your roomes, how

now Lord Gray doo you iustle in the piesence of the King? This is more then needs

*Gray* My Lord, I scaice touched you, I hope it be no offence

*Rich* Sir no great offence, but inward enuy will burst out No Lord Gray, you cannot hide your malice to vs of the Kings blood

*King* Why good vncle let me know the cause of your suddaine quarrell?

*Rich* Marry thus noble Nephew, the old wound of enuy, being rubbed by Lord Grayes venomous rashnesse, is growne to such a venomous sore that it is incurable, without remoue of dead flesh

*Buc* Lord Gray, I do so much dishike thy abuse, that were it not in presence of the Prince, I would bid thee combate but thus and it shal like your grace, I arrest, & atache this Lord Gray, Sir Thomas Vaughon, and Richard Hapce, of high treason to your grace And that Lord Gray hath conueyed money out of the Tower to relieue our enemies the Scots, and now by currying favor with your Maiestie, he thinkes it to be hid

*Rich* Only this I adde, you gouerne the Prince without my authoritie, allowing me no more then the bare name of Protector, which I wil haue in the despight of you, and therefore as your competitor Earle Riuers is alreadie imprisoned, so shall you be, till time affoord the law to take place

*Gray.* But whereas we are atacht as traytors to his grace, and gouerne him without your authoritie, why we have authority from the mother Queene. And for the deliuerie of the mony to the Scots, it was done by a generall consent of you all, and that I haue your hands to shew for my discharge, therfore your arrest & attachment is not lawfull. & yet as lawful as your quarrell is right

*Rich.* Thy presumption condemnes thee Lord

Gray, thy arrest is lawfull. Therefore see them speedily and secretly imprisoned, and after the coronation they shall answer it by law, meane while, Officers looke to your charge.

*King.* A Gods, and is it iustice without my consent? Am I a King and beare no authoritie? My louing kindred committed to prison as traytors in my presence, and I stand to giue aime at them.<sup>1</sup> A Edward, would thou laist by thy fathers side, or else he had liued till thou hadst bin better able to rule. If my neere kindred be committed to prison, what remaines for me, a crowne? A but how? so beset with sorrows, that the care & grief wil kil me ere I shall enjoy my kingdome. Well since I cannot command, I wil intreat. Good vnkle of Gloster, for all I can say little, but for my vnkle Lord Gray, what need he be a theef or conuey money out of the Tower, when he hath sufficient of his own? But good vnkle let me baile them all: If not, I will baile my vncle Lord Gray if I may.

*Rich.* Your grace vndertakes you know not what, the matters are perillous, especially against the Lord Gray.

*King.* What perilous matters, considering he is a friend to vs?

*Rich.* He may be a friend to win fauour, & so climbe to promotion in respect of his equals. His equals, nay his betters.

*King.* I know my vnkle will conceale no treason, or dangerous secresie from vs.

*Rich.* Yes secrets that are too subtil for babes. Alasse my Lord you are a child, and they vse you as a child: but they consult and conclude of such mat-

<sup>1</sup> To give *aim* was to stand within a convenient distance from the butts, to inform the archers how near their arrows fell to the mark.

ters, as were we not carefull, would proue prejudiciale  
to your Maiesties person Therfore let not your  
grace feare any thing by our determination, for as my  
authoritie is onely vnder your grace, so shall my  
loyaltie deserue hereafter the iust recompence of a  
true subiect, therefore I hauing chaire frō my brother  
your father, & our late deceased king, during the  
minoriti of your grace, I will vse my authoritie as I  
see good

*King* Ay me vnhappy king

*Gray* Nay let not youi grace be dismaid for oui  
imprisonmēt, but I would we could wariant your grace  
from harme, & so we humbly take our leaues of your  
grace, hoping that ere long we shall answer by law to  
the shame & disgrace of you all [Exit]

*Rich* Go, you shall answer it by law

*King* But come vnkle shal we to Lon to oui  
vntimely coranatiō?

*Rich.* What else and please your maiestie, where  
by the way I will appoint trustie Officers about you

*Buc* Sound Trumpet in this parley, God sauе the  
King

*Rich* Richard<sup>1</sup>

*Enter the mother QUEENE, and her yoong sonne the  
DUKE OF YORKE, and ELIZABETH*

*Yorke* May it please your grace to shew to your  
children the cause of your heavines, that we knowing  
it, may be copartners of your sorrowes

*Queen.* Ay me poore husbandes queene, and you  
poor fatherlesse princes

*Eliz* Good mother expect the liuing, and forget

<sup>1</sup> There is character in still making Gloucester try the sound  
of his greatness.

the dead What tho our Father be dead, yet behold his children, the image of himselfe

*Queen* Ay poore Princes, my mourning is for you and for your brother, who is gone vp to an vntimely crowntion

*Eliz* Why mother he is a Prince, and in handes of our two vnkles, Earle Riuers & Lord Gray, who wil no doubt be carefull of his estate

*Queen* I know they will, but kings haue mortall enemies, as well as friends that esteeme and regard them A sweet chldien, when I am at rest my nightly dreames are dreadful Me thinks as I lie in my bed, I see the league broken which was swoone at the deathe of your kingly father, tis this my chldren and many other causes of like importance, that makes your aged mother to lament as she doth.

*Yorke* May it please your grace

*Queen* A my son, no more grace, for I am so sore disgraced, that without Gods grace, I fall into dispauce with myself, but who is this?

### *Enter a MESSENGER*

*Yorke* What art thou that with thy gastly lookes preaseth into sanctuary, to affright our mother Queen

*Mess* A sweet Princes, doth my counteance bewray me?

*My newes* is doubtfull and heauie

*Eliz* Then uttei it to vs, that our mother may not heare it

*Queen* A yes my friend, speake what ere it be

*Mess* Then thus may it please your grace, The yong prince comming vp to his coronation, attended on by his two vnkles, Earle Riuers and Lord Gray and the rest of your kindred, was by the Duke of Buckingham and the Protector, met at stonie Stratford, where on a suddaine grew malice betweene the

Duke of Buckingham and the Lord Gray, but in the end, the Duke of Buckinghams malice grew so great, that he arrested and attached all those of your kindred of high treason, whereupon the Protector being too rash in judgement, hath committed them all to Pomphret Castle

*Queen* Where I feare he will butcher them all, but where is the Prince my sonne?

*Mess* He remains at London in the Bishops palace, in the hands of the Protector

*Queen* A traitors, will they laie hands on their Prince, and imprison his Peeres, which no doubt meanes well towards him But tell me, art not thou seruant to the Arch-Bishop of Yorke?

*Mess* Yes and it please your grace, for himselfe is here at hand with Letters from the Councell, and here he comes

*Enter CARDINALL*

*Queen* But here my friend, grieve had almost made me forget thy reward A come my Lord, thou bringest the heauie newes, come shoothe thine arrow, and hit this heart that is almost dead with grieve alreadie

*Car* What ere my newes be, haue patience, the Duke of Gloster greets your grace

*Queen.* Draw home my Lord, for now you hit the marke

*Car* The Prince your sonne doth greete your grace

*Queen* A happie gale that blew that arrow by, A let me see the Letter that he sent, perhaps it may prolong my life awhile.

*Yorke* How doth my brother, is he in health my Lord?

*Car.* In health sweete Prince, but longes to haue thy companie.

*Yorke.* I am content, if my mother will let me go.

*Car.* Content or not, sweete Prince it must be so.

*Queen.* Hold, and haue they persuaded thee my sonne to haue thy brother too away from me, nay first I will know what shall become of thee, before I send my other sonne to them.

*Car.* Looke on this Letter and aduise yourselfe, for thus the Councell hath determined.

*Queen.* And haue they chosen thee among the rest, for to persuade me to this enterprise? No my Lord, and thus persuade your selfe, I will not send him to be butchered.

*Car.* Your grace misdoubts the worst, they send for him only to haue him bedfellow to the King, and there to staie & keep him company. And if your sonne miscary, then let his blood be laid vnto my charge: I know their drifts and what they do pretend, for they shall both this night sleepe in the Tower, and to morrow they shall both come forth to his happie coronation. Vpon my honour this is the full effect, for see the ambishi nobles are at hand to take the Prince away from you by force, if you will not by faire meanes let him go.

*Queen.* Why my Lord will you breake Sanctuary, and bring in rebels to affright vs thus? No, you shall rather take away my life before you get my boy away from me.

*Car.* Why Madame haue you taken Sanctuary?

*Queen.* I my Lord, and high time too I trow.

*Card.* A heauie case when Princes flie for aide, where cut-throates, rebels, and bankerouts should be. But Madame what answere do you returne, if I could persuade you, twere best to let him go.

*Queen.* But for I see you counsell for the best, I am content that you shall haue my son, in hope that you will send him safe to me, here I deliuier him into you hands. Farewell my boy, commend me to thy brother.

*Yorke* Mother farewell, and farewell sister too, I will but see my brother and returne to you

*Queen* Teares stops my speech Come let vs in my Lord [Exit]

*Car* I will attend vpon your gracie Hold take the Prince, the Queen & I haue done, Ile take my leaue, and after you ile come [Exit CAR]

*Yorke* How now my friend, shall I go to my brother?

*Cat* What else sweete Prince, and for that cause wee are come to beare you company [Exit omnes]

*Enter four watchmen Enter RICHARDS Page*

*Page* Why thus by keeping company, am I become like vnto those with whom I keepe company As my Loide hopes to weare the Crown, so I hope by that means to haue preferment, but in steed of the Crowne, the blood of the headles light vpon his head he hath made but a wrong match, for blood is a threatner and will haue ieuenge He makes hauocke of all to bring his purpose to passe all those of the Queens kinred that were committed to Pomphret Castle, hee hath caused them to be secretly put to death without iudgemēt the like was neuer seen in England He spares none whom he but mistrusteth to be a hinderer to his proceedings, he is straight chopt vp in prison The valiant Earle of Oxford being but mistrusted, is kept close prisoner in Hames Castle Againe, how well Doctor Shaw hath pleased my Lord, that preached at Paules Crosse yesterday, that proued the two Princes to be bastards, whereupon in the after noone came downe my Lord Mayor and the Aldermen to Baynards Castle, and offered my Lord the whole estate vpon him, and offered to make him King, which he refused so faintly, that if it had bene offered

once more, I know he would haue taken it, the Duke of Buckingham is gone about it, and is now in the Guild Hall making his Oration But here comes my Lord

*Enter RICHARD and CATESBY*

*Rich* Catesby content thee, I haue warned the Lord Hastings to this Court, and since he is so hard to be wonne, tis better to cut him off then suffer him, he hath bene all this while partaker to our secrets, and if he should but by some mislike vtter it, then were we all cast away

*Cat* Nay my Lord do as you will, yet I haue spoken what I can in my friends cause

*Rich* Go to, no more ado Catesby, they say I haue bin a long sleeper to day, but ile be awake anon to some of their costs But srrha aie those men in readinesse that I appointed you to get?

*Page* I my Lord, & giue diligent attendance vpon your grace

*Rich* Go to, looke to it then Catesby, get thee thy weapons readie, for I will enter the Court.

*Cat* I will my Lord

[*Exit*<sup>1</sup>]

*Page* Doth my Lord say he hath bene a long sleeper to day? There are those of the Court that are of another opinion, that thinks his grace lieth neuer lög inough a bed Now there is court held to day by diuerse of the Councell, which I feare me wil cost the Lord Hastings and the Lord Stan-dley their best cappes for my Lord hath willed mee to get halfe a dozen ruffians in readinesse, and when he knocks with his fist vpon the boord, they to rush in, and to crie, treason, treason, and to laie hands vpon the Lord Hastings, and the Lord

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<sup>1</sup> For *Exit* with *Richard*

Stannley, which for feare I should let slip, I will gue  
my diligent attendance

*Enter RICHARD, CATESBY, and others, pulling LORD HASTINGS*

*Rich* Come bring him away, let this suffice, thou  
and that accursed sorceresse the mother Queene hath  
bewitched me, with assistance of that famous strumpet  
of my brothers, Shores wife my witheied arme is a  
sufficient testimony, deny it if thou canst late not  
Shores wife with thee last night?

*Hast* That she was in my house my Lord I cannot  
deny, but not for any such matter If

*Rich* If, villain, feedest thou me with Ifs & ands,  
go fetch me a Priest, make a short shiift, and dispatch  
him quickly For by the blessed Saint Paule I  
sweare, I will not dine till I see the traytors head,  
away Sir Thomas, suffer him not to speak, see him  
executed straight & let his copartner the Lord Standly  
be carried to prison also, tis not his broke head I  
haue gauen him, shall excues him

[*Exit with HASTINGS*<sup>1</sup>

Catesbie goe you and see it presently proclaimed  
throughout the Citie of London by a Herald of Armes,  
that the cause of his death and the rest, were for  
conspiring by Witchcraft the death of me and the  
Duke of Buckingham, that so they might gouern the  
King and rule the realme, I thinke the proclamation  
be almost done

*Cat* I my good Lord, and finished too

*Rich* Well then about it But hearst thou Catesbie,  
meane while I will listen after successse of the Duke  
of Buckingham, who is labouring all this while  
with the Citizens of London to make me King,

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<sup>1</sup> Compare Shakespeare's play, act iii sc 4

which I hope will be shoitly, for thou seest our foes now are fewer, and we neerer the mark then before, and when I haue it, looke thou for the place of thy friend the Lord Hastings, meane while about thy businesse

*Cat* I thanke your grace [Exit CATESBIE

*Rich* Now sirra to thee, there is one thing more vndone, which grieues me more then all the rest, and to say the truth, it is of more importance then all the rest

*Page* Ah that my Lord would vtter it to his Page, then should I count my selfe a happie man, if I could ease my Lord of that great doubt

*Rich* I commend thy willingness, but it is too mightie, and reacheth the starres.

*Page* The more waightie it is, the sooner shall I by doing it increase your honours good liking toward me

*Rich* Be assured of that, but the matter is of waight & great importance, and doth concerne the state

*Page* Why my Lord, I will choake them with gifts that shall perforne it, therefore good my Lord, trust me in this cause

*Rich* Indeed thy trust I know to be so true, that I care not to vtter it vnto thee Come hither, & yet the matter is too waightie for so meane a man

*Page*. Yet good my Lord, vtter it

*Rich* Why thus it is, I would haue my two Nephewes the yoong Prince and his brother secretly murthered, Sownes villaine tis out, wilt thou do it? or wilt thou betray me?

*Page* My Lord you shall see my forwardnesse herein, I am acquainted with one Iames Terrell, that lodgeth hard by your honors chamber, with him my Lord will I so worke, that soone at night you shall speake with him

*Rich* Of what reputation or calling is that Terrell, may we trust him with that which once knowne, were the vtter confusion of me and my friends for ever?

*Page.* For his trust my Lord, I dare be bounde, onely this, a poore gentleman he is, hoping for preferment by your grace and vpon my credit my Lord, he will see it done

*Rich* Well in this be verie circumspect and sure with thy diligence, be liberall, and looke for a day to make thee blesse thy self, wherein thou seiuedst so good a Lord And now that Shores wifes goods be confiscate, goe from me to the Bishop of London, and see that she receiue her open penance, let her be turned out of prison, but so bare as a wretch that worthily hath deserued that plague and let there be straight proclamation made by my Lord the Mayor, that none shall releue her nor pittie her, and priuie spies set in euerie corner of the Citie, that they may take notice of them that releuees her for as her beginning was most famous aboue all, so will I haue her end most infamous aboue all Haue care now my boy, and win thy maisters heart for euer

*Enter SHORES wife*

*Shor* Ah unfortunate Shores wife, dishonour to the King, a shame to thy countrey, and the onely blot of defame to all thy kindred Ay why was I made faire that a King should fauour me? But my friends should haue preferd discipline before affection for they know of my folly, yea my owne husband knew of my breach of disloyaltie, and yet suffered me, by reason hee knew it bootlesse to kicke against the pricke A sweet King Edward, little didst thou thinke Shores wife should haue bene so hardly vsed, thy vnnaturall brother not concent with my goods which are yet confiscate in his custodie, but yet more

to adde to my present miserie, hath proclaimed vpon great penaltie, that none whatsoeuer shall either aide or succou me, but here being comfortlesse to die in the streets with hunger I am constrained to beg, but I feare tis in vain, for none will pittie me Yet here come one to whom I have done good, in restoring his lands that were lost, now will I trie him to see if he will glue mee any thing

*Enters LODOWICKE*

*Lod* A time how thou suffrest fortune to alter estates, & changest the mindes of the good for the worst How many headlesse Peeres sleepe in their graues, whose places are furnish with their inferiours? Such as are neither nobly borne, nor vertuously minded My heart hardly bewailes the losse of the yoong King, by the outrage of the Protector, who hath proclaimed himselfe King, by the name of Richard the third The Commons murmure at it greatly, that the yoong King and his brother should be imprisoned, but to what end tis hard to say, but many thinks they shall neuere come forth againe But God do all for the best, and that the right heires may not be vtterly ouerthrowne

*Shor* A gods what a grieve is it for me to aske, where I haue guuen

*Lod* A my good Lord Hastings, how innocently thou diedst the heauens beare witnesse

*Shor* Good sir, take pittie vpon mee, and releue mee

*Lod* Indeed tis pittie to see so faire a face to aske for almes,

But tell me, has thou no friends?

*Shor* Yes sir I had many frends, but when my chieffest friend of all died, the rest then forsooke me

*Lod.* Belike then thy fact was notorious, that thy

friends leauing thee would let thee go as a spoyle for  
villaines But heerst thou I prethie tell me the  
truth, and as I am a gentleman, I will pittie thee

*Shor* A Lodowick, tell thee the truth, why halfe  
this intreatie serued thee, when thy lands had bene  
cleane gone had it not bene for Shores wife, and  
doest thou make me so long to begge for a hitle

*Lod* Indeed my lands I had restored me by  
mistresse Shore, but may this be she?

*Shor* I Lodowicke, I am she that begged thy  
lands of King Edward the fourth, therefore I pray  
thee bestow something on me,

*Lod* A gods what is this world, and how vncertaine  
are riches? Is this she that was in such credit with  
the King? Nay more that could command a King  
indeed? I cannot deny but my lands she restored  
me, but shall I by releeuing of her hurt myselfe, no.  
for straight proclamation is made that none shall  
succour her, therefore for feare I should be seene  
talke with her, I will shun her company and get me  
to my chamber, and there set downe in heroicall  
verse, the shamefull end of a Kings Concubin, which  
is no doubt as wonderfull as the desolation of a  
kingdome

[Exit.]

*Shor* A Lodowick if thou wilt giue me nothing, yet  
staie and talke with me A no he shuns my  
company, all my friends now forsake mee In prosperitie  
I had many, but in aduersitie none A gods have I  
this for my good I haue done, for when I was in my  
cheefest pomp, I thought that day wel spent wherein  
I might pleasure my friend by sutes to the King, for  
if I had spoken, he would not have said nay For  
tho he was King, yet Shores wife swayd the swoord  
I where neede was, there was I bountifull, and mind-  
full I was still vpon the poore to releue them, and  
now none will know me nor succour me therefore  
here shall I die for want of sustenance Yet here

comes another whom I haue done good vnto in  
saving the life of his sonne, wel I will trie him, to see  
if he will glue me any thing

*Enter a CITIZEN and another*

*Cit* No men no lawes, no Prince no orders, alls  
husht neighbour now hees king, but before he was  
king how was the tems<sup>1</sup> thwackt with ruffians? what  
fraies had we in the streets? Now he hath pro-  
claimed peace betweene Scotland and England for  
sixe yeares, to what end I know not, vsurpers had  
need to be wise

*Shor* A good sir releue me, and bestow something  
vpon me

*Cit* A neighbour, hedges haue eyes, and high-  
wayes haue eares, but who ist a beggar-woman? the  
streets are full of them, Ifaith But heeres thou, hast  
thou no friendes that thou goest a begging so?

*Shor* Yes sir I had friendes, but they are all dead  
as you are

*Cit* Why am I dead neighbour? why thou arrant  
queane what meant thou by that?

*Shor* I meane they are dead in chariti. But I  
pray sir, had not you the life of your sonne sauad in  
the time of king Edward the fourth by one Shores  
wife?

*Cit* Yes marry had I, but art thou a sprig of the  
same bough? I promise you neighbor I thought so,  
that so idle a huswife could not be without the  
acquaintance of so noble a strumpet well for her  
sake ile glue thee somewhat

*Shor* Nay then know, that I am shee that sauad  
the life of thy condemned sonne

*Cit* Who art thou Shores wife? Lye still purse,

<sup>1</sup> Thames?

neighbour I would not for twentie pounds haue giuen her one farthing, the proclamation is so hard by king Richard Why minion are you she that was the dis honour to the King? the shame to her husband, the discredit to the Cittie? Heare you, laie your fingers to worke, and get theiby somewhat to maintaine you O neighbour I grow verie cholouicke, and thou didst sauе the life of my sonne, why if thou hadst not, another would and for my part, I would he had bene hangd seuen yeeres ago, it had saued me a great deale of mony then But come let vs go in, & let the quean alone

[Exeunt]

*Shor* Alasse thus am I become an open shame to the world, here shall I die in the streets for want of sustenance, alasse is my fact so heinous that none will pitie me? Yet heere comes another to whom I haue done good, who is least able to pleasure me, yet I will trie him, to see if he will giue me any thing

*Enter MORTON a Seruung man*

*Mor* Now sir, who but king Richard beares sway, and hath proclaimed Iohn Earle of Linclon, heire aparant to the Crown, the yoong Princes they are in the Tower, nay some saies more, they are murthered But this makes me to muse, the Duke of Buckingham and the King is at such variance, that did all in all to helpe him to the Crowne, but the Duke of Buckingham is rid downe to Breaknock-Castle in Wales, and there he meanes to raise vp a power to pull down the vsurper but let them agree as they will, for the next faire winde ile ouer seas

*Shor* A Shores Wife, so neere driuen, to beg of a seruung man, I, necessitie hath no law, I must needs Good sir releue me, and giue me something.

*Ser* Why what art thou?

*Shor* In briefe Morton, I am Shores wife, that haue done good to all

*Ser* A foole, and euer thy owne enemy In troth mistresse Shore, my store is but small, yet as it is, weeble part stakes, but soft I cannot do what I would, I am watcht

*Enters PAGE*

*Shor* Good Morton releue me

*Ser* What should I releue my Kings enemy?

*Shor* Why thou promist thou wouldest

*Ser* I tell thee I wil not, & so be answered Sownes I would with all my heart, but for yonder vilaine, a plague on him

[Exit]

*Page* An honest fellow I warrant him How now Shores wife will none releue thee?

*Shor.* No one will releue her, that hath bene good to all

*Page* Why twere pitie to do thee good, but me thinkes she is fulsome and stinkes

*Shor* If I be fulsome shun my company, for none but thy Lord sought my miserie, and he hath vndone me

*Page* Why hath he vndone thee? nay thy wicked and naughtie life hath vndone thee, but if thou wantest maintenance, why doest thou not fall to thy old trade againe?

*Shor* Nay villaine, I haue done open penance, and am sorie for my sinnes that are past

*Page* Sownes is Shores wife become an holie whoore, nay then we shall neuer haue done

*Shor* Why hang thee, if thy faults were so written in thy forehead as mine is, it would be as wrong with thee But I prethe leave me, and get thee from me

*Page* And cannot you keepe the Citie but you must runne gadding to the Court, and you staine here

a hitle longer, ile make you be set away, and for my part, would all whoores were so seiued, then there would be fewer in England then there be And so farewell good mistresse Shore [Exit

*Shor* And all such vsurping kings as thy Lord is, may come to a shamefull end, which no doubt I may liue yet to see Therefore sweet God forgiue all my foule offence

And though I haue done wickedly in this world, Into hell fire, let not my soule be hurld [Exit

*Enter MAISTER TERRILL, and SIR ROBERT BROKEN-BERY*

*Bro* Maister Terrell, the King hath written, that for one night I should deliuer you the keyes, and put you in full possession But good M Terrell, may I be so bold to demand a question without offence?

*Ter* Else God forbid, say on what ere it be

*Bro* Then this maister Terrell, for your comming I partly know the cause, for the king oftentimes hath sent to me to haue them both dispatcht, but because I was a seruant to their father being Edward the fourth, my heart would neuer giue me to do the deed

*Ter* Why sir Robert you are beside the matter, what neede you vse such speeches what matters are betweene the King and me, I pray you leauie it, and deliuer me the keyes

*Bro* A here with teares I deliuer you the keyes, and so farewell maister Terrell [Exit

*Ter* Alasse good sir Robert, hee is kind hearted, but it must not pieuaile, what I haue promised the King I must performe. But ho Myles Forest

*For* Here sir

*Ter.* Myles Forest, haue you got those men I speake of, they must be resolute and pittlesse

*For* I warrant you sir, they are such pittilesse villaines, that all London cannot match them for their villanie, one of their names is Will Sluter, yet the most part calles him blacke Will, the other is Iack Denten, two murtherous villaines that are resolute

*Ter* I prethee call them in that I may see them, and speake with them

*For* Ho Will and Iack

*Will* Here sir, we are at hand

*For* These be they that I told you of

*Ter* Come hither sirs, to make a long discourse were but a folly, you seeme to be resolute in this cause that Myles Forest hath deluered to you, therefore you must cast away pitie, & not so much as thinke upon fauour, for the more stearne that you are, the more shall you please the King

*Will* Zownes sir, nere talke to vs of fauour, tis not the first that Iack and I haue gone about

*Ter* Well said, but the Kings pleasure is this, that he wil haue no blood shead in the deed doing, therefore let me heare your aduises?

*For* Why then I thinke this maister Terrell, that as they sit at supper there should be two dags<sup>1</sup> readie charged, and so suddenly to shooote them through

*Ter* No, I like not that so well, what saiest thou Will, what is thy opinion?

*Will* Tush, heeies moie adoo then needes, I pray bring mee where they aye, and ile take them by the heeles and beate their braines against the walles

*Ter* Nay that I like not, for tis too tyrannous

*Dout* Then heare me maister Terrell, let Will take one, and ile take another, and by the life of Iack Douton weeble cut both their throates

*Ter* Nay sirs, then heare me, I will haue it done

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<sup>1</sup> Pistols

in this order, when they be both a bed at rest, Myles Forest thou shalt bring them vp both, and betweene two feather beds smother them both

*For* Why this is verie good, but stand aside, for here comes the Princes, ile bring you wond when the deed is done

[Exit TERRILL]

*Enter the PRINCES*

*Yorke* How fares my noble Lord and louing brother?

*King* A worthie brother, Richaid Duke of Yorke, my cause of sorrow is not for my selfe, but this is it that addes my sorrow more, to see our vnkle whom our father left as our Protector in minoritie, should so digresse from dutie, loue and zeale, so vnkindly thus to keepe vs vp prisoneis, and know no sufficient cause for it

*Yorke* Why brother comfort you selfe, for tho he detaine vs a while, he will not keepe vs long, but at last he will send vs to our louing mother againe. whither if it please God to send vs, I doubt not but that our mother would keepe vs so safe, that all the Prelates in the worlde should not deprive her of vs againe so much I assure myselfe of But here comes Myles Forest, I prethy Myles tell my kingly brother some mery storie to passe away the time, for thou seest he is melancholy

*King* No Myles, tell me no mery storie, but answer me to one question, what was he that walked with thee in the Gardeine, me thought he had the keyes?

*For* My Lord, it was one that was appointed by the King to be an ayde to sir Thomas Brokenbury

*King* Did the King, why Myles Foiest, am not I King?

*For* I would have said my Lord your vncle the Protector<sup>1</sup>

*King* Nay my kingly vncle I know he is now, but let him enioye both Crowne and kingdome, so my brother and I may but enjoy our lues and libetie But tell me, is sir Robert Brokenbery cleane discharged?

*For* No my Lord, he hath but charge for a night or two

*King* Nay then, new officers, new lawes, would we had kept the old still But who aie they whose gasty looks doth piesen a dying feare to my living bodie I prethee tell me Myles what are they?

*For* One my Lord is called Iack Denten, the other is called Will Slawter But why starts your grace?

*King* Slawter, I pray God he come not to slaughter my brother and me, for from murther and slaughter, good Lord deliver vs. But tell me Myles is our lodg- ing piewared?

*For* I my Lord, if it please your brother & you to walke vp

*King* Then come brother, we will go to bed

*For* I will attend vpon your grace

*Yorke* Come Myles Forest beare vs company

*For* Sirs stae you two here, and when they are a sleep ile call you vp [Exit]

*Den* I promise thee Will, it greues mee to see what mone these yoong Princes make, I had rather then fortie pounds I had nere tane it in hand, tis a dangerous matter to kill innocent princes, I like it not.

*Will* Why you base slaye, are you faint hearted, a little thing would make me strike thee, I promise thee

*Den* Nay go forward, for now I am resolute . but come, lets too it

<sup>1</sup> See Shakespeare, act iv sc 1.

*Will* I prethee staie, heele call vs vp anon But  
sirrhā Iacke, didst thou mark how the King started  
when he heard my name? What will he do when he  
feeles me?

*For* But ho sus, come softly, for now they are at  
rest

*Will* Come we are 1eadie, by the masse they are  
a sleepe indeed

*For* I heare they sleepe, and sleepe sweet Princes  
neuer wake no more, for you haue seene the last  
light in this world

*Iack* Come presse them downe, it bootes not to  
cry againe, Iack vpon them so lustily But maistre  
Forest now they are dead what shall we do with  
them?

*For* Why goe and bury them at the heape of  
stones at the staine foote, while I goe and tell maister  
Terrell that the deed is done

*Will* Well we will, farewell maister Forest

### *Enter TERRELL*

*Ter* How now Myles Forest, is this deed dis-  
patcht?

*For* I sir, a bloodie deed we haue performed

*Ter* But tell me, what hast thou done with them?

*For* I haue conueyd them to the staires foote  
among a heape of stones, and anon ile carry them  
where they shall be no more founde againe, nor all  
the cronicles shall nere make mentiō what shall  
become of them yet good maister Teriell, tell the  
King my name, that he may but reward me with a  
kingly thanks

*Ter.* I will go certifie the King with speed, that  
Myles Forest, Will Slawter, and Iack Denten, they  
three haue done the deed And so farewell.

[*Exeunt omnes.*

*Enter the DUKE OF BUCKINGHAM with his dagger drawne*

*Ban*<sup>1</sup> Ah good my Lord, sauе my life

*Buc* Ah villaine, how canſt thou aske for mecie, when thou haſt ſo vnjuſtly betraied me?

*Ban* I deſire your gracie but giue me leave to ſpeake

*Buc* I ſpeakē thy laſt villain, that thoſe that heare it, may ſee how vnjuſtly thou haſt betraied me

*Ban* Then thus my Lord First, the proclamation was death to him that harbourēd your gracie

*Buc* Ah villaine, and a thouſand crownes to him that could betraie me

*Ban* Ah my Lord, my obeysance to my Prince is more

*Buc* Ah villain, thou betraiedſt me for lucre, and not for dutie to thy Prince, why Banister, a good ſeruant thinkes his life well ſpent, that ſpends it in the quarrel of his maister But villain make thyſelfe readie, and here receiuē thy death

*Enter a HERALD*

*Her* Henry Duke of Buckingham, I aieſt thee in King Richards name as a traytor.

*Buc* Well Herald, I will obey thy reſt. But am I arreſted in King Richardes name, vſurping Richard, that insatiate blood ſuccour, that traitor to God & man. Ah Richard, did I in Guild Hall pleade the Orator for thee, and held thee in all thy ſlie and wicked practices, and for my reward doest thou alot me death? Ah Buckingham, thou plaidſt thy part and made him King, and put the lawfull heires beſides why then is Buckingham guiltie now of his

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<sup>1</sup> Banister.

death? yet had not the Bishop of Ely fled, I had escaped

*Enters sixe others to rescue the DUKE*

*All* Come, the Duke of Buckingham shall not die  
We will take him away by force

*Her* Why villaines, will you bee Traytours to your  
Prince?

*Buc* Nay good my friends gue me leaue to  
speake, and let me intreate you to laie your weapons  
by Then know this countey men, the cause I am  
arrested this, Is for bringing in your lawfull King,  
which is Henry Earle of Richmond now in Brittaine,<sup>1</sup>  
and meanes ere long to land at Milford Hauen in  
Wales, where I doo know hee shall haue ayde of the  
cheefest of the Welch, hee is your lawfull King, and  
this a wrongfull vsurper When you shall heare of  
him landed in that place, then take vp weapons and  
amaine to him, hee is the man must 1eaue you of this  
yoake, and send the vsurper headlesse to his home,  
and poore Buckingham praies upon his knees, to  
blesse good Richmond in his enterprise, and when  
the conquest shall be guen to him, graunt he may  
match with Ladie Elizabeth, as promise hath to fore  
by him bene past, while<sup>2</sup> then my friendes, leaue mee  
alone to death, and let me take this punishment in  
peace Ah Buckingham was not thy meaning good  
in displacing the usurper, to raise a lawfull king? Ah  
Buckingham it was too late, the lawfull heires were  
smothered in the Tower, sweet Edward and thy  
brother, I nere slept quiet thinking of their deaths  
But vaunt Buckingham, thou wast altogether innocent  
of their deaths But thou vilain, whom of a child I  
nurst thee vp, and hast so vnjustly betraide thy Lorde?

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<sup>1</sup> Bretagne

<sup>2</sup> Till

Let the curse of Buckingham nere depart from thee  
 Let vengeance, mischieves, tortures, light on thee and  
 thine And after death thou maist more torture feele,  
 then when Exeon turnes the restlesse wheele And  
 banne thy soule were ere thou seeme to rest But  
 come my friends, let me away

*Her* My Loid, we are sorie But come laie handes  
 on Banister [Exeunt]

*Enter KING RICHARD, SIR WILLIAM CATESBIE, and  
 others*

*King* The goale is got, and golden Crowne is  
 wonne,  
 And well deseuuest thou to weare the same,  
 That ventured hast thy bodie and thy soule,  
 But what bootes Richard, now the Diademe  
 Or kingdome got, by murther of his friends,  
 My fearefull shadow that still followes me,  
 Hath summond me before the seuere iudge,  
 My conscience witnessse of the blood I spilt,  
 Accuseth me as guiltie of the fact,  
 The fact a damned iudgement craues,  
 Whereas impartiall iustice hath condemned  
 Meethinkes the Crowne which I before did weare,  
 Inchast with Pearle and costly Diamonds,  
 It turned now into a fatall wreathe,  
 Of fiery flames, and euer burning staries,  
 And raging fiends hath past ther vgly shapes,  
 In Stygian<sup>1</sup> lakes, adrest to tend on me,  
 If it be thus, what wilt thou do in this extremitie?  
 Nay what canst thou do to purge thee of thy guilt?  
 Euen repent, craue mercie for thy damned fact,  
 Appeale for mercy to thy righteous God,  
 Ha repent, not I, craue mercy they that list

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<sup>1</sup> Old copy, student Boswell's correction

My God, is none of mine Then Richard be thus  
 resolu'd,  
 To place thy soule in ballance with their blood,<sup>1</sup>  
 Soule for soule, and bodie for bodie, yea mary  
 Richard,

That's good, Catesbie

Cat You cald my Lorde, I thinke ?

King It may be so But what thinkst thou  
 Catesbie ?

Cat Of what my Lord ?

King Why of all these troubles

Cat Why my Loid, I hope to see them happily  
 ouercom'd <sup>2</sup>

King How villain, doest thou hope to see me hap-  
 pily ouercom'd ?

Cat Who you my Lord ?

King Ay villaine, thou points at me, thou hopest  
 to see me ouercom'd

Cat No my good Lord, your enemies or else not.

King Ha, ha, good Catesbie, but what hearest thou  
 of the Duke of Buckingham ?

Cat Why he is dead my Lord, he was executed at  
 Salisbury yesterday.

King Why tis impossible, his friends hopes that he  
 shall outlive me, to be my head.

Cat Out-live you, Lord thats straunge

<sup>1</sup> This line seems corrupt Aichdeacon Nares interprets to  
*valance*, to adorn with drapery, and quotes from "Hamlet"—

" Thy face is valanc'd [bearded] since I saw thee last "

Perhaps we should read, *To place thy soul in balance?* Old  
 copy, *Pace—vallence* Field's suggestion

<sup>2</sup> The ancient particle of *come* was *comed* or *comen* Daniel  
 has the latter, and the former is vulgar with the Scotch to this  
 day—

" He would have well becom'd this place "

—“Cymbeline,” act v sc I.

*King* No Catesbie, if a do, it must be in fames,<sup>1</sup>  
 And since they hope he shall out hue me, to be my  
     head,  
 He hops without his head, & rests among his fellow  
     rebels

*Cat* Mary no force<sup>2</sup> my Lord

*King* But Catesbie, what hearest thou of Henry  
 Earle of Richmond?

*Cat* Not a word my Lord

*King* No hearest thou not he lues in Brittaine,<sup>3</sup>  
 In fauour with the Duke  
 Nay more, Lady Margaret his mother conspires against  
     vs,  
 And perswades him that hee is lineally descended  
     from Henry  
 The fourth, and that he hath right to the Crowne,  
 Therefore tell me what thinkst thou of the Earle?

*Cat* My Lord, I thinke of the Earle as he doth  
     deserue,  
 A most famous gentleman

*King* Villaine doest thou praise my foe, and com  
 mend him to my face?

*Cat* Nay my Lord, I wish he were as good a friend  
 as he is a foe, else the due deserts of a traytor

*King* Whats that?

*Cat* Why my Lord, to loose his head

*King* Yea mary, I would twere off quickly, then  
 But more to the strengthening of his title,  
 She goes about to marry him to the Queenes eldest  
     daughter,  
 Ladie Elizabeth

*Cat* Indeed my Lord that I heard was concluded,  
 By all the nobilitie of Brittaine

*King* Why then there it goes,  
 The great diuell of hell go with all.

<sup>1</sup> Flames.

<sup>2</sup> No matter

<sup>3</sup> Bretagne

A mariage begun in mischiefe, shall end in blood  
 I thinke that accursed sorcieresse the mothei Queene,  
 Doth nothing but bewitch me, and hatcheth con-  
 spiracies,  
 And brings out perillous birds to wound  
 Their Countries weale,  
 The Earle is vp in Armes,  
 And with him many of the Nobilitie,  
 He hath ayde in France,  
 He is rescued in Brittaine,  
 And meaneth shortly to arriuue in England  
 But all this spites me not so much,  
 As his escape from Landoyse the Dukes Treasuror,  
 Who if he had bene prickt foorth for reuenge,  
 He had ended all by apprehending of our foe,  
 But now he is in disgrace with the Duke,  
 And we farthei off our purpose then to fore,  
 But the Earle hath not so many byting dogs abroad,  
 As we haue sleeping cures at home here,  
 Readie for rescue

*Cat* But my Lord, I maruell how he should get aide  
 there,

Considering he is no friend to Brittaine

*King* Ay so thou maist maruell how the Duke of  
 Brittaine,

Durst wake such a foe as England against him,  
 But euill faie makes open warre  
 But who comes there Catsbie ?  
 Ha one of our spurres to reuenge  
 The Lord Standley, father in law to Ladie Margaret,  
 His comming is to vs Catsbie,  
 Wert not that his life might serue,  
 For apprehension against our foe,  
 He should haue neither Judge nor Iury,  
 But guiltie death without any more ado  
 Now Lord Standley, what newes ?  
 Haue you receiued any letters of your late embassage  
 into

Brittaine? What answer have you received of your letters?

*Enter LORD STANLEY, and his sonne GEORGE*

*Stan* Why my Lord, for that I sent, I haue received  
*King* And how doth your sonne then, is he in health?

*Stan* For his health my Lord, I do not mistrust  
*King* Faith tell vs, when meanes he to arrive in England?

And how many of our Nobilitie is with him?  
And what power is with him?

*Stan* And please your grace,  
His power is unknowne to me,  
Nor willingly would not I be priuy to such causes

*King* Oh good wordes Lord Standley, but gree  
me leaue to gleane out of your golden field of elo-  
quence, how braue you pleade ignorance, as though  
you knew not of your sonnes departure into Brittaine  
out of England

*Stan* Not I my Lord  
*King* Why is not his mother thy wife, & dares he  
passe ouer without the blessing of his mother, whose  
husband thou art?

*Stan* I desire your maiestie but gree me leaue to  
speake?

*King* Yea speak Standley, no doubt some fine  
coloured tale

*Stan* And like your grace, wheras you mistrust  
that I knew of my sonnes departure, out of England  
into Brittaine, God I take to record it was vñknowne  
to me, nor know not yet what his pretence is for at  
his departure, was I one of the priuy councell to your  
brother King Edward the fourth, and that she was  
able to relieue him without my helpe I hope ner suf-

ficiencie is knowne to your grace Therefore I humbly craue pardon

*King* Well Standley, I feare it will be proued to the contrarie, that thou didst furnish him both with mony and munition, which if it be, then looke for no fauour at my hands, but the due deseits of a traitor but let this passe Whats your iepaire to our presence?

*Stan* Only this my Lord, that I may repaine from the court, to my house in the country

*King* Ay sir, that you might be in Cheshire and Lancashire, then should your Postes passe inuisible into Brittaine, and you to depart the realme at your pleasure, or else I to suffer an intollerable foe vnder me, which I will not But Standley to be b<sup>i</sup>ief, thou shalt not go But soft Richard, but that it were better to be alone than to haue noysome company, hee shall goe, leauing for his loyaltie a sufficient pledge Come hither Standley, thou shalt goe, leauing me here thy sonne and heire George Standley for a pledge, that hee may perish for thy fault if neede should be, if thou likest this, goe, if not, answere me briefly, and say quickly no.<sup>1</sup>

*Stan* I am to aduise my selfe vpon a secret cause, and of a mattei that concernes me neare say that I leauie my sonne vnto the King, and that I should but aide Earle Richmond, my sonne George Standley dies, but if my faith be kept unto my Prince George Standley liues Well I will except the King's proffer And please your grace I am content, and will leauie my sonne to pledge

*King* Here come hither, and with thee take this lesson  
 Thou art set free for our defence,  
 Thou shalt vpon thy pledge make this promise,  
 Not only to staine the hinderance of the Earle,

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<sup>1</sup> See Shakespeare, act iv. sc 4.

But to preuent his purpose with thy power  
 Thou shalt not seeke by any meanes to aide or rescue  
 him

This done, of my life thy sonne doth hue  
 But otherwise thy sonne dies and thou too, if I catch  
 thee

And it shall go hard but I will catch thee

*Stan* And you shall go apace, and yet go without me  
 But I humbly take my leaue of your grace Farewell  
 George

*King* How now, what do you glue him letters?

*Stan* No my Lord I haue done

The second sight is sweet, of such a sonne [Exit]

*King* Carry George Standley to prison

*Geo* Alasse my Lord, shall I go to prison?

*King* Shall you go to prison, what a questions that?

So pricke the lambe, and wound the damme

How likkest thou this Catesbie?

*Cat* Oh my Lord so excellent that you haue im-  
 prisoned his sonne

*King* Nay now will we looke to the rest,  
 But I sent the Lord Louell to the mother Queene  
 Concerning my sute to her daughter Elizabeth,  
 But see in good time here he is

How now Louell, what newes?

What saith the mother Queene to my sute?

### Enters LOUELL

*Lou* My Lord very strange she was at the first,  
 But when I had told her the cause, she gaue consent.  
 Desiring your maiestie to make the nobilitie priuie to it

*King* God haue mercy Louell, but what saith Lady  
 Elizabeth?

*Lou* Why my Lord, straunge, as women will be at  
 the first, But through intreatie of her mother, she  
 quicklie gaue consent. And the Queene wild me to

tel you gracie, that she meanes to leauue Sanctuary,  
and to come to the court with al her daughteis

*King* I marry Louell let not that opportunitie  
slippe, looke to it Catesbie, be carefull for it Louell,  
for thereby hangs such a chance, that may inrich vs  
and our heires for euer But sirs hard ye nothing of  
the Scottish Nobles that met at Nottingham, to con-  
ferre about the marriage of my Neece

*Cat.* Not a word my Lord

*Enters MESSENGER*

*King* Gogs wounds who is that? search the villaine,  
has he any dags about him?

*Mess* No my Lord I haue none

*King* From whence comes thou?

*Mess* From the Peeres at Nottingham and Scot-  
land, & they greete your Majestie

*Lou* Sirrha is the marriage concluded betweene  
the Scottish Earle and the faire Lady Rosa?

*Cat.* Prethie tell vs, is it concluded?

*Page* How saies thou, is it concluded?

*King* Nay will you giue me leauue to tell you that?  
Why you villaines will you know the secrets of my  
letter by interrupting messengers that are sent to me?  
Away I say, begone, it is time to looke about away I  
say, what here yet villaines?

*Mess.* My Lord, I haue some what to say besides?

*King* Then speake it, what hast thou to say?

*Mess* This my Lord, when the Peeies of England  
and Scotland met at Nottingham together, to confer  
about the marriage of your Neese, it was straight  
determined that she shuld be married with the  
Scottish Earle And further my Lord, the Councel  
commanded me to deliuer vnto your grace the  
treasons of Captain Blunt, who had the Earle of  
'Oxford in charge in Hames castle, now are they both

fled, and purposeth to ayde the Earle of Richmond  
against your grace Now my Lord I take my leauē

*King* Messenger staie, hath Blunt betraied, doth  
Oxford rebell and aide the Earle Richmond, may  
this be true, what is our prison so weake, our friends  
so fickle, our Ports so ill lookt to, that they may  
passe and repasse the seas at their pleasures, then  
euerie one conspires, spoyles our Conflex, conqueres  
our Castles, and Armes themselues with their owne  
weapons vnresisted? O villaines, rebels, fugitives,  
theeues, how are we betrayd, when our owne swoordes  
shall beate vs, and our owne subiects seekes the sub-  
uertion of the state, the fall of their Prince, and sack of  
their country, of his,<sup>1</sup> nay neither must nor shall, for  
I will Army with my friends, and cut off my enemies,  
& beard them to their face that dares me, and but  
one, I one, beyond the seas that troubles me wel  
his power is weake, & we are strong, therefore I wil  
meet him with such melodie, that the singing of a  
bullet shal send him merily to his lōgest home  
Come follow me

*Enter EARLE RICH<sup>2</sup> EARLE OXFORD, P LANDOVS, &  
CAPTAIN BLUNT*

*Rich* Welcome deare friends and louing country-  
men,  
Welcome I say to Englands blisfull Ile,  
Whose forwardnesse I cannot but commend,  
That thus do aide vs in our enterprise,  
My right it is, and sole inheritance,  
And Richard but vsurps in my authortie,  
For in his tyrannie he slaughtered those  
That would not succour him in his attempis,  
Whose guiltlesse blood craues daily at Gods hands,

<sup>1</sup> There seems to be some corruption here

<sup>2</sup> Richmond

Reuenge for outrage done to their harmlesse liues  
 Then courage countrymen, and neuer be dismay'd,  
 Our quarels good, and God will helpe the right,  
 For we may know by dangers we haue past,  
 That God no doubt will glie vs victorie

*Ox.* If loue of gold, or feare of many foes,  
 Could once haue danted vs in our attempts,  
 Thy foote had neuer toucht the English shoare,  
 And here Earle Oxford plites his faith to thee,  
 Neuer to leaue in what we haue vndertane,  
 But follow still with resolution,  
 Till thou be crownd as conquerer in the field,  
 Or lose thy life in following of thy right  
 Thy right braue Richmond, which we wil maintaine  
 Maugre the proudest bird of Richards brood  
 Then cousin Richmond being resolued thus,  
 Let vs straight to Arms, & God and S George for vs

*Blunt.* As this braue Earle haue said, so say we all,  
 We will not leaue thee till the field be wonne,  
 Which if with fortunate successse we can performe,  
 Thinke then Earle Richmond that I followed thee,  
 And that shall be honour inough for mee

*Lan.* So saith Landoys that honors Richmond so  
 With loue vnfeined for his valure past,  
 That if your honour leade the way to death,  
 Peeter Landoys hath sworne to follow thee  
 For if Queen mother do but keepe her word,  
 And what the Peeres haue promised be performed,  
 Touching the marriage with Elizabeth,  
 Daughter to oui King Edward the fourth,  
 And by this marriage ioyne in vnitie  
 Those famous Houses Lancashire and Yorke,  
 Then England shall no doubt haue cause to say,  
 Edwards coronation was a ioyfull day  
 And this is all Landoys desires to see.

*Rich.* Thanks Landoys, and here Earle Richmond  
 vows,

If their kinde promises take but effect,  
 That as they haue promised I be made King,  
 I will so deale in gouerning the state,  
 Which now lies like a sauage shultred groue,  
 Where brambles, briars, and thornes, ouer-grow those  
 sprigs,

Which if they might but spring to their effect,  
 And not be crost so by their contraries,  
 Making them subiect to these outrages,  
 Would proue such members of the Common-weale,  
 That England should in them be honoured,  
 As much as euer was the Romane state,  
 When it was goueind by the Councils rule,  
 And I will diaw my swoord braue country-men,  
 And neuer leauue to follow my resolute,  
 Till I haue mowed those brambles, briars and thornes  
 That hinder those that long to do vs good

*Ox* Why we have scapt the dangeroust blunt of all,  
 Which was his garrison at Milford Hauen,  
 Shall we dismay, or dant our fiends to come?  
 Because he tooke the Duke of Buckingham?  
 No worthie friends, and louing country-men,  
 Oxford did neuer beare so base a minde,  
 He will not winke at murthers secretly put vp,  
 Nor suffer vpstarts to enjoy our rightes,  
 Nor hue in England vnder an vsurping king,  
 And this is Oxfords resolution

*Rich* But Blunt, looke whose that knocks

*Blunt* My Lord, tis a messenger from the mother  
 Queene,  
 And the Ladie Standley your mother, with letters

*Rich* Admit him straight, now shall we heare some  
 newes.

*Enters MESSENGER*

*Mess* Long hue Earle Richmond  
 The mother Queene doth greet your honour

*Rich* Welcome my friend, how fares our mother & the rest?

*Mess* In health my Lord, and glad to hear of your arival safe

*Rich* My friend, my mother hath written to me of certaine that are comming in our aide, the report of whose names are referd to thee to deliuer

*Mess* First, theirs the Lord Talbut, the Earle of Shreuesbury sonne and heire, with a braue band of his owne

There is also the Lord Fitz Harbart, the Earle of Pembrookes sonne and heire

Of the Gentlemen of the Welch, there is sir Prise vp Thomas and Sir Thomas vp Richard, and sir Owen Williams, braue gentlemen my Lord These are the chiefe

*Rich* Are these the full number of all that come?

*Mess* Only two moie my Lord, which I haue left vnnamed, the one is sir Thomas Denis a Westerne gentleman, and 1oynd with him one Arnoll Butler, a great many are willing, but dares not as yet

*Rich.* Doth Arnoll Butler come, I can hardly brooke his trecherie, for hee it was that wrought my disgrace with the King

*Ox.* Well my Lord, wee are now to strengthen our selues with friends, and not to reap vp olde quarrels, say that Arnoll Butler did iniurie you in the time of peace, the mendes is twise made, if he stand with you in the time of warres

*Rich.* Well my friend, take this for thy good newes, And commend me to our mother and the rest Thus my Lords, you see God still prouides for vs But now my Lords touching the placing of our battell<sup>1</sup> best, And how we may be least indangered,

<sup>1</sup> Army.

Because I will be foiermost in this fight,  
 To incouter with that bloodie murtherei,  
 My selfe wil lead the vaward of ouir troope,  
 My Lord of Oxford, you as our second selfe,  
 Shall haue the happie leading of the reare,  
 A place I know which you will well deserue,  
 And Captaine Blunt, Peter Landoyse and you,  
 Shall by<sup>1</sup> in quarteis as ouir battels scowntes,  
 Prouided, thus your bow-men Captaine Blunt,  
 Must scatter here and there to gaull their horse,  
 As also when that our promised friends do come,  
 Then must you hold hard skirmish with our foes,  
 Till I by cast of a counter march,  
 Haue roynd our power with those that come to vs,  
 Then casting close, as wings on either side,  
 We will gue a new prauado on the foe,  
 Therefore let vs towards Adeistoe amaine,  
 Where we this night God-willing will incampe,  
 From thence towards Lichfield, we will march next  
 day,  
 And neerer London, bid King Richard play    [Exit]

*Enters the PAGE*

*Page* Where shall I finde a place to sigh my fill,  
 And waile the griece of our sore troubled King?  
 For now he hath obtaind the Diadem,  
 But with such great discomfort to his minde,  
 That he had better liued a priuate man, his lookes  
 are gastly,  
 Hidious to behold, and from the priuie sentire of his  
 heart,  
 There comes such deepe fetcht sighes and fearefull  
 cries,  
 That being with him in his chamber oft,

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<sup>1</sup> Bide.

He moues me weepe and sigh for company,  
 For if he heare one stirre he riseth vp,  
 And claps his hand vpon his dagger straight,  
 Readie to stab him, what so ere he be,  
 But he must thinke this is the iust reuenge,  
 The heauens haue powred vpon him for his sinnes,  
 Those Peeres which he vnkindly murthered,  
 Doth crie for iustice at the hands of God,  
 And he in iustice sends continuall feare,  
 For to afright him both at bed and boord,  
 But staine, what noyse is this, who haue we here?

*Enters men to go to RICHMOND*

How now sirs, whither are you going so fast?

*Men* Why to Earle Richmonds Camp to serue  
 with him,

For we haue left to serue King Richard now

*Page* Why comes there any more?

*Men* A number more

[*Exit*]

*Page* Why these are the villaines my Lord would  
 haue put his life into their hands A Richard, now  
 do my eyes witnesse that thy end is at hand, For thy  
 commons make no more account of thee then of a  
 priuate man, yet will I as dutie bindes, glue thee  
 aduertisements of their vniust proceedings My  
 maister hath lifted out many, and yet hath left one to  
 lift him out of all, not onely of his Crowne, but also  
 of his life But I will in, to tell my Lord of what is  
 happened

*Enters RICHMOND, and OXFORD*

*Rich* Good my Lord depart, and leaue me to my-  
 selfe

*Ox* I pray my Lord, let me go along with you.

*Rich* My Lord it may not be, for I haue promised

my fater that none shall come but my selfe, therfore  
good my Lord depart

*Or* Good my Loid haue a caie of your self, I like  
not these night walkes and scouting abroad in the  
euenings so disguised, for you must not now that you  
are in the vsurpers dominions, and you aie the onely  
marke he amies at, and your last nightes absence  
bied such amazement in our souldiers, that they like  
men wanting the power to follow Aimes, were on a  
sodaine more liker to flee then to fight therefore  
good my Lorde, if I may not stand neare, let me  
stand aloofe off

*Rich* Content thee good Oxford, and tho I con-  
fesse myself bound to thee for thy especiall care, yet  
at this time I pray thee hold me excused But fare-  
well my Lord, here comes my Lord and father

*Enters STANLEY and another*

*Stan* Captaine I pray thee bring me word when  
thou doest discrie the enemy And so farewell, and  
leau me for a while

*Rich* How fares my gratiouse Loid and father?

*Stan* In good health my sonne, & the better to  
see thee thus forward in this laudable enterprise, but  
omitting vain circumstances, and to come briefly to  
the purpose, I am now in fewe words to deliuere much  
matter For know this, when I came to craue leauue  
of the King to depart from the court, the king verie  
furiously began to charge me that I was both ac-  
quainted with thy practises and drifts, and that I  
knew of thy landing, and by no meanes would grant  
me leauue to go, till as pledge of my loyaltie and true  
dealing with the king, I should leauue my yoong sonne  
George Standley. Thus haue I left my son in the  
hands of a tyrant, onely of purpose to come and  
speake with thee.

*Rich* But omitting this, I pray tell me, shall I looke for you helpe in the battell?

*Stan* Sonne I cannot, for as I will not go to the vsurper, no more I will not come to thee

*Rich* Why then it is bootlesse for us to staie, for all we presumed vpon, was on your aide

*Stan.* Why sonne, George Standlyes death would doo you no pleasure

*Rich* Why the time is too troublesome, for him to tend to follow execution

*Stan* O sonne, tyrants expect no time, and George Standley being yoong and a gressell, is the more easie to be made away

*Rich* This newes goes to my heart, but tis in vain for mee to looke for victorie, when with a mole-hill, we shall encounter with a mountaine

*Stan* Why sonne, see how contrarie you are, for I assure you, the chiefest of his company are liker to flee to thee, then to fight against thee and for me, thinke me not so simple but that I can at my pleasure flee to thee, or being with them, fight so faintly, that the battell shall be wonne on thy part with small incountring And note this besides, that the King is now come to Lester, and means to morrow to bid thee battel in Bosworth

### Enters MESSENGER

*Mess* Come my Lord, I do discry the enemy

*Stan* Why then sonne farewell, I can staie no longer

*Rich.* Yet good father, one word more ere you depart,

What number do you thinke the kings power to be?

*Stan* Marry some twentie thousand And so fare-well.

*Rich.* And we hardly ffe thousand, being beset

with many enemies, hoping vpon a few friends, yet  
despair not Richmond, but remember thou fightest in  
right, to defende thy countrey from the tyannie of an  
vsurping tyrant, therefore Richmond goe forward, the  
more dangerous the battell is in atteining, it prooues  
the more honourable being obteined Then forward  
Richmond, God and Saint George, for me

*Quisquam regno gaudet, ô fallax bonum* <sup>1</sup>

*Enter the KING, and the LORD LOUELL*

*King* The hell of life that hangs vpon the Crowne  
The daily caies, the nightly dreames,  
The wretched ciewes, the treason of the foe,  
And hoiror of my bloodie practise past,  
Strikes such a terror to my wounded conscience,  
That sleep I, wake I, or whatsoeuer I do,  
Meethinkes their ghoasts comes gaping for reuenge,  
Whom I haue slaine in reaching for a Crowne  
Clarence complaines, and crieth for reuenge  
My Nephues bloods, Reuenge, reuenge, doth cri  
The headlesse Peeres come preasing for reuenge  
And euerie one cries, let the tyrant die  
The Sunne by day shines hotely for reuenge  
The Moone by night eclipseth for reuenge  
The Stars aie turnd to Comets for reuenge  
The Planets chaunge their courses for reuenge.  
The birds sing not, but sorrow for reuenge  
The silly lambes sits bleating for reuenge.  
The screeking Rauen sits croking for reuenge.  
Whole heads of beasts comes bellowing for reuenge.  
And all, yea all the world I thinke,  
Cries for reuenge, and nothing but reuenge  
But to conclude, I haue deserued reuenge.

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<sup>1</sup> Old copy, *quisquam gaudet—fallax*.

In company I dare not trust my friend,  
 Being alone, I dread the secret foe  
 I doubt my foode, least poyson luke therien  
 My bed is vncouth, rest refraines my head  
 Then such a life I count far worse to be,  
 Then thousand deaths vnto a damned death  
 How wast death I said? who dare attempt my  
 death?

Nay who dare so much as once to thinke my death?  
 Though enemies there be that would my body kill,  
 Yet shall they leauue a neuer dying minde  
 But you villaines, rebels, traitors as you aie  
 How came the foe in, preasing so neare?  
 Where, where, slept the garrison that should a beat  
 them back?

Where was our friends to intercept the foe?  
 All gone, quite fled, his loyaltie quite laid a bed?  
 Then vengeance, mischiefe, horor, with mischance,  
 Wilde-fire, with whirlewinds, light upon your heads,  
 That thus betrayd your Prince by your vntruth

*King*<sup>1</sup> Frantike man, what meanst thou by this  
 mood?

Now he is come more need to beate him backe

*Lou* Sowre is his sweete that sauours thy delight,  
 great is his power that threatens thy ouerthrow

*King* The bad rebellion of my foe is not so much,  
 as for to see my friends do fle in flocks from me

*Lou* May it please your grace to rest your selfe  
 content, for you haue power inough to defend your  
 land

*King* Dares Richmond set his foote on land with  
 such a small power of stragling fugatiues?

<sup>1</sup> This seems to be a continuation of the King's speech, but a  
 change of his mood, from delirium to reason. Compare Richard's  
 dream in Shakespeare, and the whole of our poet's act v. sc. 3,  
 with this scene

*Lou* May it please your grace to participate the cause that thus doth trouble you?

*King* The cause Buzard, what cause should I participate to thee? My friends are gone away, and fled from me, keep silence villain, least I by poste do send thy soule to hell, not one word more, if thou doest loue thy lfe

*Enter CATESBIE*

*Cat* My Lord

*King* Yet againe villain, ô Catesbie is it thou? What comes the Lord Standley or no?

*Cat* My Loid, he answeres no

*King* Why didst not tell him then, I would sen l his sonne George Standleys head to him

*Cat* My Lord I did so, & he answeried, he had another sonne left to make Lord Standley

*King* O vilaine vilde, and breaker of his oath, the bartardes ghoast shall hant him at the heeles, and crie reuenge for his vild fathers wrongs, go Louell Catsbie, fetch George Standly forth, him with these handes will I butcher for the dead, and send his headlesse bodie to his sire

*Cat* Leave off executions now the foe is heere that threatens vs most cruelly of our liues

*King* Zownes, foe mee no foes, the fatheis fact condemnes the sonne to die

*Lou* But guiltlesse blood will for reuengement cr.e

*King* Why was not he left for fathers loyaltie?

*Lou.* Therein his father greatly injured him.

*King* Did not your selues in presence, see the bondes sealde and assignde?

*Lou* What tho my Lord the vardit own, the titles doth resign<sup>1</sup>

<sup>1</sup> i.e., What, though my Lord the verdict recognize, and the titles resign?

*King* The bond is broke and I will sue the fine,  
except you will hinder me, what will you haue it  
so?

*Lou* In doing true iustice, else we answeie no

*King* His trecherous father hath neglect his word  
and done imparshall wast<sup>1</sup> by dint of sword, therefore  
sirrah go fetch him Zownes draw you cuts who shall  
go, I bid you go Catesby<sup>2</sup> A Richaid, now maist  
thou see thy end at hand, why sirs why fear you thus?  
why we are ten to one, if you seeke promotion, I am  
Kinge alreadie in possession, better able to performe  
then he Louell, Catesby, lets ioyne loungly and  
deuoutly togither, and I will diuide my whole king-  
dome amongst you

*Both* We will my Lord

*King* We will my Lord, a Catesbie, thou lookest  
like a dog, and thou Louell too, but you will runne  
away with them that be gone, and the duell go with  
you all, God I hope, God, what talke I of God, that  
haue serued the duell all this while No, fortune  
and courage for mee, and ioyne England against  
mee with England, Ioyne Europe with Europe, come  
Christendome, and with Christendome the whole  
world, and yet I will neuer yeeld but by death onely  
By death, no die, part not childishly from thy Crowne,  
but come the duell to claime it, strike him down, & tho  
that Fortune hath decreed, to set reuenge with triumphs  
on my wretched head, yet death, sweete death, my  
latest friend, hath sworne to make a bargaine for my  
lasting fame, and this, I this verie day, I hope with  
this lame hand of mine, to rake out that hatefull heart  
of Richmond, and when I haue it, to eate it panting  
hote with salt, and drinke his blood luke warme, tho  
I be sure twil poysone me. Sirs you that be resolute  
follow me, the rest go hang your selues.

[Exit]

<sup>1</sup> [Old copy, past]

<sup>2</sup> See Shakespeare, act iv sc 4

*The battell enters, RICHARD wounded, with his PAGE*

*King* A horse, a horse, a fresh horse

*Page* A flie my Lord, and sauе your life

*King* Flie villaine, looke I as tho I would flie,<sup>1</sup> no  
first shall this dull and sencelesse ball of earth receiuē  
my body cold and void of sence, you watry heauens  
towle on my gloomy day, and daiksome cloudes close  
vp my cheifull sownde, downe is thy sunne Richard,  
neuer to shine againe, the birdes whose feathers should  
adorne my head, houers aloft & dares not come in  
sight, yet faint not man, for this day if Fortune will,  
shall make thee King possest with quiet Crown, if  
Fates deny, this ground must be my graue, yet golden  
thoughts that reache for a Cowne, danted before by  
Fortunes cruell spight, are come as comforts to my  
drooping heart, and bids me keepe my Crowne and  
die a King These are my last, what more I haue to  
say, ile make report among the damned soules

[Exit]

*Enters RICHMOND to battell againe, and kills RICHARD*

*Enters REPORT and the PAGE*

*Re* How may I know the certain true report of this  
victorius battell fought to day, my friend wher eie  
thou beest, tel vnto mee the true report, which part  
hath wonne the victorie, whether the King or no<sup>t</sup>

*Page* A no the King is slaine and he hath lost the  
day, and Richmond he hath wonne the field, and  
tryumphs like a valiant conquerer

*Re* But who is slaine besides our Lord and souer-  
aigne?

*Page* Slaine is the worthy duke of Northfolke he,  
& with him Sir Robart Brokenby, Lieutenant of the

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<sup>1</sup> See Shakespeare, act v sc 4

Tower, besides Louell, he made also a partner in this Tragedie

*Re* But wheres sir William Catsby?

*Page* Hee is this day beheaded on a stage at Lester, because he tooke part with my Lord the King. But stay Report, & thou shalt heare me tell the briefe discourse. And how the battell fell, then knowe Report, that Richard came to fielde mounted on horsback, with as high resolute as fierce Achillis mongst the sturdie Greekes, whom to encounter woorthe Richmond, came accompanied with many followers, and then my Lord displayde his colouis straight, and with the charge of Trumpet, Drum and Fyfe, these braue batalians straight encountered, but in the skirmish which cōtinued long, my Lord gan faint, which Richmond straight perceiued, and presently did sound a fresh alarme, but woorthe Richard that did neuer flie, but followed honour to the gates of death, straight spurd his horse to encounter with the Earle, in which encountry Richmond did preuaile, & taking Richard at aduantage, then he threw his horse and him both to the ground, and there was woorthe Richard wounded, so that after that he nere recouered strength. But to be briefe, my maister would not yeeld, but with his losse of life he lost the field. Report farewell

*Enter EARLE RICHMOND, EARLE OXFORD, L STANDLEY, and their traine, with the Crowne*

*Rich* Now noble Peeres and wooithie countrymen, since God has gauen vs fortune of the day, let vs first glue thankes vnto his Deitie, & next with honors fitting your deserts, I must be gratefull to my country men, and woorthe Oxford for thy seruice showne in hotē encountering of the enemy, Earle Richmond bindes himselfe in lasting bondes of faithfull

loue and perfect vnitie Soyl I am for those that I haue lost by ouer so dangerous encoutring with the foe, but sorrow cannot bring the dead to life and therefore are my sorrows spent in vaine Onely to those that lue, thus much I say, I will maintain them with a manuall paie And louing father, lastly to your selfe, tho not the least in our expected aide, we gue more thankes for your vnlooked for aide, then we haue powre on sodaine to declare, but for your thanks I hope it shall suffice that I in nature loue & honor you

*L Stan* Well spoken sonne, and like a man of worth, whose resolutiō in this battell past, hath made thee famous mongst thy enemies And thinke my son, I glory more to heare what praise the common people gaue of thee, then if the Peeres by general full consent had set me downe to weare the Diadem Then lue my sonne thus loued of thy friends, and for thy foes prepare to combate them

*Ox* And Oxford vowes perpetuall loue to thee, wishing as many honours to Earle Richmond, as Cæsar had in conquering the world, & I doubt not but if faire fortune follow thee, to see thee honoured mongst thy country men, as Hector was among the Lords of Troy or Tulley mongst the Romane Senators

*Rich* How fares our louely mother Queene?

*Enters mother QUEENE and ELIZABETH*

*Queen* In health Earle Richmond, glad to heare the newes that God hath giuen thee fortune of the day. But tell me Lords, where is my sonne Lord Marquesse Dorset, that he is not here? what was he murthered in this Tragedie?

*Rich* No louely Queene your sonne doth lue in France, for being distrest and driuen by foice of tempest to that shore, and many of our men being

sicke and dead, we were inforst to aske the King for aide, as well for men as for munition, which then the King did willingly supply, prouided, that as hostage for those men, Lord Marquesse Dorset should be pledge with thē. But Madame now our troubled warre is done, Lord Marquesse Doiset shall come home againe.

*Queen Richmond,* giamercies for thy kinde good newes, which is no little comfort to thy friends, to see how God hath beene thy happie guide in this late conquest of our enemies. And Richmond, as thou art returned with victorie, so we will keepe our words effectually.

*Rich* Then Madame for our happie battelles victorie, first thankes to heauen, next to my foreward country-men, but Madame pardon me tho I make bold to charge you with a promise that you made, which was confirmed by diuerse of the Peeies, touching the marriage of Elizabeth, and hauing ended what I promised you, Madam, I looke and hope to haue my due.

*Stan* Then know my sonne, the Peeies by full consent, in that thou hast freed them from a tyrants yoke, haue by election chosen thee as King, first in regard they account thee vertuous, next, for that they hope all forraine broyles shall seace, and thou wilt guide and gouerne them in peace, then sit thou downe my sonne, and here receiue the Crowne of England as thy piopei owne, sit downe.

*Ox* Henry the seventh, by the grace of God, King of England, France, and Lord of Ireland, God sauē the King.

*All.* Long lue Henry the seventh, King of Eng-  
land.

*Rich.* Thanks louing friends and my kind country-men, and here I vow in presence of you all, to root abuses from this common welth, which now flowes

faster then the furious tyde that ouerflowes beyond  
the bankes of Nile And louing father, and my other  
friends, whose ready forwardnesse hath made me for-  
tunate, Richmond will still in honourable loue count  
himselfe to be at your dispose, nor do I wish to  
enjoy a longer life, then I shall lue to think vpon  
your loue But what saith faire Elizabeth to vs? for  
now wee haue welcommed our other friends, I must  
bid you welcome Ladie amongst the rest, and in my  
welcome craue to be resolued, how you resolve touch-  
ing my profered loue vnto you, here your mother and  
the Peeres agree, and all is ended, if you condescend

*Eliz.* Then know my Lord, that if my mother  
please, I must in dutie yeeld to her command, for  
when our aged father left his life, he willed vs honour  
still our mothers age and therfore as my dutie doth  
command, I do commit my self to her dispose.

*Queen* Then here my Lord, receive thy royll  
spouse, vertuous Elizabeth, for both the Peeres and  
Commons do agree that this faire Princesse shall be  
wife to thee And we pray all, that faire Elizabeth  
may lue for aye, and neuer yeeld to death

*Rich.* And so say I, thanks to you all my Lords,  
that thus haue honoured Richmond with a Crowne,  
and if I lue, then make account my Lords I will de-  
serue this with more than common loue

*Stan.* And now were but my sonne George Stand-  
ley here,

How happye were our present meeting then,  
But he is dead, nor shall I euer more see my sweete  
Boy whom do I loue so deare, for well I know the  
vsurper

In his rage hath made a slaughter of my aged ioy

*Rich.* Take comfort gentle fater, for I hope my  
brother George will turne in safe<sup>1</sup> to us

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<sup>1</sup> Return in safety

*Stan* A no my sonne, for he that ioyes in blood,  
will worke his furie on the innocent

*Enters two MESSENGERS with GEORGE STANDLEY*

*Stan* But how now what noyse in this?

*Mess* Behold Lord Standley we bring thy sonne,  
thy sonne George Standley, whom with great danger  
we haue sauied from furie of a tyrants doome

*L Stan.* And liues George Standley? Then  
happie that I am to see him freed thus from a  
tyrants rage Welcome my sonne, my sweete George  
welcome home

*George Stan* Thanks my good father, and George  
Standley ioyes to see you ioynd in this assembly  
And like a lambe kept by a greedie Woolfe within  
the inclosed sentire of the earth, expecting death  
without deliuerie, euen from this daunger is George  
Standley come, to be a guest to Richmond & the  
rest for when the bloodie butcher heard your honour  
did refuse to come to him, hee like a sauage tygre  
then enraged, commanded straight I should be mur-  
dered, & sent these two to execute the deed, but  
they that knew how innocēt I was, did post him off  
with many long delayes, alleaging reasons to alāie his  
rage, but twas in vaine, for he like to a starued  
Lionesse still called for blood, saying that I should  
die But to be briefe, when both the battels ioyned,  
these two and others, shifted me away.

*Rich* Now seeing that each thing turnes to our  
content,

I wil it be proclaimed presently, that traytrous Richard  
Be by our command, drawne through the streets of  
Lester,

Starke naked on a Colliers horse let him be laide,  
For as of others paines he had no regard,  
So let him haue a traytors due reward

Now for our mariage and our nuptiall rytes,  
Our pleasure is they be solemnized  
In our Abby of Westminter, according to the ancient  
custom due,  
The two and twentieth day of August next,  
Set fowards then my Lords towards London straight,  
There to take further order for the state

*Mess* Thus Gentles may you heere behold,  
The ioyning of these Houses both in one,  
By this braue Prince Henry the seauenth,  
Who was foy wit compared to Saloman,  
His gouernment was vertuous every way,  
And God did wonderously increase his store,  
He did subdue a proud iebellious Lord,  
That did encounter him vpon blacke heath.  
He died when he had raigned full thre and twentie  
yeares

Eight moneths, and some odde dayes, and lies buried  
In Westminster He died & left behind a sonne

*Mess* A sonne he left, a Harry of that name,  
A woithie, valiant and victorious Prince,  
For on the fifth yeare of his happie raigne,  
Hee entered France, and to the Fienchmens costs,  
Hee wonne Turwin and Turney  
The Emperor serued this King for common pay,  
And as a mersonary pince did follow him  
Then after Morle and Morles, conquered he,  
And still he keepe the Fiench men at a bay  
And lastly in this Kings decreasing age he conqueréd  
Bullen, and after when he was turned home he died,  
When he had raigned full thirtie eight yeares,  
Nine moneths and some odde dayes, and was buried

in Windsore  
He died and left three famous sprigs behinde him

Edward the sixt  
He did restore the Gospell to his light,  
And finished that his father left vndone

A wise yoong Prince, giuen greatly to his booke  
 He brought the English seruice first in vse,  
 And died when he had raignd six yeares, ffeue  
 Moneths, & some odde dayes,  
 And lieth buried in Westminster

*Eliza*<sup>1</sup> Next after him a Mary did succeede,  
 Which married Philip King of Spaine,  
 She raignd ffeue yeares, foure moneths and some  
 Odde dayes, and is buried in Westminster  
 When she was dead, her sister did succed

*Queene*<sup>1</sup> Worthie Elizabeth, a mirrour in her age,  
 By whose wise life and ciuill gouernment,  
 Her country was defended from the crueltie  
 Of famine, fire and swoord, warres fearefull messengers  
 This is that Queene as writers truly say,  
 That God had marked downe to lue for aye.  
 Then happie England mongst thy neighbor Iles,  
 For peace and plentie still attends on thee  
 And all the fauourable Planets smiles  
 To see thee lue in such prosperitie.  
 She is that lampe that keepes faire Englands light,  
 And through her faith her country lues in peace  
 And she hath put proud Antichrist to flight,  
 And bene the meanes that ciuill wārs did cease  
 Then England kneele upon thy hairy knee,  
 And thanke that God that still prouides for thee.  
 The Turke admires to heare her gouernment,  
 And babies in Iury sound her princely name,  
 All Christian Princes to that Prince hath sent,

<sup>1</sup> It is so absurd that the Queen and her daughter should take this Chorus out of the mouths of the two Messengers, that I at one time thought that the words *Eliza*, *Queene*, were misplaced from a marginal note in the manuscript, calling the attention of the reader that *Queen Elizabeth* was now the subject of the Chorus, but that King Richard's two murderers should speak this Epilogue is perhaps equally preposterous.

After her rule was rumord foorth by fame  
The Turke hath sworne neuer to lift his hand,  
To wrong the Princesse of this blessed land  
Twere vaine to tell the care this Queene hath had,  
In helping those that were opprest by warre  
And how her Majestie hath stil bene glad,  
When she hath heard of peace proclaim'd from far  
Ireneua, France, and Flanders hath set downe,  
The good she hath done, since she came to the  
Crown  
For which, if ere her life be tane away,  
God grant her soule may liue in heauen for aye  
For if her Graces dayes be brought to end,  
Your hope is gone, on whom did peace depend.



## A P P E N D I X.

—o—

[FOR permission to print the following Latin Play, the Members of the Shakespeare Society were indebted to the Rev Dr Archdall, Master, and the Fellows of Emmanuel College, Cambridge, to the Library of which House belongs the manuscript. There is another copy in the University Library, and the existence of the piece has always been well known. The Emmanuel MS is written in a tolerably fair engrossing hand of about the year 1640<sup>1</sup>.

The University Library copy is also a transcript from some common original, in a still fairer scrivener's hand, and has supplied me with the few blanks left in the Emmanuel copy, although the former has in return some blanks which are filled up in the latter. It was not considered worth while to make a complete collation of the two copies, but the Emmanuel one is evidently transcribed by the better Latinist, though the inferior calligraphist. This manuscript also alone contains the names of the actors, the English marginal notes, and the orders of processions, the University manuscript having no English

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<sup>1</sup> Two copies are in the British Museum, and at least one in private hands

but the textual stage-directions in the last part. But the latter commences with the following title, which is omitted in the former

Thomæ Legge legum doctoris  
Collegi Caio-goneviliensis in  
Academia Cantabrigiensi  
magistri ac Rectoris

Richardus tertius Tragedia trivespa  
habita Collegi Divi Johnis  
Evangeliste  
Comiti Bacchalaureorum  
Anno Domini 1579  
Tragedia in tres acciones devisa

The work is alluded to by Sir John Harrington in his "Apologie of Poetry," 1591, as follows—"For tragedies, to omit other famous tragedies, that which was played at St John's in Cambridge, of Richard III, would move, I think, Phalaris the tyrant, and terrefie all tyrannous-minded men," and this observation is quoted by Thomas Heywood in his "Apology for Actors," 1612, at p 55 of the Society's reprint of that work. The play is also alluded to in Nash's "Have with you to Saffron Walden," 1596, as follows—"or his fellow codshead, that in the Latine tragedie of King Richard cries *Ad urbs, ad urbs, ad urbs*, when his whole part was no more than *Urbs, urbs, ad arma, ad arma*"—Vid post

The author of this play was Dr Thomas Legge, who probably wrote it for the purpose of being performed before the Queen. In the year 1592, he was Vice Chancellor of the University, "and," says Mr Collier,<sup>1</sup> "in a communication to Lord Burghley, he refers to some offence given to the Queen, probably

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<sup>1</sup> "Hist of Dram Poet," 1 296.

by requiring, in answer to her wishes to see a play at Cambridge, time and the use of the Latin tongue, and mentions that the University had sent some of its body to Oxford, to witness the entertainment there given to Her Majesty, in order to be better prepared hereafter to obey her directions." Besides the play of "Richardus Tertius," he wrote a tragedy called the "Destruction of Jerusalem," and to use Fuller's words,<sup>1</sup> "having at last refined it to the purity of the publique standard, some plagueary filched it from him, just as it was to be acted." Fuller also informs us that Dr Palmer, afterwards Dean of Peterborough, was the original performer of Richard, and very successful in Legge's other play. Dr. Legge died in 1607, and his monument and portrait are still existing at Caius College, of which he was appointed Master by the Founder.

Mr Halliwell kindly informs me that, in 1586, Henry Lacey wrote a play under the same title, but that it is a poor imitation of Legge's. Of Lacey's play two copies will be found in the British Museum, MSS Harl 2412, 6926. That the "University Men" had acquired some reputation by their theatrical performances, is proved by the well-known dialogue in "The Return from Parnassus,"<sup>2</sup> in which Kemp and Burbage are seen in treaty with two of them, called *Philomusus* and *Studioso*, for engagements as actors, and in which one of them gives a taste of his quality, by reciting the opening speech of Shakespeare's "Richard the Third"]

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<sup>1</sup> Fuller's "Worthies," ii. 156

<sup>2</sup> Hazlitt's "Dodsley," vol. ix.



## *RICHARDUS TERTIUS*

—o—

D SHEPHARD, Elizabetha Regina  
 Mr FOX, Cardinalis, Archiepis Cantu  
 Mr WHALEY, Nuntius  
 L W HOWARD, Eduardus Rex quindecem annorū  
 Mr PALMAR, Richardus dux Glocest  
 Mr STRINGER, dux Buckingh  
 Mr WILKINSON, Riverus  
 Mr BOOTH, Hastingus  
 Mr HODSON, Stanleus  
 Mr HILL, Sr Hawardus postea dux Norfolciensis } *Barones*  
 Mr BAYLY, Lovellus  
 Mr STANTON, Episco Eliensis.  
 Ds PILKINGTON, ancilla Reginæ  
 Mr ROBINSON, Catsbeus, Juris peritus  
 Mr HILL, Sr Howardus, Equestris ordinis<sup>1</sup>  
 Ds PUNTER, servus ducis Glocestriæ  
 Mr KNOX, Hastingus, miles calligatus  
 Ds FRAUNCE, civis Londoniensis  
 Ds HOWLAND } chorus tumultuantū crvni Satelles Becke  
 Ds HENLOWE } [Buck<sup>e</sup>] }  
 Mr KENDALL  
 Ds REMER, Archiepisco Eboracensis

*Serviens ad arma*

*Prosecutor vulgo pursevant.*

RHODES med Richardus dux Eboracensis paivulus }  
 Mr BOWLS, Graius heros adolescens }  
 Vaghanus  
 WOODCOCKE Conjux Shori }  
 Hawt }  
 Sacerdos }  
 Quinq filiæ Elizabethæ Reginæ } *Muti*

<sup>1</sup> Inserted twice

CHAPMAN, Argumentū primæ actionis <sup>1</sup>

Eduardus quartus, rex Anglorū mortem obut

Hic duos reliquit filios Eduardus maior princeps Walliæ annos habebat quindecim, alter Richardus dux Eborū undecimū vitæ annū egit Richardus dux Glocestriæ, frater Eduardi defuncti, homo nimia ambitione elatus, cum nepotis adhuc tenerā ætatem videret, facile ad regnū aditū sibi patēre putat Itaq primū reginæ p amicos psuadet ut Eduardus quintus itei nullo milite armaret, dum Londoniū e Wallorū finib<sup>9</sup> properaret Interim ipse cum amicis clam cōmunicat, quantū inde periculū sibi crearetur si regis tenelli tutela solis reginæ propinquis demandaretur Qui dū cæteris heroib<sup>9</sup> invidenter, facile in eorum pniciem regis nomine abuti possent Itaq Riverū viii nobilem regis avunculū, et Grayū fratrem ejus uterū à rege ipso avulsū in vincula conjicit Qui nec ita multo post, Pontefracti capite plectuntur Regem ipsū, tutor à senatu illustri declaratus, in suā tutelā accipit, poro a Regina, quæ tū ad asylum metu confugerat, Ducem Eborū paivulū, p Cardinalem Archiepiscopū Eboracensem, nihil tum suspicantem, abstulit Ubi Regios pueros in Arce tanquā in Carcere conclusisset, primū Hastingū nobilem virū, quod nimis eū studeie nepotibus suspicaretur, injustè damnatū moite afficit Cardinalis, Episcopus Eliensis, Stanleus heros in carceiem detruduntur, ne quid inceptis suis obstarent, quod eoīū fidem erga regulos pertimesceret Postremò Shori conjux (quoniam morti eam damnare non poterat) tanquā meretrix infanuæ poena afficitur

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<sup>1</sup> This line is written in red ink, and the name is perhaps that of the transcriber.

## ACTUS PRIMUS

ELIZABETHA REGINA, CARDINALIS,  
NUNTIUS

*Regina*

Quicunq; lātis credulus rebus nimis  
confidit, et magna potens aula cupit  
regnare, blandū querit is malū, licet  
magnum nihil sperare geneosū genus  
jubebat Eduardū tamen Regis thoro  
conuncta sum, post quā tuos thalamos  
mīhi,

generose Gray, tūste fatū sustulit  
dulci veneno gustiebam credula,  
et rapuit altis inclutis titulis honor  
donec metu spernebat abjectū genus  
tognatus heros Regis, et tristem meis  
Inimicus affinis parabat exitū  
His cura major, filiū quod traditur,  
et Regū curat Nepotum avunculus  
volui meos Regi propinquos jungere  
comites, ut annis altius primus amor  
hēreat, tenera dū surgit aetas grandior  
nec tristis hæc contenta peste sors fuit  
prūs malū majoris est gradus mali  
Exhalat ægrotum maritus spūtū,  
et fata rumpunt regus impia manu  
sævæ sorores, invident virū mīhi  
mortale fatis luditur genus sibi  
spondere quicquā non potest tam  
stabile  
fortuna quod non versit anceps sor-  
dida

manet domus tantūm beata, dum timet  
virtus ruinas magna. Postquā duplīci  
mater sobole difata sum Regis domū  
petebat hæredem remota Walha  
nec principe libenter suo gens Cam-  
bria  
carebat hinc iter properat huc filius

Brevis ordo comitatū meorū, ut  
cingerent  
Regale diadema caput Matrem  
licet  
gaudeat lāta sceptra cogunt filiū  
At gaudiū sperare promissū sibi  
mens avida non audet, timet adeptū  
bonū,  
metūq; pturit semel natus metus,  
multisq; curis pectus uit anxiū,  
Sic filius externa vis adhuc nihil  
minetur infidū, nec extortū sibi  
Regnū, domus Lancastria Eduardo  
incident,  
Et rapta quondam sceptra victriči  
manu  
pati potest adhuc tamen domesticus  
premit timor, majusq; formidat nefas  
animus malis assuetus, et vario tremor  
mentem tumultu, spesq; laceram dis-  
trahit,  
Infaustus ḥ Regni favor multis suā  
conversus in pœnū ruit, postquā diu  
falso viro splendore lusit cedulos

*Cardinalis*

Regina præcellens Elizabetha caput,  
curas cur anxiō revolvis pectorē?  
et publicū luctu tuo oneras gaudiū?  
quin sperne mentis turbide ludibria  
Matrisq; tristes lāta deme spiritus,  
dum filiū caput corona cingitur.

*Regina.*

Sacrū caput præstans honore Cardinis,  
insignis Archipresul atq; Cantū,  
nescire quenquam miserias miserū  
magis  
Quod tempus unquā lachrymis caruit  
mīhi?

Non Regis Eduardi gemo durā luem,  
odiū ne triste plango demens heroū  
vetus hoc malū Cum Walliā linquens  
suā

stipato armatus rediret milite  
ut regna patris juie possideat suo  
Eduardus hæres Sermo multorū  
frequens

aures fatigat, nec monere desinit,  
nullis ut armis sepiat princeps iter,  
se subditis committeret nudū suis.  
sin clauderet milite suo Regis latus  
stipata regem sola Graiorū domus  
timere tum mali nihil princeps potest  
Mox in suā armari necem tot milites  
Proceres putabunt nup extinctae  
minæ

facile fidem dabunt, et vulnera recru  
descere  
sanata malè mox suspicantur Ergo  
dum

q̄e timent objicere inermes hostib⁹  
Ferro simul vitam tuentur illico,  
Bellī furore totū mundavit solū,  
Calcantē tellus equite terrendū gemit  
belli tumultu ardebit insana Anglia  
statimq; amoris foedus ictū frangitū;  
Tum p̄fidū mulctabit authoīem scelus  
p̄censq; pendet lapsa Graiorū domus  
Prīmū p̄ artus gellidus excurrit metus  
tandem suis temebunda monitis animo  
mox litteris edere cuncta fratrib⁹  
ut milite nullo cingant filii latus,  
pompaq; magna Regis exonerent  
iter

ubi sola secreta sagax repeto metus,  
nova cura mentem concuit formidine,  
nec prædæ nudus offeratur hostibus,  
Ingens domū nostiam invidia premit,  
furit

ambitio, nullā cœca dum maculam  
timet

se modica non tuetur ætas filii  
fratri suo mortem intulit Glocestrius  
Quomodo nepoti ambitio paicit  
potui

*Cas d*

Cesset timere matris infelicitis amor,  
Vanosp̄ desine falsa mentiri dolos  
Injustus est rerū æstimator dolor,  
Nunquid juvat terrire vano pectora  
tremore? pessimus augur in malis  
timor,  
semperq; sibi falso minatur, et suā  
vocat ruinā quamvis ignotā prius  
Proceres sepultis morte Regis litibus  
longam quitem consecrarunt nec  
minas

veretur extintas sanata Brittania  
Odia movebit nova rebellis qui timet  
priora

*Nuntius*

Mediū Rex iter sospes tenet

*Regina*

Quæ filiū nunc detinet fessū via?

*Nuntius*

Bis sera stellifero excidit coelo dies  
Northamptonū cum fessa membra  
tangerent

*Regina*

Et quanta turba Regū claudit latus?

*Nunt*

Ubi Wallia mutaret accellerans sedes,  
frequens satelles sepiebat principem,  
illiq; multos junxit assiduus labor  
Postquā tuas Riverius literas  
cepisset, omni milite corpus principi  
nudabat, unus comigrat Riverius,  
suoq; junctus Graius heros patruo.

*Regina*

Dux obviā Glocestrius Regi fuit?

*Nunt*

Is literis Regi salutem nuntiat,  
regno suo precatur æternū decus,

multaq; praece commune gaudiū beat  
Honore præstans dux Buckinghamæ  
affatur officiis usdem Principem,  
Regiq; promittunt brevi comites fore  
Scribit frequens Riverio Glocestrius,  
Invisit et Graū nepotem literis  
benigne pollicetur omnia nuncus  
et pars fatigat magna nobilū simul

*Regina*

Postquā favor flatu secundo vixerit  
ratem piocul reliquit idem languidus  
alto mari, multisq; jactat fluctibus  
Res prosperas si quando lætari jubent,  
rursus revolvor in metus, nec desinit  
animus pavere læta quamvis cerneret

*Card*

Facilè sinistris cedit augurii timor

*Reg*

Nihil sapit, quisquis pauci doctus sapit

*Card*

Hoc facilè credunt, qui nimis miseri-  
timent

*Reg*

Quisquis cavet futura, torquetur minus

*Card*

Sperare virtus magna, nunquā desinit

*Reg*

Quò plura speras falsò, turbaris magis

*Card*

Terrent adhuc sopita nobilū mala?

*Reg*

Veterata non sanatur illico vulnera

*Card.*

Sancivit ista morte princeps fœdera

*Reg*  
Tum principe mori dubia querunt  
fœdera

*Card*  
Privata vincit odia communis salus

*Reg*  
Privata publicā quietem destruit  
ambitio

*Card*  
Semp esse nū miseriā juvat

*Reg*  
Time e didicit quisquis excelsus stetit  
rebusq; magnis alta clauditur quies  
Auro venenū bibitur ignotum casse  
humili malū, ventisq; cunctis cognita  
superba sumo, tecta nutant culmine

## ACTUS SECUNDUS,

RICH DUX GLOC HEN DUX BUCK-  
INGHAMÆ, RIVERUS HEROS, HAS-  
TINGUS HIEROS.

*Gloc*

Riverianæ splendor et decus domus,  
custos pupilli regis, heros nobilis,  
Qualis cruentæ matris eripiens minis  
Electra fratrem servat in regnū patris  
Talis nepotem Wallicis tutans agris  
reddis sue incolumem fidelis patriæ.  
Populus tam frequens fidem merito  
sonat

En gratius hic tibi labor Britanniæ  
Et nos pares psolvimus grates tibi  
castos labores Wallice norunt sedes  
curam parem regis fatetur longum iter,  
postquā suo Wajlia carebat principe,  
at ubi suū mundo diem reparat coma  
radiante Tytan, et leves umbras fugat,  
cas principis jungemur et lateri simul

qua dicitur recta Stonistratsfordiam  
Primo die celeri gradu properabimus,  
quod nunc locus proceres tot unus non  
capit

*River*

O Claudianni Rector illustris soli,  
dux inclyte et generis propago Regii  
Praestate Regi jussit officium meum  
Fortuna quicquid nostia praeclarum  
dedit

Pondenda bello est vita Regi debita,  
Si modo aliter nequeunt minae frangit  
hostium,  
Vestre quia mensae patebant mihi  
dapes  
hac nocte, vobis jure multum debo  
Jam laxat artus languidos gratus sopor  
Lectoq; fessa membra componi juvat,  
placidam quietem noctis opto piox  
imae

*Gloc*

Præclare dux est stella Buckinghamiae  
cui servus olim nomen haud latens  
dedit,

Et orte claro Hastinge patru sternit  
En sol vocato nocte fieris desernes  
sudore fumantes juvas mersit salo,  
Vacuum q; caelum luna plustrat viris  
silentium imperans, nitida simul cohors  
comitatur, aspergens lumen vagum polo  
Porro locus omni liber arbitrio vacat  
secretas aures nullus exhibet comes  
Annon vides quam sit miser proceru  
status,

dum sprepa ut nobilis virtus jacet  
Regi licet sanguine superbo junguntur,  
clarisq; lucet inclytum titulis genus,  
aditus tamen mihi nullus ad regem  
patet,  
vetantq; cum nepote patru vivere  
Quo tanta matris cedit impudentia?  
jam foeminae succumbit Angloru decus  
En nostra dubitatur fides, sepultus est  
debitus, honor, spretusq; sanguis no-

sordescit olim matius omnino suæ  
tutela Regis sacra cognatis datur  
Illis quando honore tamen haud cedi  
mus

et in nepotem æqualis elucet fides,  
paru debeat matius abjectum genus,  
Regni thoras amor nisi quod impulit  
claros negare patrinos Regi suos  
minusq; nobili comite circundare  
Parum decorum principi aut nobis ent  
comes magis potentior tuebitur  
quod nos malum manet, si qui male  
nobis precantur, Regiūq; claudant  
latus

primosq; prævenient amores principis,  
et illius favore consensercent,  
quorū mens tenella flectetur statim,  
atq; pueros fucata demulcent leves  
seis nec annis respuit quicquid prius  
placet In amores deliciasq; pristinas  
etas probat decusa, nec se corrigit  
Eduardus olim quartus (ætas plenior  
quamvis fuit, temq; longum plurimi  
seis neverca disciplina evasserat)  
hem multa quondam facta damnavit  
sua

lapsu priorem nec resuesit tardior  
sensus Quod heros sensit heu Clar  
entius

Ille, ille novit (heu nimis) frater meu  
quam conjugi rex cessit olim credulus  
nimis, heu nimis tum nostra suade  
bant mala

quod uxor horreat maritus quem colit  
quod dura nostras sors premebat re  
diu

Regina quantum mihi creasset tum luens  
perfidia, malum mens nisi sagax auertit  
nos ille coelum qui sua torquet manu,  
dirisq; flamis triste vindicat scelus,  
foelix potenti liberavit dextera.  
Heu quot brevi frater furore concitus  
dolis eorū morte damnatos truci  
perdidit, inani voce pulsantes Jovem  
Nunquā suo parcebat uia sanguini

Sed veteria plangimus novū inninet  
malū

Nam si tenello solus hæret principi  
comunis hostis, atq; stipabit thronū  
infesta nobis una Graiorū domus  
Mox hostiū vires caput nostrū luet,  
dum principis sacra abuti nomine  
audebit ad nostrā ruinā atrox domus  
Hoc Jupiter tam providus pater vetet  
Quod moite sanxit sacra pacis foedera  
Eduardus, et veteri medetui vulneri  
Quietis, atq; dexteras nos invicem  
conjuximus, simulata pacis pignora  
valuit potestas sacra Regis tū magis  
quam pace facta dubia procerū foedera  
pactu jussu principis percussimus  
quemquamne tantus vexat insanū stu-

por?  
huic ciedat ut demens repente qui  
novus

Ex hoste tam vetusto amicus sumitur?  
firmius inhærebit brevis animi favor,  
quām longa multus invidia lustris ma-  
nens?

nunc ergo maturare conciliū decet,  
quō longius serpit malū, fieri solet  
tubustius, vires semper colligit

### Buckin

O Claudiane rector, atq; Regia  
de stirpe princeps, turbido infelix  
quia  
visa est tumultu ardere rursus Anglia,  
et bella coepunt fremere civilia  
tūc ut secreto instillet auri murmure  
concepta jussi verba servulū meū,  
tua signa Buckinghamū sequi ducem  
miscere piæsens verba presenti diu  
quærebā, ut hæc tecū loqui possem  
simul

Regina nobis insolens abutitur  
statim premi scelus decet, majus nefas  
parit semel motū malū, et nescit modū  
sanare te regni luem tantū decet  
quidvis ferent potius potens procerū

ciuore quām Regina nostio luderet,  
Gnatūq; caput armaret in nostrū ferox.

### Gloc

Te patiæ dux ergo vindicem voce  
et seleie materno labantis Angliae  
Fe, te poli qui jura p̄cipit Regis  
Et vos coruscū testor agmen cœlitū  
tantū Britonū pristinū quæro decus  
Acris gravi medela confert vulneri  
Regina nunc abest suis afferre opem  
captus nequit removere jam tulō  
licet

A Rege cunctas patriæ labes suæ  
Quin dormientem comprimere Ri-  
verū,

intraq; tecta clandere hospitem decet  
Sin fugerit, tū consciū p̄lobat metus  
mox famula illus petas claves domus  
qua nup hospes se Riverius abdidit  
Sin abnuat, Regis imperiū urgeas  
nec illus inde servus erumpat foras,  
sed sedulū claudantur intus singulū  
nostrisq; verbis advove clā servulos  
(horreter admisso licet nondū die  
nox atra) nostrū sepiant corpus tamen  
quod luce prima nos nepotem adibi-  
mus

### Buck

Regis propinquos si coeices vinculis  
cecoq; captos clandis audax carcere,  
Illico tumultū plebs ciebit mobilis  
Juditia dum non recta sortiri rei  
et criminis parū nocentes arguas

### Gloc

En dignitatē principis laedunt sui,  
et nobilem violare sanguinem student  
lacerare querunt Anglia discordis.  
Longa Britonū classe sulcavit mare  
Marchio Graiorū frater in nostrā  
necem  
tot milites armare crudelis potest?

*Hasting*

At vinculis si patruū premi suū  
Heios videbit Graius, is rapida manu  
Stipabit Eduardū tremens Britānia  
parabit arma seditio miseris trahet  
Ardoe belli conflagrabunt omnia  
nostraq̄ populus strage purgabit scelus

*Glocest*

Aditus viarū munit assiduis vigil,  
Irrumpat hinc ut nemo Northampto-  
niam,  
nostrūq̄ prius ad regem iter p̄uerteret,  
Post quā leves discussit umbras Lucifer,  
Nudamq̄ jubebit fugam Phoebea fax,  
nos statuimus Regem priores visere  
ut grata principi fides sic luceat

*Buck*

Intende nervos viriū, vinci nequit  
generosus ardor, mentis et nullus labo  
cuiam fatigat anxiam sumi ducis  
Nunquam fidem fallā

*Hast*

Polus tristi prius  
jungetur orco, sydera natabunt aquis  
amicus ignis fluctib⁹ s̄ævus exit  
vincet diēm nox quam meam damnes  
fidem

*River*

Nescio quid animus triste presagat  
malū,  
horrent timore membra cor pavet  
metu  
Demiror hi claves quid hospiti petant,  
quæ tanta cecidit temporū mutatio  
Ultro prioris noctis onerabunt dapes  
An jam retentū morte mulctant im-  
proba?

Mihil sunt amici non amet fūcos fides  
Vacillat animus, hæret, haud placet  
sibi.

Si fugio, nullus est fugae tutus locus

Si lateo, sceleris conscious demens ero  
en animus ullos innocens negat metus,  
manere certū est quicquid evenit,  
feram  
Duces adibo causa quæ sit audiam.

*Glocest*

O Regis hostis, impiū atq̄ audax ca-  
put!  
tu nobiles multare supplicis studies?  
et insolentes seminas discordias  
tu principis nutum ad necem ñram  
vocas?  
tuisq̄ demens regna misces litibus  
P̄æstabitis istud credis nefandū nefas!

*River*

Praeclare princeps, tale de me nu-  
putes,  
hoc absit (oro) crimen a nostra fide

*Glocest*

Tace scelestū Regis exitiū tui  
patiemur ultro sanguinem nostrū peti,  
perdes Britonū solus excelsū decus?  
at vos atro mulctate raptū carcere  
comitesq̄ nostrū cæteri cingant latus.

*River*

Quo me tiahitis Quam jubet poenā  
potens  
fortuna? quæ nunc me manent miseri  
mala?  
si morte mulctet, jure damnet publico,  
Nam quæ salutis spes relinquit  
mihi?

EDUARD REX DUX BUCKING  
DUX GLOCES SERVUS REGIS

*Eduard*

Amore captus patriæ preceps iter  
quamvis facio, dum Wallicas muta  
sedes  
Iubens tamen relinquo Stonistratfordū

quod hoc ferunt properare nunc Glo  
cestriū  
quoniā tot unus non capit proceres  
locus.

*Buck*

Cinctus suis Eduardus huc confert  
gradū,  
generosa quos beant avorū stemata  
præte, plebei sequantur ordines

*Gloc.*

Rex vivat æternū Britanus inclytus

*Eduardus*

Gnatus mihi conspectus est mi patrue  
postquā sedes modò barbaras mutavi-  
mus  
habeoq; tantis gratiā vobis paiem

*Buck*

Tibi beatū firmet imperiū deus

*Ed Rex*

Tuam simul laudo fidem, dux inclyte

*Gloc.*

Natura me tuis fidelem jussibus  
nescia resisti consecravit et dolos  
genus struere Regale me regi vetat  
cum cæteris coīmuni psumadet fidem  
oficiū Aquas inimicus ignis incoleat  
sulcabit astra navis et sævo mari  
ignota quercus surget, oblitū tui  
si quando falsa corrupcat fides  
Vitā tuis ponā libens bellis, tuis  
infestus hostib⁹ mon cupio diē  
Quæ te supbe Graie, vel fratrem tuū  
ambito tenet, et Riverū patruū  
dum principem vobis studetis subdere  
En pessimis miscetis Anglos litib⁹  
Florensq; deridetur ortus sanguinis,  
Cur usq; Dorsetti minatur Marchio  
nobis, in arcem irrupt audax Belini

Prædatur inde Regis opes rapida  
manu  
Et classe longu oneravit ingenti salū

*Ed Rex*

Quid Marchio patravit uterinus mihi  
nescio fides suspecta avunculi mei  
Graui fratri (crede mihi) nunquā fuit

*Glo*

Immo tuas tanti latant aures dolī,  
Rex inclyte, secretū magis pugnat  
scelus

Te pduellionis esse aio reum  
Scelleste Graie, teq; sceleris consciū  
Vahanne nuntio proditorem patiæ  
pfide voco Haute simul squalenti  
carcere  
abdie statim, patiæ graves penas  
luant

*Servus*

Puerū misellum, lachrymis rigat genas  
tristia videns ad vincula correptū  
fratiem

*Gloc.*

Te liberam⁹ serve famulato tuo  
nec te volumnus hærere lateri principis  
tu principi fidelis stabis comes  
Regisq; te ppetuus adjunget labor.

SERVUS REGIS, SERVUS DUCIS  
*Gloc.*

*Servus Regis*

Regni paterni pondus imbellis puer  
Non sustinet, suisque victus virib⁹  
tandem ruit tuetur hostes intimos  
Munita nomine sacra majestas suo  
parare dum tristem luem clam cogitat  
ambitioq; Regni pva suspecti fides  
nec principem simit anxū quiescere  
Secreta solu pugna, qui loco staines

minoē tūtior nec amissi pīmet  
Sceptri metus, vel dissimilis avorū  
honor  
Qui clara torques sydera altitonans  
pater,  
tuisq; pingis ignibus coeli globos,  
Būtanniae potens defende pīncipem  
ut jura verus reddat haeres Anglīæ  
Quis huc minister advolat celeri pede?  
Quo nunc adeo generose pīcipitas  
gradū?

*Ser Glo*

Misit nepoti nobilis Riverius

*Ser Reg*

Duci ne tu minister illi carceris

*Ser Glo*

Ego Claudianæ fidus astabā comes

*Ser Reg*

Quorsū nepoti nuntius patrui venis

*Ser Glo*

Ubi mordet impransū fames Glo-  
cestriū  
Ducis onerabat lauta mensam prandia  
Oculis perrat sedulus cunctas dapes,  
misitq; selectōs cibos Riverio,  
animoq; jussit æquo ferre singula,  
nil rebus illius esse formidabile

*Ser. Reg*

Num respuit benigna demens munera

*Ser Glo.*

Quem longus usus feire psuasit malū  
Fortuna quoties cura tristis intonat,  
Vtæ cupit solamen afflictæ minus,  
ubi gratias pleno refundit pectore  
Deferre Graio lauta jussit fercula  
quem fregerat non cognitus prius  
dolor  
nec asperos dedicit minor casus pati

ut blanda fractū veiba confirmen-  
ducis  
et turbidā pmulceant mentem dapes,  
At jussa me tanti viri decet exequi  
*Ser Reg*  
An fronte simulatus latet blanda dolus  
ut impitis alta figat vulnera?  
An sorte nos mutata felici beat  
Fortuna, miseros carceris solvens  
metu?  
Faustus cadat tantis procellis exitus,

### ACTUS TERTIUS

ANCILLA REGINÆ, ARCHIEP EBOR.  
REGINA

*Ancilla*

Qui vindices faces potens torques  
manu,  
mitisq; rebus collocas fessis opem,  
miserere jactatae Eboracensis domus  
Quis est malorū finis? heu! heu!  
quamdiū  
Regina victa luctibus diuis gravat?  
Quæ possidet ferox Errinis Regiam  
Tortos vel angues Megara crudelis  
vibrans  
Luctuq; majorem prioi luctus vocat  
Et vix malis Regina tantus sufficit  
Quis me p auras turbo raptam devehet  
ne tot misera tristes querelas audiam;  
mæstæ domus luctusq; matris lugubres

*Archep Ebor*

Lett his servants Nondum fugata nocte  
be about him sol reparat diem,  
wh' hoods Nec deserit fatri vices  
Phœbī soror  
vel pulsa cælo contrahit lumen vagi.  
nox sera Quorsū noctis umbris par-  
cere  
quæreris, celere solamen, immensū malū

desiderat æger non patitur animus  
moras

Lett yem bee      Mentem placare tui-  
knocking in      bidam matris para-  
the pallace as      Sed quis tumultus?  
remooveinge      turba quanta Regia  
Effare tanti nocte, strepitus quid  
velunt

*Ancilla*

Splendens honore antistes Eboris  
censiū

Diros tibi renovare me casus jubes  
post quā Luna sessis sunserat,  
et cæca novi horret, amissō die  
Increbuit aula, vinculis Riverium  
duris premi et Graui nepotem tū  
locus

quis principem capiat, tenere nem  
nem

Postquā paterent tanta reginæ mala,  
animus tremore concitus subito stupet,  
Solvuntur (heu) labante membra spi  
ritu

Postquā trementes misera vires col  
ligit,  
en, talibus mox astra pulsat vocibus  
O dura fata, parcite huic quod voluntis  
Quantū scelus spiratis? an pœnae  
placent,

In hoc caput jaculare vindices faces  
Irate pter inocens quid admisit  
puer?

quid meruit parvus quid infans pditum?  
una ruina concutis totâ domum  
Non sustinet labante mox collo caput  
Largo madescunt imbre profuse genæ  
cor triste magnis æstuat dolorib⁹  
cultū decorum regiæ vestis procul  
removet, et eximū rubores muricis  
Quiea nunquam constat, hic, illuc,  
fugit,  
tollit jubet iterū ponit corpora  
Et semp impatiens sui status, citò

mutatur, et cœlū quæ elis verberat  
nunc filiū gemit, suorū nunc luem,  
curamq; serā, tanta sentiunt vulnæ  
dempti satellitis [reclamat anxiæ]\*  
Mox illa asylo purpurā servos jubet  
aurū fulvū rapere, supellectilem  
et quas habebat regia excelsas opes,  
Et ne leves obsint moræ vehentib⁹  
hinc brevior ut pateret ad templū via  
interna jussit pforari mœnia  
Regis, quām asylū claudit patiū  
Charūq; demens filiū tenens sinu,  
et, quinq; mater filias vocans fugit  
sacras ad ædes Interim tremens metu  
qualis leonis faucibus vastis premi  
fugiens timet, dum præda poscitor,  
fera

*Regina*

A cuncte biling Eboracensis turbis ex  
drawne, let the cellens pater  
queene appere in þ Sanctu Ergo deesse quid malis  
ary, her s nosluis potest?  
daughteis and aut sita vincere no, tra  
maydes 'about quis potuit miser?  
her, situnge on packs, far Frustia timemus jam  
dells, chest, videre qua hoirunt  
cosirs The queene itting magna domus (heu)  
on ye ground iþiquia parvæ su  
wth fardells mus  
'bout her tantuq; miseris templa  
tutantur sacra

Durū parant funus propinquai sanguini  
nec quis tenet regem locus, servit  
scruunt  
An non perimus ulla spes manet  
domus?

*Anhup Ebor*

Metus remitte, pone curas anxiæ  
Erioris istud omne quodcunq; et mrlū  
Quicquāne gravis animos levat misero  
dolor?

\* All bracketed words are supplied from the University Library MS.

Quin mitius de reliis istis cogita  
 Mihi nup ubi suadet soporem cœca nov  
 me suscitat somno sepultū nuntius  
 Hastingus heros misit, hic narrat mihi  
 traxisse Northamtonæ moras duces,  
 ubi subditis stipatus hæret rex suis  
 Pectus mihi quisquā timore luderet,  
 nam cuncta tandem sorte fœlici  
 cadent

*Regina*

Ille, ille nostri durus hostis sanguinis  
 Hastingus, ille principi exitiū patet  
 En, vindices mater deos supplex  
 precos,  
 Duū caput flammis nefandis obruant

*Archiep. Ebor*

Lax furentis turgidos animi motus,  
 et siste prudens impetus mentis graves  
 testor deoū numen, astia qui sua  
 torquent manu, si filiū præter tuū  
 quenquā coronant, proximo statim die  
 fratni huic suo decora regni insignia  
 trademus, en magnū sygillū nunc  
 tibi,  
 quod mihi tuus quondam maritus de-  
 tulit,  
 reddam tuo quem nunc tueris filio

*Archiep. solū.*

Rector potens Glympi, et altitonans  
 pater  
 Ergo placidam sana quietem patriæ,  
 ut tractet hæres sceptra puerili manu  
 Ne dura regnū pœna victori cadet  
 belliq spem fingunt novā Lancastriæ,  
 dum cæde se litabat hostis impia  
 Sed quid facis? quæ mentis oblivio  
 capit?

Cuiquam te magnū sygillū tradeie?  
 cui detulisti? foeminae? quin semp fuit  
 invisa, tum fidem duces ludent tuā,  
 dum magna Regni cure temere pro-  
 ditur  
 Num foeminae credis? facile resistitur

Et in tuū vis seruet solū caput  
 Nunc ego mittā qui sygillū clam pet it  
 ut non meam duces levem damneant  
 fidem

*SERVUS GLOC CHOKUS PROCLUTU  
 MULTUANTIŪ CIVL, II 1511NG  
 ILROS, ALCHEIPI EBOR**Servus Gloc*

Jam quamlibet defendit excubitor viā  
 totamq densæ Thamsem sulcanti iate  
 ut nemo prumpat ad asylū profuga  
 Nil Claudiane dux saciā metuī fidem  
 Quin matris ad tempūl surripiunt opes  
 Let artificers      Quos hic tumultus  
 come running      concitatis improbi?  
 out with clubs      Quo pellit insanos  
 and staves      Elizabethē furor?

*Prim⁹ proc*

Urbs, urbs, Cives, ad arma, ad arma

*Servus*

En arma dolus vehuntur abdita  
 quib⁹ necem ducibus rebelles clam  
 parant.

*2⁹ Procer*

Some armed with      Quidnā malū tantus  
 privy coates      tumultus parturit?  
 with gownes      throwne over  
 Some unarmed      3⁹ Procer

Onerata navigus Tamesis horruit  
 aqua

*4⁹ Procer*

Regina fugiens arma multi simul ve-  
 hit?

*5⁹ Procer*

Quidnā parat regina crudelis malū?

*6⁹ Procer*

At arma feriant, si minentur, non ve-  
 hant

*7<sup>o</sup> Procer*

Dū feminæ tam triste vindicent nefas

*8<sup>o</sup> Procer*

At te deus pusille pīnceps, muniat

*Archep Ebor*

Regnī potentis nobilis procerū cohors  
An rumor audax credulos ludit, metus  
Spargens novos? vel crescit in luctus  
vetus

malū? fuiensq; repetit agnitu prius  
Ambitio thronū? et poscit in prædā  
sibi?

Præceps moras tumultus haud patitur,  
leves

Supplex ad aīas sternitur mater tre  
mens

Regina regnū suspicatur fili  
plures atro clauduntur heroes specu  
Quorū fides regis tutelā meruit  
Imbecillis regis ætas admittit nefas,  
Scelusq; facile concitat timidū licet,  
Sanū statim expedire consiliū decet,  
Donec quis errat qui dolos patat magis  
sed clarus huc Hastingus heros advo  
lat

*Hastings*

Non vos latebat, chara civiū cohors,  
Rex me quibus est amplexus amorib;  
Arctius et ejus colere chara pignora  
cogunt benigni tanta regis munera  
Quorū nisi vitam mea luerem nece,  
ingrata fecerat magis nulla nota  
Lædi doleo rumore pacem futili,  
varioq; turbali Britannos murmurare  
Hospes video tumultuari subditos  
pei tota raptare volantes mænia  
Quorsū metu vexare vano pectora  
juvat? Ora quicquid mentiuntur gar  
rula,  
specta mihi fides Glocestria satis fuit,  
En, ducit alacri Regulū pompa modo,  
ut  
tenerū corona cingeret fulva caput

At dura quos premit proceres custodia  
Lacerare probris profidi Glocestriū  
quærunt ducem cæcoq; frigent car  
cere

litem sacratus dū senatus poneret  
Unū precor supplex (patres) sententia  
ne nostra mentem posterā preverteret,  
ne publico lites vigerent funere

Ad arma ne nos via rebellis concitet  
Justissima licet bella suadere queant  
Houū feretur causa semp justior

Armis suis quicunq; claudant prin  
cipem  
dum mœnib; Regalis adventat puer,  
urbis principi pacata gratuletui suo

REX EDUARDUS, PRÆTOR LONDIN  
ENSIS*Eduardus*

Ubi barbaras sedes mutavimus feræ  
gentis, revertor sospes ad patrios lares  
Urbis superbæ clarus hic pollet nitor,  
Regniq; splendet majus inclyti decus  
Urbs chara, salve tanta nunquā  
gaudia

post tot ruinas Asiae Argivis nunquā  
Optata patriæ régna et Argolicas opes  
cum bella post tam longa primi vise  
rent

Vix hospiti toti lustra tam lætū tibi  
redditū licet tantis miser naufragus  
ereptus esses dux Cephalenius parant  
Quam cressit amissæ voluptas patriæ  
hospes diu postquā carebas, et suos  
negant aspectus longam iter mihi

*Prætor Lond*

Illustræ patriæ decus rex inclyte  
en læta profudit cohois se civiū  
ut gratuletur principi multū suo  
sol nostro ut alter luceas felix polo  
hæresq; patris jura Britannis daires  
cives deū pulsabit anxius prece

*Dux Gloc.*

The King goeing Eduardus en rex ves-  
about the stage. ter, o cives mei, t  
honore fulgens regio, en potens puer  
chare Britannis principem vides tuū,  
virtute præstantem fidelis abdite.

## ACTUS QUARTUS.

*Hastingus Heros.*

Regina in ædibus squalens sacris sedet  
Duris propinqui comprimuntur vin-  
culis

Tutorq; declaratus Angliæ modo  
suffragiis Glocestrius nostris fuit.  
Magnū sygillū præsuli Eborū demitur  
Hunc Claudianus jure potens vulnerat,  
quod prodidit levi sigillū foeminæ  
Foelix beabit cuncta sors, hostes jacent  
et Pontefracti, jam manent tristem  
necem  
Properate fato, mox graves poenas  
luant.  
Sed quid cesso sacrū senatū visere.

DUX GLOCEST DUX BUCK. CARD.  
EBOR. EPISC. ELIENS. STANLEIUS  
HASTING<sup>9</sup> HOWARDUS, LOVELLUS,  
BARONES.

*Glocest.*

Illustris o procerū cohors, quos Anglia  
gens nobilis peperit, nil tandem mo-  
vet

tam triste reginæ scelus? tantam pati  
infamiam generosa mens adhuc po-  
test?

Malitia tam diu latebit foeminæ?  
En, gnatū asylo inimica captivū tenet,  
ut querulo rebellis agilet murmure  
proceres Britanniae, atque duris vul-  
neret  
verbis, tumultu turba conceito. Quasi  
fides

incerta tutorū sit, anxius quibus  
senatus Eborū ducis curam dedit  
Nec parvulū hostis amotus procul  
solū tenetur, aut bene notatus cibis :  
Trahunt magis moderata puerū ludi-  
cra

Aetas suis æquata deliciis placet.  
Nunquā seni colludet im̄istus puer,  
fratrisq; ludo frater instabit magis.  
Solere parvis magna sæpe crescere  
Quis nescit? ingens regis esset dede-  
cus

Nostramq; damnet non levis fidem  
labes,

Dum fama Gallis profuga obgannit,  
sacras  
quod fugit ad aras principis frater  
metu.

Citius nihil volare maledicto potest :  
Opinio firmata nec statim perit.  
Ergo viri mittantur assensa sacro  
quorū dubia nunquam fides regi fuit,  
Matri minus suspecta, cognita patriæ  
satis,

ut filiū sacro solutū carcere, fratri suo  
restituat. At tuam fidem

tantū negotiū requirit (Cardinis  
honore præstans Archipræsul inclyte)

Præstare si tua non gravetur sanctitas.  
Hoc regis ingens flagitat solatiū,  
salusq; fratris, certa patriæ quies.

Sin detinet regina gnatū pertinax,  
nec matris infelix amor morem gerit :  
Suprema regis jussa luctantem pre-  
mant

Malitia constabit, odiū, protervia  
Quæ mentis est opinio nostræ, lubens  
audi (favente namq; spiritū deo)  
Nunquā meos urgebo sensus pertinax,  
sed facile flectet sævior sententia.

*Dux Buckin.*

Quem solitudo principis non comovet,  
procerūq; deflectens honor, aut patriæ  
Salus diu jactata? dū claustris sacris  
gnatū premit vesana mater, dedecus

Ingens puer sejunctus afferit principi  
Nec tutū erit carere fratre paivulo,  
Vulgus probis fuisse lacessit improbus,  
quasi nulla regis cura magnates tenet,  
Non solū prolixi mater ortū vendicat  
suisq; tantum stulta delitus putet  
nasci vocat regni decus patriam  
statim

cuiare dulcis matris oblitū jubet  
Quod melius hæc suadet Cardinus  
pater  
Antistes excellens potest, assentior  
Sin pavida amoris mater ignorat modū,  
vi filiū sibi jubebit eripi

*Hastin Heros*

Quorsum sacrī hæret ulnis paivulū?  
fratri triumphū Regis aut cur invidet?  
Sin filiū tremebunda periculū tremit,  
At hic pater nū sepiet frequens genus  
Hic à sacro jussus senatu tutor est,  
Regisq; curabunt amantes subditū  
Tum mutuū fratrū vocat solatiū  
proterva mater sin recusat mittere  
Cardinis illū præsul eruptū avehat

*Card*

Ut fratris aula frater oblectet simul,  
ut gratus Anglæ mens prosit labor,  
meisq; recuso æquale viribus nihil  
Gnatū sacra sin mater æde continet,  
solusq; fratrem rex suū non impetrat  
promissa templo jūia nunquā rumpere  
tamen decet, sanxisse quem divū Pe  
trum

pīmū ferunt, mox prisca firmavit fides,  
et longus ordo principū pepigit bonis  
multis sacra pepisse pacta constituit,  
nec ullus Ister audet Alanis feris  
præbens fugam violare, nec rigens  
nive

tellus perenni hircana, vel sparsus  
Scytha

Nemo sacrilegus dñs datam rumpit  
fidem

At Regulo fratrem dabit matris  
sinus,  
nec filiū invidet patiens solatio  
Sin fratri aula fratre ppetuō vacet,  
et filiū mater sacro carcere tenet,  
Nihil meus damnabiter castus laboř,  
solusq; matris impedit cæcū amoř

*Dux Buckin*

Quin matris impedit magis protevia  
Audebo vitam pignori deponere  
nullam timoris vel sibi causā putet  
vel filio, nemo lubens cum foemina  
pugnabit optarem propinquus mulie  
brem

sexū simul perturbat Anglā minuſ  
Quibus odiū peperit scelus tantū suū,  
Non quod genus suo trahunt de san  
guine,

Sin chāta nec regina nobis, aut sui  
essent propinquū Regis at fratrem  
tamen  
odisse quid juvat? genus enim nobile  
juxxit propinquos at nisi invitus sibi  
Honor esset, et minetur infamē  
notam

Nohs, suū nunquā negaret filiū,  
Suspecta enim nunquam fides procerū  
fuit

Suū sibi proceres relinquunt filium,  
Sibi si loco mater decoro [manserit]

*Dux Gloc*

Nunc ergo vobis filiū si deneget,  
quorū fides sibi satis est cognita  
Imanis hæc erit protervia foeminae,  
Non frigidæ mentis pavor Sin adhuc  
timet

Infausta mater, quæ timere umbra  
potest,

tantò magis cavere matris amor jubet  
Suspecta ne furtū sacrū gnatū suū  
ad extēios regina mittat Milles  
promissa templo jura præstat frangere,  
tantū senatus dedecus quam perferat  
Aling nostrum luderent pulciū caput

spectare qui siatiem cadentem pum-  
cipis  
possimus ergo filiu matu suū  
Templo solutum vi decebit eripi,  
ne jure simus extensis ludibrio  
Nec ego fidem lubens asyli laederem,  
cui robui ætas longa struxit pluimū,  
Nec primus olim privilegū suū  
Templis dedissem, Arisve nunc paci-  
ferer,  
Si peccinax in debitores creditor  
sæviet et illis vincula minetui hoīidus,  
adversa quos fortuna damnavit sibi  
oppressit æte aut prodigū alieno maie  
ut corpus eleptū ara tueatur piū  
sane impiū et civibus, vel fuiibus  
quos nullus unquā continere metus  
potest  
Sicarīsq parcere, an non impiū  
Sin pacta asylo jura tansū protegunt  
Iniqua quos fortuna vexat fuiibus  
cur sacra? cur sicarius? cui civibus  
Nequā patent? abundat (heu) malis  
sacrū  
Nunquid deus patronus impius erit?  
Num jura Petrus ista pepigit fuiibus?  
Aliena prodigos rapere pius locus  
movet sibiq rapta furto credere  
onusta spolis deserit conjux virū  
Ludens maritū fulta templo condidit  
Erumpit hinc cædi frequens sicarius,  
tutuq patrato locū sceleri putat  
Ergo benigna sacra demī furibus  
nec jus asyli violet, et gratū deo  
Sanctūq erit, quod pontifex mitis  
nimis  
princeps ne pactus est misericors  
nescio  
quis, non satis prudens tamen, quod  
laederent  
nunquā supstitutione ducti posteri,  
Sed sua sacris promissa servemus,  
nihil  
Ducem tamen tuerunt inclusū sacra  
Injusta damna, jus vetat, natura, lex,  
Nec principem moramur aut Episcopū

Contraq vim quisquis locus tutus nū  
Indulta sūcia lege, impediunt minus  
si dura veniam suaserit necessitatē  
Atquæ premittat tristis ducem necessitatē  
Regi fidelem Regiū probat genus,  
psuadet insontem mali ætas nescia  
Cur impetrat dux innocens sacri  
fidem?

Alius sacrū infantī lavacrū postulat  
At pacta sacris jura qui quis impetrat,  
Imploret ipse mentis impulsu suæ  
Quid innocens poscat puer? quid  
meruit?  
Matura nunquā ferret ætas carcerem  
Horre et aras illico iūatus puer  
Aliena si prædatus huc quis advolat,  
corpus tuentur sacra si cedet bonis,  
hæc pontifex transferre, vel princeps  
nequit

### *Epis. Elius*

Ut pacta templo jura, creditorib⁹  
erupta servent debitoiū corpora  
aceiba quos latere forsan sors jubet,  
divina lex psuasit indulgent simul  
decreta pontificū sacra miseric fugā  
Aliena cedent æra creditoribus  
tantū labore ruisus ut ciescat suo,  
cuiaq damnū reparet assidua prius  
Carcere solitus debitor excussis bonis  
In nuda quis sæviret atrox tergoia?

### *Dux Buckingh*

probabitur hæc sanc mihi sententia  
Uxor virū linquens ad aras si fugeat  
non pace Petri hæc eripi templo Petri  
potest? puer lascivus exosus scholæ  
hæret sacrī hunc pedagogus nunc  
sunet?

at is tremet virgam, timebat hic nihil  
Indulta novi sacra vires pueris nihil  
sit ara consilus pationa dum lubet  
huic sacra denegantur pacta, debile  
quod nescit ingenii petere nec integra  
merere vita patitur, aut tutus malis

princeps egeie potuit, haud laedit ſacra  
Is quisquis ut prodesse poſſit, eximet

*Stanl Heros*

Quod expedīt Regi, Britanniæ Angliæ,  
ut fratiſ aula frateſ una ludeſ et,  
hæreſeſ poſthac mensdubia non poſteſ  
Mulceſe mentem matris opto molliuſ  
hunc forte ſano ducta conſilio dabit,  
Siñ filiuſ proteiua mater detinet,  
ſacriſq; deneget parere jussibus,  
ſuo ducem fratruſ ſatelles liberet,  
ludoq; pueruſ armata reſtiluet manus

*Howard Heros*

Conceſſa matruſ filiū incunabula  
et aſq; fluxit ludicia deliciuſ ſuis  
Nunc chara reliquos poſcit annos  
patria  
queſtuſ graves Matris nihil moror  
ſi filium negat ſolutuſ caſceſe  
ſacro, fratruſ illuſ liberabunt milites

*Dux Glocſt*

Uno ſenatus ore matruſ nuntiuſ  
te poſcit antistes, ſacrū jussū expediſ  
Ie præſuli comitem dux Bucking  
hamieſ  
Jungas, et Howarde priſtantis ſtemmate  
Amoiiſ at ſi mateſ haud ponit moduſ  
natuq; nobis ſurripeſe demens ſtudet  
Mox erimenter robusti aſylo milites,  
fruſtaq; proleſ planget

After they bee come downe from the ſeates  
ereptam ſibi Nunc te negotiuſ grave  
antes vocat  
Responsa matris proximi morabitui

ELIZABETH REGINA, ARCH EBOR  
HOWARDUS HEROS DUX.

*Archiep. Ebor*

Mater poſtens iuſtre regina caput  
nunc ore quamvis velba dicantur meo,

non eſſe credas noſtra decievit fre  
quens  
prioſerū ſenatus, et Gloceſtrius ſimul  
Proteſtor, ut ſuadente natura licet  
hæreſeſ uno matris amplevuſ puer,  
et aſq; prima cum parente promptius  
verſetur haud ſint tamen regni decuſ  
Maculas honořem filiuſ demens tuſ  
Denuo ſuis tuſ batuſ ſedibus pax ruſt  
Biſtanniā falſo dum metu pavida ſedes  
ſqualens aſylo, ſi tenetuſ carceſe  
conclusuſ una fratruſ altei principis,  
dulci ſui fratruſ caſens ſolatioſ  
Odium fratruſ plebſ ſuſpiciatuſ illiſh,  
Sacra ad ſedes quod fugit metu pueſ  
Ergo tuuſ reddeſ ſolutuſ caſceſe  
Gnatuſ, tuos e vinculis ſic libeſas  
et principi magnuſ creaſ ſolatuſ  
et geſtiet ſecura Nobiliuſ cohoriſ.

*Regina*

Summo galeu ſonoie præcellens  
pater,  
Quod fratris in domo ſimul fratrem  
decet  
manere, non repugno quamvis tutiuſ  
uteiq; dulci matruſ hæreſet ſinu,  
Quoruſ teneſia adhuc timere aetas jubet.  
Et cum minus tuetur aetas junior,  
tum morbus hunc pimebat infestus diu  
cui amq; matris grande periculu vocat  
Fanto magis minatuſ ægrotō tabes  
tecidiva, nec vulnus ſecunduſ fortiter  
Natuia priuſ oppreſſa fert nec ſe ſati,  
poſteſ tueri Quam frequens opeſiam  
dabit  
Matrona ſcio, que filiuſ curet mei  
ſedulò, mihi tamen mei decet magis  
Gnatum relinqui cùm melius illuſ ſcio  
nutrire, cujuſ ſemp ulnis parvulus  
hœſit, hec illuſ mollius quiſpiā poſteſ  
foveſe, quā queſ ventie mater ſuſtulit

*Arch Ebor*

Negare demens nemo regina ali poſteſ,

quon filius melius tuae relinquitur  
custodiæ nunc matris amplexu puer  
ut vivat, hærou inclyta optaret cohors  
simul decoro si maneres in loco,  
utiq sin natura vitam consecras  
sacris tuâ, et posthac piae studet pieci  
devota mens, at fratris aula ludet  
frater, puer, templo solitus, nec sacro  
carcere priu matris suæ furtu hæreat  
Prudenter matiis ulnis eiupitur puer,  
nec usq matris gariet petulans sinu  
Infans ut alat sœva regem Wallia,  
et barbaros luceret inter filius  
nup sicut contenta majestas tua

*Regina*

Contenta nunquam cura non eadem  
tamen  
tenebat utriusq matrem filii  
Jussit nihil timere regis tunc salus  
Huic membra multo lassa moibo de-  
sident  
O vix labantis tollit artus corporis  
Quæ tanta gnati cura patruū tenet?  
Si filiū immatura fata absorbeant,  
et fila chara avidæ sorores amputent  
Suspecta mors ducem tamen Glouce-  
triū  
reum arguet, nec fraudis effugiet no-  
tam  
An lædi honorem regis aut suū putet,  
Hoc si loco morabitur tutissimo?  
Suspecta nulli fuit asyli fides  
hic incolere cum matre filiū sinant  
latere templo tuta decrevi magis,  
quam cum meis diri timere carceris  
poenas, asylo quos latere nunc malim,  
quam vinculis dedisse vestris dexteræ

*Howard*

Hos aliquid ergo patrasse nosti con-  
scia?

*Regina*

Patrasse nec quicquā scio, nec vin-  
cula

quosū premant sed non levis timor  
fuit,  
ut qui coloiem non mirantur circens  
hi mortis omnem negligant crux  
simul

*Card*

Movetur in de suis posthac nihil  
Parcit tuis igit̄ta causi judici,  
nec tibi minuit aliquis heroū metus

*Regina*

Imò, timeo quid vetat manus pius,  
cum vita non tuetur inocens meis  
An hostibus Regina chaia sim magis,  
tristis malorum causa quæ sui meis?  
Matr̄ive parcer juncta Regi chaia  
stirps?  
Meos propinquū non minus laudat  
genus

cum frater hic sit Regis, ille avun-  
culus  
Quin filius mecum morabitur simul,  
Mens nisi aliud soletior psuaserit  
Nam suspicor procerum magis tristem  
fidem  
quod absq causa filiū avidè flagitent

*Card*

Hoc suspicantur matiis at sinu  
magis,  
ne forte gelidus coida pstringens metus  
ad exterios relegare cogat filiū  
Sin patruo negare filiū juvet,  
Manus tibi violentas exprimet,  
seiq justis pulsa viribus dabis,  
Non hunc asylo pacta juia mununt,  
quæ nec dedicit imbellis etas posceat,  
et vita nil timere jussit integra  
Lædi fidem promissam asylo non  
putant,  
si filiū sacrî solutū liberant,  
sacramq vim minatur vita tibi  
Est talis amor erga nepotem patru  
ut principis turpem fugā tremescat.

*Regina*

Amore sic teneri nepotis patruus  
aidebat amens, nil ut horiebat magis,  
quam ne suas pusilli evadat manus  
nepos fugam suadere matrem filio  
putat, tabes cui longa discessum negat  
Aut quis tueri filium locus magis  
potest asylo? quod Caucasus nunquā  
ferox

Imanis aut violavit olim Thracia  
At sacra meiere innocens nescit puer  
Nunc ergo fiustra parvulus templū  
petit

Præclara Tutoris consulti carū caput  
Furem tuentur sacra nequaquā piū  
at parvulus non indiget puer sacris  
Curvis timere vita prohibet integra,  
metūq; vacuū jussit esse nescia  
etas malī faxit deus tandem præcor  
ut corde pellat jure conceptū metū  
Hærepe templo turpitur gnatū putat  
Protector (at protector horū sit pre  
coi,

nec in suos crudelis hostis sœviat)  
An frater unā fratris ut ludat domo?  
Lucisse morbus jam vetat tristis diu  
pestisq; languens an deesse parvulo  
possunt, quibuscū prima gestit ludere  
etas, pares honore nisi dentur modo  
Regum supbo junctus atq; sanguine?  
quorū minus concors ea esse etas  
solet,

falsò sibi promittit illustris cohors  
Fratum duorū mutuū solatiū  
Ludit sui secuia juris æmula  
Natura dū fraterna fingeret odia  
pueris lites magis placent domesticæ  
binumq; vulnus sentiunt statim fratru  
turbata pectoia, atq; se minus posti  
possunt magis lusore quovis gestiet  
quam frater cognatus puer, et statim  
admissa sordescit voluptas, nec diu  
domesticæ placere delitiae possunt  
At sacra non poscebat nescius puer?  
Quis ista sibi secrata dixit nuntius?

Tu quære, querat Claudianus, audiet  
At non negasse finge sine parvulū  
non posse, sine ardore asylū linquere  
Manebit invitū tamen teniplū mihi  
si posco solū, bona tuebitur simul  
Nemo Caballū sacerlega sacris eripit  
templo puer latērū securus nequit?  
Quin filiū matrī pupillū detulit  
Britania lev, posessa si nulli bona  
accepta referat juvē matrī suū  
mandent pupillū quæ suos vis sacris  
Inimica tutrici pupilos auferet  
cum matre virtus fugeret hostilis  
manus?

Eduardus inimicis suis linquens miser  
extorta manib⁹ sceptra, ad aias mo  
sacras  
fugi gravida, rex ortus in lucem ibi  
fuit

primosq; natales sacros nactus puer  
Fuit timor non parvus hostibus patris,  
Dubiāq; fecit pacis incertæ fidem  
utriq; asylum præbuit tutā sedem,  
donec patris gnatum ierversi amplexi  
bus

Templū relinquens læta tradeiem,  
fides  
tam certa regiæ sit utinā suæ  
Quæ sit timoris causa nec quisquā  
roget

mecum sacris manebit ædibus puer  
Quiquaq; pacta jura asylo rumperet  
præcor sacra fruatur impius fuga  
nec invidio duris opem hostib⁹ sacra.

*Carū*

Quid agimus? ira cæcā mentem velli  
cat

et pungit interdū ferox Glocestriū  
non flectitur preci pectus iratū levi  
pugnare verbis non juvat, jussus sacros  
sumi senatus differo, quibus times  
parere frustra, grande suspitionis est  
tormentū acriter errore torquetur sub  
decepta Si regina charū patruo

mandas nepotem, et ceteris quos An-  
glia  
proceres suos gens nobilis jactat diu  
Charā mihi vitā tibi pio filio  
Nunquā timebo pignori deponere  
Si filū nobis tuum mater negas,  
rursus tibi psuasor haud posthac eio,  
et filū coacta deseies tamen  
Tiemescit anceps cogitationū Vincin?

*Regina*

Concussit uitus nostros horridus timor,  
toquetq; vinctus frigido sanguis metu  
Quid agimus, animū distrahit dubius  
pavor

Hic natus uiget, fortius illinc patruus  
Testor deū verū atq; quicquid possi-  
dent

Cœli beatū conjugis manes mei,  
Non aliud Eduaide in meo nata mihi  
jam quaero, quam tua sceptra legali  
potens

gestaret aula, juia Britannis daret,  
Regisq; lætū vivat æternū genus  
Quid fluctuaris? eigo piodis filū?  
et sponte quæsitū neci mater dabis  
An non tuorū injussa terrent vincula?  
Si cogitet protector Anglorū decus  
En; possidet natū priorem principis,  
contentus illo sit non poscit istū  
patria

Is querit unū, utrumq; mater postulo  
unum dari iogo, duos cui debuit  
At hujus horescis nihil demens minas?  
procerū vim tantū feris? natū tamen  
amittis, et tuo perire vulnere  
vides tuos, properare Cardinis patei  
matris querelæ, nec moras parvas  
facit

statim vicinā vim minatur patruus  
promissa asylo juia nec prolem tegunt  
Nunquā fugæ miles viam celeri dabit  
Armatus omnes occupat hostis locos  
Aut quæ capit fidelis amotū sedes?  
Obscura Cardindlis haud fides fuit  
sempq; sancti authoritas erat patiū

Huic filū munda tuū, Quin eripi  
singu videiē filū mater potes?  
patrisq; funus ultimum iesis domu,  
Horiūda fulminet feror Gloscestrum-  
potius, feram, patiar, manent gnatus  
modo!

Erras, utiosq; pditis et gnatiū simul  
tuosq; serie nec Gloscestrensem potes

*Card*

Dum cœca vires tua colligit, in tuā  
præceps iuinā armata infelix amoī  
Cui patruo chiam nepotem denegas,  
cui cuia majori Angliae comittitur?  
merito nos ineitia damnas simul,  
et esse stultos aiguis, quando nihil  
horum timemus, quale tu demens  
times

Cūm nos tamen Gloscestrio junxit  
duci  
assidua regni cuia, nec magis fuit  
pspecta cuiquā vita Richardi ducis

*Regina*

Tam stulta nunquā, mentis aut mops  
fui,  
vos, esse stultos ut reor cunctos,  
fidem  
vestramq; suspitione läderem mea  
Acumen ergo desidero simul et fidem  
quorū alterum si desit, in nostrū caput  
ruet luemq; patria magnam parit,  
nil sacra naturæ moiatur foedera  
Regni cupido insana nobilis fuit  
Ambitio fratrū cæde, nec maculā  
timet?

Veterū parū mentita psuasit fides  
Romana fraterno madebant sanguine  
moenia suo sin regna fratri parcei  
haud  
verentur, an frustia nepos patiū  
timet

Si regni diversa fratres incolant,  
erit salus utriq; servemus alterū,  
utrumq; servabis duos defendere  
unius in vita potes nec tutū erit

ædibus usdem vivere ambobus simul  
 Merces non ponit una singulas  
 Mercator in navi, procella quem fie  
     quens  
 jubet timere, nec marari turbines  
 rabidi solent frustia licet mihi con  
     sciae  
 iecti, loco servare sancto filii  
 me posse sperem, dura quamvis in  
     tonet  
 crudelis horrendū patiūs fulminet,  
 En filium vestris tamen manib⁹ simul  
 vobis in illo mando fratrem, quos pie  
 servare vos decebit à vobis ego  
 tum mater illū denuo repeatam, caio  
 quando omnis sumi ante judicis thronū  
 posthac simul clangente sistetur tuba  
 Tremebunda scio quæ vestra splen-  
     descit  
 fides, spatiosa quam sit dexteræ pot-  
     tentia,  
 testata tot iebus simul prudentia,  
 Nihil ut meis deesse tutandis queat  
 suspecta sin vobis potestas vestra erit,  
 Illum mihi vos p̄ deos relinquette  
 p̄ regis Eduardi throni castam fidem  
 Quantoq; me nimis timere dicitis  
 Tantū timere vos minūs, decet parū  
 O dulce pignus, alterū iegni decus,  
 spes vana matris, cui patris laudes ego  
 demens precabar frustra, avi longas  
     dies

tibi patronus adsit tot procellis alitei  
 mundi deus, tutoq; portu collocet  
 impulsa vela, mæstæ matiūs accipe  
 infixa labris oscula in felix tuis  
 Is novit unus reū habenas qui tenet,  
 quando dies lucebit altera, tuis denuo  
 cum nostra labris imprimentur oscula  
 Jam quod timebis id genus dedit tuū  
 Si vulnus haud statis miser, matris tue  
 imitare luctus sin negat lachrymas  
     tibi  
 generosus animus, at suos planct⁹  
     tamen  
 concede matri, flere novimus priūs

En, sume fletus matiūs, è misero patiū  
 quicquid relictiū funere an quicquid  
     potest  
 flebilis esse regis Eduardi nece?  
 at alteri Eduardus tamen erat, du  
     potens  
 supba regni sceptra gesta et patris,  
 hic finxit ora gnatus Eduardi minor  
 Dicendus at magis me ex uteo meus  
 Tum tu ma suffulsi meorū nobilis,  
 nec moite fatum fregit una singulos  
 Nunc dura fratrem Cæceris custodia  
 avulsit ipsum possidet iegem fides  
 metuenda Richardi reliquias en  
     patiūs  
 solas in hoc fuit una spes lapsæ  
     domus,  
 in quo simul nunc auferentur omnia  
 Quis te manet fiti exitus tristis? quib⁹  
     heu fluctib⁹ una inçōcens exponitur?  
 si dura paivū fata querunt, ultimū  
 domus tuæ funus, petam mater simul  
 viventis oculos ad mea claudā matru,  
 et matris in simu puer pereas vale  
 fili vale, matris vale solatiū  
 Qualis remota matre crudelis leo  
 prædam minorem morsibus vastis pie-  
     mens  
 raptavit oie, talis sinu meo  
 crudelis avulsit nepotem patruus

*Howard*

En candidas p̄ofusa lachrymis genas  
 varis tenellos filii artus implicet,  
 amplexibus supra spargens oscula,  
 nec plura singultus sinit anhelans  
     loqui  
 Hæsitq; medio rapta gutture egredi  
 vox jussa, nec reperit viam in felix  
     amor  
 Quid matris adeò chæra vetas pec-  
     tora?  
 post terga discedens relinquit filii.

*Cæd*

Noli timere nobilis princeps, simul

cum fratre colludes tuo , regis domū  
nil suspicare matris oībatus sinu

propriæ salutis ? quile vulnus accipit  
collapsus impeii statu, si concitus  
temere furor juvenilis opprimat insciū  
Etatis hrud mnlctui n̄ servide

### ACTUS QUINTUS

CALESBEIUS, DUX BUCK

*Cates*

Plagis tenēte lātus imbelles feias  
Glocestrius triumphat in manus suas  
optata cæcidit præda , tuta fraus loco  
versatui , obscurō tenetur carcere  
nepos uterq decora regni jam libet  
spondere sibi , solumq fratris mortui  
Qualis feras odore longo sentiens  
sagax cunis, postquā vicinā p̄æda  
pcipit,  
cervice celeui pugnat, et presso vias,  
scrutatur ore tallis omnib<sup>9</sup> modis  
optare dextris sceptra fratris dimicat,  
regnoq sperato prope Brittaniæ inhiat  
Regni futuū jacta jam sunt semina  
procerū cohors irata Reginæ nequit  
pferre stirpem poscit ad poenā ferox  
dum lite pugnant anxi, clā pdere  
dum cogitat, quicunq cœptis obstre-  
part

Duce absq Buckinghamio, sed nectere  
dolos sūos veretur, et fraudes timet.  
Jussit ducis mentem supbā incendere  
Et concitare prolis odiū regie,  
ut sceptra parvis excidant infantib<sup>9</sup>,  
patruiq Buckinghamius fraudes juvet,  
Regnumq dux incensus acquirat sibi  
Ut suspicentur interim proceres nihil,  
hi de creando rege jussi consulunt  
Catesbei, quid cessas parere duci  
thronū

Huc ferie Buckinghamiū video gradū  
animo tumet supbus huic nectam  
dolos

Flos Angliæ, præclara progenies Jovis,  
Et maximū quassæ Britaniæ decus ,  
Quid oīū securus alis, iñmemor

*Dux Bucking*

At si quis excelsi potens rul, leuis  
Imunis imperio deo suæ potest  
jactare felicem statu haud fragili loco,  
Excelsus id Buckinghamus hero-  
potest

Quodnam sed omen istud ambigui,  
jacis  
Dubio ore canceris nigri lecto specu  
an hostis in nostrum ciput frustra iuit

*Cates*

Locus sed omni liber arbitrio tricet

*Buck*

Nudate turba sevuli vestiū latus

*Cates*

Nil tumet generosa magnanimiū indoles,  
Se posse vinci, magna virtus dum  
negat  
præmia ferunt fastus sui Riverius  
heros, Grausq primus hic gradul malis  
Rex sceptra puerili manu quassans  
furit,

Minatur olim non multas fore suas  
injurias, nec dura fratris vincula,  
nec avunculi tulit sui , mater comam  
lacerata vindictam petit, minor genu  
quicquid propinquus sit, sibi fieri putat  
Nunc ergo prudens ista tecum cogita  
Nam si pepersit hostib<sup>9</sup> manus tuis,  
et traxerunt matris propinquū spiritū,  
Nunquā tuas cessabit in poenas furor  
At si timori spiritū evomant tuo,  
iramq justam sanguine extinguant suo  
Regem timebis, scelere dum vincet  
scelus  
domusq cognatæ fremat diram luem.

*Buck*

Furor brevis pueri statim uestinguitur

*Cates*

At ira præceps est magis pueri levis

*Buck*Minuet dies, vehemens quod est iuet  
illoco*Cates*Nunquam sinit parentis inmensus dolor  
mori incitant matrem suorū vincula  
Et filiū matris quæreret*Buck*

Criminis

pars istius Glocestrius fuit

*Cates*

Furor

satiatur ultione Sontem negligit  
punit scelus*Buck*Ducis potest authoritas  
felociam pueri minuere*Cates*

Dum puer

est

*Buck*

At suū semp timebit patrum

*Cates*Quenquam timeat nescit imperium  
decus*Buck*Quod nos tueri salubrie consilium  
potest*Cates*Quod principi necem vestram solum  
vetat*Buck*

Pulsabit usq; matris ira filium

*Cates*

Nocere mortuus nihil gnatus potest

*Buck*

Mali medcla sola tollere principem

*Cates*Vinci nisi scelere novo scelus nequit  
Quoddam scelus honestum necessitas  
facitPlagis tenetur capta dispositis fera  
Quasi vinculis uteq; servatur nepos  
levi peribunt Claudiū nutu ducis  
periere jam jam, si tibi nunc consulas  
Glocestrium munitsatellesclam ducere  
mores notat secretos excubitor tuos  
qualem tuorum minimè falsam putes,  
adversus illum fortè si quicquam pares  
Nihil timendū si vides, time tamen  
incerta multoū fides constans nihil  
Inimica crede cuncta turbatus solet  
simulare multa vultus, et finget dolos  
Frati Thyestes liberos credens suos,  
mistum suoū sanguinem genitor  
bibit[*Buck*]Quid nunc, cur hæres quodne consiliū  
diu

Vesane toiques Carceri hæroas datos

an poenitebit? hoc inertis est viii

Hinc regis ita tearet an puerū times?

An foeminā? nam fata cognatos pre-  
muntVersant illinc odia splendidi Ducis  
cujus potestas summa, quem cuncti tie-  
muntQuæris salutem? tutus hinc eris magis  
confide sumis, et fidem præsta Duci,*Cates*

Properata Regem fata si vita eximant

parabit hæres sceptræ Richardus sibi

Tu sola jactatæ columnæ patræ

ambire regnū ope dux tua Glocestrius

facile potest utriq; vitam munies.

*Buck*

Nunqā meo ludet ciuore regius puer  
 Cujus minas satiabit eleptū caput  
 Jactura parva principis, vitam suā  
 seivare si posses paūm pueros de-  
 cent

decoia regni matris hoc iegnū in-  
 vidæ  
 haud regis esset, cuius impulsu in  
 necem  
 solū suorū armatu iratus puer

DUX BUCK DUX GLOCEST CATLS-  
 BEIUS

*Buck*

O Claudiæ recto, Ebori domus  
 spes una, nec non periculi consors  
 mei  
 nobis gravem tuus paiat necem nepos  
 Casus suorū mæstus Eduardo satus  
 plangit, minasq; fletib<sup>9</sup> miscet graves  
 Abdenda vinculis opaci carceris  
 infausta proles Regis, an ñra nece  
 sue domus litabit ultrices deos

*Gloc*

Horrere vindicis potentiae faces\*  
 cogunt trucesq; regis irati minæ  
 salubre præcipitare consiliū jubet  
 Quò longius serpit malū robustius  
 fier solet, brevisq; consilus moia  
 datur

*Buck*

Medela tristis ingenti malo  
 paratur en facilè scelus vinci nequit  
 Sempq; minatur ira cæca principis  
 vindicta sceptro armata pugnat ace-  
 rumè

Testor deum verū, sumumq; cælorū  
 decus,  
 quodcumq; consulas, sequor vitæ  
 ducem

*Gloc*

Tiemulos p irtus horro! excutit vagus  
 Juvenile novi regis, ingeniu, ferox  
 indocile, flecti non potest? frangi  
 potest

Si pitiāmūr, exitū pirat nobis grave,  
 redimere vitam vinculis regis licet,  
 At heu pudet fratre nra regnū demere  
 undiq; frequens iudei Lancastriū genu,  
 lapsamq; gaudebit domu amuli sui  
 Consulere sed vite quia proprie juvat,  
 nec patriā decet onerare luctib<sup>9</sup>.  
 fraterna posco sceptra jure sanguinis,  
 vestraeq; fautores salutis vos voco  
 Coepitis tuā si spondeas nostris fidem,

Juro supremos qui tonant cœlum  
 deos,  
 natus meus solamen unicū, tuā  
 gnatam maritus uxorem ducet sibi  
 Quod vendicas Herfordiensis eris  
 comes,  
 aquis caiebit Thamesis, æquor pisci-  
 bus  
 partes prius quam pfidus linquā tuas.

*Cates*

Nunc ergo copta vota demens pfice,  
 primūmq; Regulos ad aicem trans-  
 feras

famulosq; substituas novos nepotibus,  
 dicto tuo quos audientes autumas,  
 Et nulla deinceps ad Regem pateat  
 via  
 populi strepitū ad tuos transfer lares,  
 et subditorum averte regi lumina,  
 calcentq; tua posthac clientes limina

*Gloc*

Quin Angliae proceres latè fraudem  
 convenit  
 dum rapta nostris sceptra manib<sup>9</sup>  
 caderent.

*Cates*

Adhuc corona regiū cingi caput  
 non posse dimissi docebut nunti

tuoq jussu confluat procerū cohors  
ut magna celebrentur comitia Britan-

næ

dum cogitabundi suū capiunt iter,  
et ubi undati manebunt viib⁹,  
et arma meditantes priusquā junger-  
ent,

Inculta cū sit invicem fides sibi,  
elepta puerō sceptrā tutus posside

*Bucking*

At nobilem non fallet Hastingū dolos  
Stanleius heros urbe quoq confidet,  
Antistes Eliensis astum intelligent  
Si clam coire sepatim senserint

*Gloc*

De reb⁹ Angliae gravissimis ut consu-  
lant  
coire proceres singuli jussu meo,  
ne nostra cœpta intentus anim⁹ occupet

*Bucking*

At quis tui simul comes consiliū erit  
Res magna paucis expediri non potest

*Gloc*

Quem non metu posessa sceptrā com-  
priment  
Deesse nostro authoritas voto nequit

*Buck*

Pervince multis præmis vulgus leve  
donisq cumula plurimis, qui paib⁹  
ut hæreant tuis facile duci queant  
vincere pecunia quos nequit, coget  
timor

*Cates*

Difficile procerū animos statim cog-  
nosceie

*Gloc*

Quasi publicis de reb⁹ anxius nimis  
quos suspicor sollicitus usq consulā  
dum multa proponā dubius, et vol-  
vimus

secreta iegni, mens patebit abdita  
Hastingus unus principi palā studet,  
et debitos difficit honores regulis  
hic gratus Anglis et potens multū  
mea  
juvare sceptra, vel mori prius decet

*Cates*

Is principi favebat Eduardo nimis  
nunquā potest promissa convelli fides

*Gloc*

Tentare pversam decet mentem magis  
Forsan virū frangas reluctantem metu,  
ego interim rebus Britannis consulā

*Cates*

Quid nunc agis Catesbeie? quin tibi  
consulas  
nunc avoca astus animi, nunc fraudes,  
dolos,

Totum Catsberū Thronū si particeps  
fiaudis Ducis procuret Hastingus  
fidem

tibi derogas, minusq posthac creditur  
si spirītu pemtus inimicus expuat,  
quasi plinax amor colat pueros minus:  
præesse solus tu potes Lecestræ  
successor Hastingi duces ciedent  
magis

bene est perat, ut nostra creseat  
gloria

Infausta dirus rumpat ensis viscera.  
Studeie fingam Regulis durū nimis,  
flecti nec ulla ptinax posset prece

*STANLEIUS, HASTINGUS.**Stan*

Pectus stupet, dubiòq pculsū metu  
agitatur, huc illuc rotatur, nec potest  
se evolvere omnatur aliquod mens  
malū

divulsa quid consilia sibi locis volunt?  
dum pars in arce, pars alia prætorio

deliberat novit tonans patei ill quid  
disjunctus heros mente versat calide  
Nervos vel imperio inhiare, vel necem  
nobis, vel insidias struere regi queat  
Hoc quicquid est metuo nimis

*Hast*

Ponas metū  
Illustre Stanlei genus, nec torqueat  
suspiro mentem vana nihil in nos  
grave  
patiare possunt, quamdiu meus simul  
Catesbeius adsit (inde qui nunquam  
solet  
abesse) quod velut ore prolatum suo  
absens licet non audio

*Stan*

fides et adultera  
non raro tecta fronte blanda abscon-  
ditu  
Virtutis umbra turpe pugnat vitii  
falsumq; vultu haud exprimunt pauci-  
dies,

*Hast*

Cumulata meritis firma constitit fides  
Jussu meo Lecestrī sumē colunt,  
Multūq; Northamtonius potens valet  
terū mearū sumā in illo colloco

*Stan*

Serū est cavendi tempus in medius  
malis,  
libido regni cæca nullā vim timet,  
Imbellis ætas regis obruitur statim,  
In nosq; secretū nefas post sæviet,  
quoscunq; participes timet sceleris sui,  
in nuda præda pñdis sumus hostib;  
repetamus at patrios lares celeri gradu  
ubi sepiat suis clientes vñibus  
Incopta fortè pñdis metuet furor

*Hast*

Frustra timemus prosperam sortem  
satis

vebis benignis alloqui, blandi Duce-  
solent, mihiq; plurimum semp student  
Et ipse populi vota, rumors, metus  
communicavi Catesbeio dudu meo  
Torquebit alios curu magni principis  
quærunt ducem cives, nepotem neg-  
ligunt

Quod ista me celavit, haud t̄que facio  
fugare lubet? nos arguet r̄cos fuga  
atq; revocatos n̄ p̄deret magis

Futos manentes vita servat inocens  
Si nō malū maneret, alterius velim  
scelesta mens, non nostra dannaret  
fuga

Fiaus ista (crede) nullā quam demens  
times

Rude prius in cœlū chaos mutabitur,  
prius astra teirs hæreant, flamine  
salū,  
quam fallat astrinctam fidem Cates-  
beius

*Stan*

Mox exitus tantis malis fidem debit

DUX GLOC, CATESBEIUS, HOWARDI  
EQUESTRIS ORDINIS

*Dux Gloc*

Spes concutit mentem metusq; tu-  
bidā,  
trepidumq; gemino pectus eventu la-  
bat

Imago regni semp erat ante oculos  
mihi,  
et usq; dubium impellit ambitio gravis  
turbatq; pectus flama regni concita  
nescit quiescere sceptra nunc tantū  
placent

Non desinā dum sumā votorū attigi  
Multum exagitat incerta nobiliū fides  
cui nostra ceutus consilia credam haud  
scio

Nec sunt loco tuto sitæ fraudes meæ.

*Howard*

Quid pectus anxiū tumultu veiberas?  
nescit timere quisquis audet magna,  
jam  
regnū petis, fortuna fortis adjuvat  
ars prima regni posse te cives metu  
retinere qui cives timet, i<sup>e</sup>belles  
excitat  
Audebit omnia quisquis imperio regit  
et duri tractat sceptra regali manu

*Gloc*

Pectus nihil ptui bat ignavus metus  
Excede pietas, mente si nostra lates  
Tuetur ensis quicquid invitū tenes  
Aperire nunc ferro decet fraudi viā,  
mactetur hostis, quisquis obstabat  
mihi

*Howard*

Quid Pontefracti vinculis captos tenes  
matris propinquos, nec mori tandem  
jubes?  
Indulta vita cæteris animos dabit,  
et ultro poenas mite suppliū vocat  
Ferro perempti spiritum infestū ex  
puant  
firmes amicos, cæteri metu labant

*Gloc*

Hostes simul perue præsentes volo,  
obstare quos sceptris meis novi sagax,  
et unus omnes occupet pariter metus  
Quorū dubia studio resistit meus levī  
Illos prement mox dura captos vin-  
cula  
Quo flectit Hastingus animū

*Catsb*

Tantū in tuū

caput

*Gloc*

Meis adjutor esse ptibus  
renuit

*Catsb*

Prius profundat arctus Ithicū

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fretū et rapax consistet aqua Siculi  
maris,  
Noxq<sup>z</sup> atia terris ante splendorem  
dabit  
Fraudes abominatur feriox quassans  
caput  
Et semp Eduardū fidelem filius  
fore spondet, hostem regis hostil<sup>b</sup>  
gravē

*Gloc*

Quid arma possunt regis irati, sciet,  
iramq<sup>z</sup> nostram sanguine extinguet  
suo  
Discant parere principi metu sui,  
At qua via mactabo vesanū caput?

*Catsb*

Conjugis amore captus insanit Shoni,  
Flamas libido nec furentes continent  
Hanc arguas capiti beneficis tuo  
mortem struere causam suæ sin  
pellicis  
amore cæcūs, et furore servidus  
tuetur infelix patronus, consciū  
sceleris nefandi suspicelis illico,  
et proditoem patriæ incusa sive  
mox amput secuis infaustum caput.

*Gloc*

Proceres in arcem confluent jussu  
meo  
statim favere quos Regi scio  
palam opprimam, reumq<sup>z</sup> criminis  
arguā  
satelles abscondet bipenni mox caput  
nec sentiet senatus insidias stupens.

*Catsb*

Sin abstinet sacris comitūs callidus  
heros, novus querendus est fraudi  
modus

*Gloc*

At illico invise inclytum Howarde  
caput,

L

blandisq; vocibus morantem concita  
sacris abesse comitiis noli pati.

*Catsb.*

Solumne poscis diræ Hastingū neci?

*Gloc.*

Stanleius heros, atq; Cardineus pater,  
Præsul Eliensis comprimentur vin-  
culis,  
animum ut fidelem carceris donet  
specus.

Sin impotenti ptinax snimo abnuat  
quisquam nec Hastingi monet tristes  
lues:

ferrū secabit triste noxiū caput:  
Infida strictus ensis eruet viscera.  
Res et profecto stulta nequitiae mo-  
dus.

HASTINGUS HEROS, HOWARDUS  
HASTING<sup>9</sup> MILES CALLIGATUS.

*Hast. Heros.*

Miror quid huc eunti equus humi tur-  
piter  
prōsternitur, deus omen avertet malū  
sed vana sortis quid movent ludibria?

Et dura Stanleius tremebat somnia,  
visū sibi aprū nuntiat somno caput,  
lacerare dente, mox fluit humeris  
cruor,  
mihiq; demens consulit, turpem fugam  
Lasciva nos fortuna gestit ludere  
ridetq; turbatos levi casu viros,  
quibus tamen nihil minatur invida.

*Howard.*

propera nobile Hastinge caput, celera  
gradu.

*Hast. Her.*

Felix ades tandem sacrate diis pater,  
secretas aures accommoda paululū mihi.

*Howard.*

Omitte tandem: quid sacerdotem diu  
affare? confessore nil adhuc opus,  
nihil sui securus infelix videt  
mox quām sibi sacerdote damnato  
opus erit.

*Hast. Her.*

Hastinge, nunquā excidet menti dies  
olim nefanda, tristes et nimis, istius  
quando sub arcis mœnib<sup>9</sup> totus tre-  
mens  
diræ metu necis, ultimò te viderim?

*Hast. Miles Calligatus.*

O nominis decus unicū tibi, et genus  
illustre, nunquā tam gravis casus  
mihi  
aut tristis excidit: tibi nullū tamen  
(Diis gratia) malū tum necis lucrū;  
fuit  
Æquata sors utrisq; fuit.

*Hast. Her.*

Imo magis  
hoc dices, secreta mentis nostræ si  
cognoscet: quod singuli posthac  
scient,  
At nemo adhuc. Oh Hastinge nun-  
quā quod sciem  
vitæ magis dubius fui quam illo die  
Nunc temporū mutata series. ad  
necem  
hostes trahuntur Pontefracti isto die  
nostram crux suo quitem sanciunt.  
Nunquā magis securus ex animo meo  
Hastinge, vixi, nec metu magis vacat  
jactata nullis fluctib<sup>9</sup> vita.

*Hast. Miles.*

faxit.

Il dens

*Hast. Her.*

Quid hæres.

*Hast Mi*

Id precor

*Hast Her*

Scio satis

*Howard*

Quin rumpis heros nobilis segnes  
moras

Nam te diu senatus expectat sagittarum  
De ieb<sup>9</sup> ut tot consulant nobile caput

Descenscit heu nescit miser tūstem  
sibi

Iuueni paraui Ah quid nimis pueris  
faves?

Te te fefellit falsa Catsbei fides,  
captuq; plagiis p̄seida retineris miser

DUX GLOC DUX BUCK HAS<sup>G</sup> HER  
EPISC ELIENS SATELLIS

*Dux Buck*

Quam magna regni cuius tutorem pre-  
mit,

Ducemq; vexat Claudianū, quis patres  
Ignorat, hunc solum intuetur Anglia,

Suisq; reb<sup>9</sup> poscit authorem ducem  
Vestrā seorsim selegit prudentiā

quorū fidele consultant canū caput  
Et ut procuere anxius negotia

celebrae comitia regis anxius studet.

Quō regiū diadema caput cingeret,  
ut gratus esse mortuo frītu queat,

cujus sepulti filiū exoinat piē

*Gloc*

Veneranda o patiū cohors, et max-  
imū

Potentis imperiū decus faustū deus  
indulgeat nunc rebus istis exiū

Nec somniator ego nimis tardus fui,  
qui tam frequenti seruus adsū cuius,

Somnus negotius consultor est gravis  
meis

Tantumne mane lectulo elapsus senex

Eliensis antistes venis? senem quies,  
Juvenem labor decei ferunt horiū  
tuū  
decora fragia plurimū producere

*Episcop Eliens*

Nil tibi claudetur, horitus quod meus  
producit esset laetus vellem mihi,  
quō sim tibi gratus

*Gloc*

Quid imperiū status,  
Salusq; regni poscat, et patriæ decus,  
vestris adhuc jactate consilii patres,  
Abesse cogunt paululū negotia  
nec sit molestus foitē discessus, pcor

*Hast Her*

Operiū navare maximam, patres  
decet,

ut dum gerit rex sceptra puerili manu,  
pellamus omnem fortiter discordiā,  
quae scissa nup regna diu exercuit,

Iloc flagitat secuia patiue silus,  
clarq; poscit mollis actas principis,  
et ultimo fides sacramento data

Regi sepulto majus hoc nullū fuit  
Regni satellitiū Ego proceres si

invicē  
concentrūt, florebit hoc regnū diu  
Si invicem dissentiant bievi ruet

Pugare tandem patiūt macula de-  
cet,

et scelere nosmet liberare pessimo.  
Sed ecce retro dux venit dubio gradu.

quassans caput torvo supculo fitit  
Duo labellū dente comprimit ferox,  
et pectore irato tegit dirū malū

*Gloc*

Quas destinatis his patres poenas, suis  
Qui nunc veneficiis mihi exitū parant,  
qui sum supbo regis ortus sanguine,  
Iutorq; declaratus hujus insule

*Hast Her.*

Quas patiæ pseire debet proditor  
Nec moror honorem, nec excuso de-  
cus

*Gloc*

Sensus mihi omnes fratris uiri fas-  
cinat

*Hast*

Verbis stupentes triste dimittunt  
caput

Justas luit regina poenas pessima  
paru tamen placet, quod aures hæc  
meas  
adhuc latebant fraude captivi mea  
erant propinquai matris hodie jam  
meis  
hi Pontefiacti capite plectuntui dolis

*Gloc*

Comitata modò regina Shori conjugè  
Suis venifica cantibus me prodidit  
Fluit tabo coipus, occuli somnū neg-  
ant,

Stomacho invidet lentū tibi fastidiū,  
Vénas hiantes deserit pulsus crux,  
exangue brachiū exaruit, officiū negat

*Hast*

Heu, frigido cor palpitat tiemulū  
metu

Num pulcia destinatur morti pallaca ?  
pereunt amores concubinā conjugis  
Regina nunquā consuleiet usquā sui  
Timent loqui Securus alloquar  
ducem

Si fecerint gravissimas poenas lunat

*Gloc*

Si fecerint ? itanae mihi ? si fecerint ?  
quū dico factū quod tuū luet caput,  
Scelesti proditor.

*Satell*

Let ye Protec-  
tor give a blow on  
ye counsel table  
and let one of ym  
of ye gard break  
in thereat with his  
halb and strike ye  
I Stanley on ye  
head

proditi, proditio

*Gloc*Ie perduellionis esse  
aio reū*Epin. Eliens*

Percusit (hic) clivū Sistelles Stanleū  
An occidit, stillans rigat gena, crux

*Gloc*

Vos pduellem date neci, servi, statim,  
Sacri morituro mox sacerdos finiet  
Juro sacrū Paulū, prius non prandeo,  
Poenas quam mihi pendat abscissum  
caput

Patremq Cardineū, Eliensem præsu-  
lem,

Dominum Stanleum coercere vinculis  
Sceleris poenas Shoria pellec impu-  
dens

damnata psolvet, jubente judice

*Hast*

Quis nostra digne conqueui potest  
mala ?  
heu, quas miseri voces dabo ? quæ  
lachrimis

nostris Aedon exhibet luctus graves ?  
O machinator fraudis et diri artifex  
sceleris, mearū prodidit fallax amor  
blandaq tectū fronte secretū malū ;  
cur invident seveia fata vitam in  
mea

quid morte tam potens erit veisutia ?  
suūq cumulat gaudiū luctu meo ?

Sed parce demens lachrymis Testor  
sacrū

heu numen adversum mihi simul  
voco

quocunq defugistis intus inferi  
terris opacis innocens morti trahor,  
Simplex fides non intrat aulā nec pie

Dedit supra pompa vivere, in meā  
statim

Fortuna poenā mutat inimicas dotes

*Gloc*

An luctus attonitos muliebūs coīno-  
vet?

tantas moras suadere lachrymæ que-  
ant?

non abiūpitis hunc? impio ferro cūput  
auferte Quid cunctamini istū per  
dere

*Hast*

Gaudet dolor sua fata multis spar-  
gere

neç solus in poenam placet vestras  
colos

sævæ sorores impetrat lucent genus  
mortale cæca fata præmonstrant  
malū

vitare, quod vetant tamen Perter  
itus

somno nihil Stanleus hæc os coīnovet  
Ileu viſus est laceiare caput utriq

aper

frendens cruento dente, longus de-  
fluit

cruor p humeros insignia dederunt  
apri

nomen Glocestrio ter lapsus insi-  
denti equus

cedidit, senatū dum nefandū viserem

*Gloc*

Isti malū sibi quærunt satellites  
qui dum moras faciunt inanæ fletib<sup>9</sup>  
demetere cessant impiū ferro caput

*Hast*

Hei mihi, salutis nulla spes? nunc  
ad necem

trahite, quib<sup>9</sup> fortuna jus in nos dedit  
quid iachrimis miser moror? pio

manus

ciuore spargite Ultimū solis vale

cœleste jubar proditum reparans  
diem

Vale cohorte nobilis nitida soror  
Phœbæ queta longa jam nov obruet

**DUX GLOC CIVES LONDINENS  
NUNTIUS**

*Gloc*

Cives properate hic adestis prope  
licet,

Serò nimis nobis, in aice quos modo  
Hastingus impiū consortes sui  
sceleris pmisent, Deus si non opem  
tulisset idq licet diu celaverint  
astu ante decimā solis (ut sit) istius  
pcepimus metuq subito pciti  
quæcumq casus arma dedit (ut cern-  
ituis)

miseri induimus, ipsiq jum opprimun-  
tur aut

Virtute nostra, gratia vel Cœlitū  
magis dolí hujus principis in pessimos  
ac sceleris authores redundabit malū.  
Nunc ergo vos jussu vocati estis meo,  
inīne quia constaret omnibus nefas,  
p vos ut inotesceret quærerib<sup>9</sup>

*Cives*

Jussus fideles exequemur sedulō  
O ptinax scelus mendacio cædem  
tegens

blandaq tantū fronte contentū malū?  
quis nescit inīnes dolos sævi ducis,  
dubitatiq captū fraude nobilem virū?  
suū scelus plerūq in authorem redit,  
prius in alios postquā crudelis sævii.

*Nunt*

Corucus Hastingi hausit ensis spiritu

*Cives*

Ut gesta res est, quæso paucis ex-  
pedi

*Aunt.*

Postquā ad locū durus satelles traxerit,  
ad astra tollit heros lumina :  
Ex ore casto concipit Deo preces  
Quæcunq; nostra contumax supbia,  
supplitia meruit (inquit) ô numen  
sacrū,  
utinam meo jam jam luatur sanguine.  
Vix ultimas moratur carnifex preces  
qui solvit illico ense corporis obicem.

*Cives.*

Extinguit Hastingū suorū ingens  
favor,  
animusq; lœtis credulus rebus nimis,  
nec triste suspicatur integer scelus,  
authore donec miserè amico plectitur.  
Sed hic gradum confert ad arma ser-  
viens,  
Quid civib⁹ clamare quærerit publicè.

*Serviens ad Arma.*

Cœptis nefandis hic scelestus proditor  
Hastingus, horrendi caput primū  
mali  
Et turba pjuro gerens morem duci,  
struxere tectos principis Glocestrii  
vitæ dolos, alti⁹ Buckinghamii,  
Ultriq; dum sacro senatu consident :  
Ut sic ruinosæ pemptis Angliæ  
Rectorib⁹, sedis supremæ culmina  
Scàndant supbi summa, celso vertice.  
quamvis inepti, qui ruentis maxima  
Regni gubernarent Britanni pondera.  
Quis nescit Hastingum parentem prin-  
cipis

traxisse secū ? turpiter quis regiū  
nescit malis foedasse nomen morib⁹ ?  
Splendore vel spoliasse regnū pristino  
dictis suis, factis suis, turpem virū ?  
Quis nescit Hastingi libido pdita  
quot virginū passim pudorem pdidit ?  
Lecti⁹ rupit conjugalis foedera,

amplexus infames adulter pellices.  
Nam Shora pellex nota scortū nobile,  
hujusq; cædis piceps et consci.,  
Hunc nocte polluto supraea lectulo  
acepit amplexu parū castè suo  
Ut moite pœnas jure pendat maximas,  
turpem gravi qui scelere vitam pol-  
luit.

Ne si diu dilata damnati foret  
mors traditoris, marte funesto suā  
jurata poscat turba demens principem  
Quæ pœna festinata fallet singulis,  
Dirosq; in tantū tumultus comprimet.

*Cives.*

Preceps agendi magna pturbat modu-  
sœtumq; festinans parit serū canis.

*Civis alter.*

Hæc scripta sunt alto prophetæ  
spiritu  
Nam tantulo quī tanta possent tem-  
pore  
vel cogitari dicta, vel sic exprimi  
Pulcre mihi sanè violentur literæ,  
pulcrè depingi videtur chartula,  
et pulchra postremò loquendi formula,  
Illud tamen mirū videtur maximè,  
tam pulchra tam pvo parari tempe.

*Civis.*

En Shorā tremulū cereum gerens  
manu,  
Induta pœnas linteo infames luit,  
Regum inclyta meretrix tyranno dat  
duci  
pœnas, pater descendere Jupiter, et  
thoro  
tam grata pignora nunc tuo rape :  
nam tuā  
Lædam vel Europā, puta deserere  
polū,  
Oh misera, me miseret tui, piget,  
pudet :  
(Licet impudica mulier, et minus  
proba)

Privaie vita dum nequit Dux Claudius  
spoliare foris quærit natus tibi

## PROCESSIO SOLEMNIS

## CHORUS

Preces Deo fundamus oīe supplices,  
Ne sit nota polluta mens adultera

- 1 Fidem tue e conjugū  
Lectum p̄obio libera  
Defende priuatos thōos  
Fuitiva ne lædat Venus
- 2 Quemcunq̄ facti p̄mitet  
Purga solutum cūmune

Exempla sanent posteros  
Fuitiva ne foedet Venus

## EPILOGUS

Quas diuus admovit Richardus machi  
nas,  
quintisq̄ regnandi libido luctibus  
affectat afflictam videtis patriam,  
Ut celsa regni scandat altus culmina  
Fiendens aper, regni lnes, Glocestrus,  
Illustris H̄estingi ciuor defunditur,  
quod regulis vivus faverat p̄vulis  
Regno repugnantes novo Riverus,  
Vahanus et Gaius represi canceris  
horrore, læthali p̄muntur vulnere

## THE SHIWE OF THE PROCESSION

A Tipstaffe  
Shore's Wife in her petticoate, haveinge a tiper  
burninge in her hand  
The Verger  
Singing men  
P̄æbendaries  
The Bishope of London  
Citizens

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## ACTIO SECUNDA

## DRAMATIS PERSONÆ

Mr PALMAR, Dux Glocestrensis  
M<sub>1</sub> STRINGER, Dux Buckinghamie  
M<sub>1</sub> BAYLY, Lovellus Heios  
M<sub>1</sub> ALMY, Prætor Londinensis  
Mr WEBSTER, Fitz Willia, Recordor London, ut vulgo  
loquutur, Civis amicus Shawi  
Mr CLAYDON, Doctor Shawe  
Ds MORRELL, Civis Primus  
Ds FRAUNCE, Civis secundus  
Mr SMITH, Hospes

|   |  |
|---|--|
| D <small>s</small> R <small>ICHARD</small> F <small>ERD</small> M <small>ER</small><br>D <small>s</small> M <small>ICHAEL</small> H <small>ENRY</small> | Nobilis<br>Servus unus et alter Buck<br>Foggs<br>Figge }<br>} Muti<br>Duo Epis |
|---|--|

## ARGUMENTUM

Postquam hos omnes in potestatem suam Richardus dux Glocestrensis rede-  
gisset, quorum eiga regem fidem metuebat quorum Hastingum nobilem morte  
affecit, caeteros in carcerem conjecisset, in id studium sedulao incumbit, ut  
citò sui in Regni injustam possessionem venuat Itaq; ut Londinensis fraude  
induceret, ut ultro cum caeteris nobilibus regnum sibi deferant, Regis ortu,  
fratrisq; sui ducis Eboracensis parvuli damnavit, Regem Eduardum fratrem,  
non ita multò ante defunctū, adulteriu p ducem Bucking in Curia Praetoris  
accusavit, neq; sui ipsius matu Ducissae quandā Eboracensi pepercit Tandem  
delatam sibi Majestatem, quam tantopeie inhiebat, ægre ut videbatur assu-  
mens soleñibus comitis coronatur

## ACTUS PRIMUS

DUX GLOCESTRENSIS DUX BUCK LOVELLUS  
HEROS

Gloc

Illustris heroū propago, Duci genus  
insigne Buckinghamiorū, particeps  
nostriq; consilii Lovelle nobilis  
Quin rumpimus segnes moras strenuū  
decet  
fore, magna quisquis cogitat, res nihil  
habet  
Isthæc periculi audire decet haud  
amplus

quis influentis dona sortis respuit?  
Regem potest creare Buckinghamius  
donor ducis erat semp hic amplissimi  
virtute te natura firma roborat,  
et corporis vestivit anxia dotibus  
Tibi rursus aciem inclusit ingenii pa-  
rem,

Nec te magis Minerva quinquā lumi-  
nat

Sequi decet, natura quo præstans  
vocat

tantū potest excelsa Buckinghamius  
Tolluntur hostes ecce suspecti mihi,  
omnesq; diri carceris vincula premunt,  
Regis favor quos armat in regnum  
meū

Jubere cunctos voce licet una moni  
Hastingus interemptus heros occidit  
Stanleus heros continetur vinculis  
Et Eliensem Episcopū carcer domat  
reliqui jacent, tertia specu clausi, meis  
quicunq; ceptis impiū favent parū

Buck

Puerum levem regnare? fortunæ jocus  
Insciva ridens sceptra miscet litibus  
Virtus suo succumbet infans ponderi  
Tuo cogita quosnā stiuis regno dolos

Nunquā tuos jussus relinquā ptinax.  
res expedire magnas nescit illico.

*Gloc.*

En ipsa temporum jubet securitas  
audacter aggredi prius quæ consulis,  
animis oportet prævidere singula,  
res arduas nec aggredi temere decet.  
Quis exitus rerum futurus cogitat  
Sapiens prius. [Gerenda cuncta pro-  
vide.]

*Lovell.*

Quicquid timendū, juncta consilia ex-  
plicant  
En temporis nimium premunt angus-  
tiae,  
quo regiū caput corona cingeret !  
Nunc ergo cunctis impandū publicē,  
Ut non sacris statim comitiis con-  
fluant

Regni moras psuadet occasio gravis  
ne cingat antē caput corona Reguli,  
quam luceat secunda Novembris dies  
Hic destinatus est dies solennibus  
dum cogitant mora tarda quid velint  
sibi

Patrios lares procul relinquentes suis.  
dum viribus nudati adessent, Nobiles  
Incerta dū dubios opinio torqueat,  
mutuāq; suspicentur incerti fidem,  
agitata mente consilia nec digerant  
suam priusquā vim rebelles jungenter:  
tu rapta pueris sceptra tutus posside  
Mox nomini devicta succumbet tuo  
invidia, dū ferro repellat principem.

*Buck.*

Ferat licet decepta nobiliū cohors  
animusq; prudens ferro tentaret nihil  
ad arma junget ptinax populi foror,  
motuq; cæco rapitur, in præceps ruit,  
quocunq; fertur: verba convenient  
feris  
pjuste factis: victa nec cedet metu

concepta rabies temere, qualis  
serio Mæander funditur rapiens, pati  
Neque scit resistentem sibi, et dirū  
fremit.

*Lovell.*

Mulcere blandis plebis ingeniu ferox  
decet, sequitur lubens, et ultro pellitur  
At quem suorū civiu favor beat  
inter suos, nec parva micat authoritas,  
tractare molliū rudem mentem potest,  
tuū psuaderi regnū civibus,  
Urbs Anglie præclara Londinu tuis.  
Inducta votis si saveret, vicimus :  
errore capti cæteri cedent pari:  
Possessa regna facile ferro munies,  
At quis color regni probetur civibus,  
ne decepi captos rigaces senserint ?  
irata se plebs graviter illudi feret.

*Buck.*

Infœsta gens tot lassa vincitur malis :  
stragemq; majorem minantur parvuli  
Lasciva regna : Anglia novas lites  
timet :  
et matris haud cessabit in poenas furor.  
Tua regna luctus auferent teterimos,  
qui natus es regiū supbo sanguine,  
tantamq; regni sustines molem sagax.

*Lovell.*

Iustum facile plebs sentiet callida dolū,  
causamq; regni credet injustam fore.

*Gloc.*

Quidni dolis facilis patet nostris via  
Palā fratriis damnentur infames thori  
pudica sceptræ non ferunt probriū :  
spurios vetant regnare jura filios.  
Amore postquam rex flagraret Luciae  
setate tam calcante dum notas prius  
iterum Venus furtiva delicias petat  
et libido sævis nec modu flammis dedit,  
temere spospondit Luciae regni thoros,  
illaq; paicipem sui regni vocat.

Expeita sepe Venus parit fastidium  
sordent amores Lucis tu principi,  
Nec surta lecto querit obscuro impio  
bus

Decepit animum conjugi obstrictum sure,  
et possidet Regina promissos thorus  
Tum Lucia locum pulsa pellici dedit,  
adhuc rapaces nil timens sati minas  
Hinc filios, genem suo infimes pater  
genuit adulteri (vulnus Anglie grave)  
Nec adhuc thionus maculam tulit solum  
patris

Lectum priorem lusit impudens amor  
Nostrum parentis Eboricensis ducis  
Thalamis ducissae turpe mentiti viri  
Vestigium seietus invenit comes,  
Coitus nefandos nec dolus tegeat po-  
test

Socium tæde sciunt, pudetq; cuminis  
foedæq; matris foeda proles rex fuit,  
Eduardus, ignoto deceptus filio  
incesta sceptra detulit falsus pater  
Diversa siatis ora patiem denegari,  
moresq; degeneres fratru meus pater  
vultus habebat, talis aspectu fuit,  
Imago dissimilis fratri stuprum docet  
Amoris haeres turpis, haud regni fuit

*Buck*

Et jure vendicas dolos quid querimus?  
fatetur æquitatis istud plurimum  
Iter patet coepitis Quid utendū arti-  
bus?  
quomodo ista turbæ verba constabunt  
levi?  
aut cujus in tantis dolis sequeris  
fidem?

*Gloc*

Nil frigidus coi torqueat tremulum me-  
tus  
Quæ non secreto vincitur prælio  
fides?  
Civem potentem facile Londonum dabit,

Et qui dolos tegere sagittæ nostros po-  
test,  
animosq; blandus commovet civium  
Mulusq; vincere Iundinenses premus  
Inter suos Praetor valet pluimulm  
vivos honoris ambit et fluxus opes,  
multumq; vivæ mentis instigat furor  
Reddet fidelem pessimis honoris improba  
et pellit usq; longam numerum satis

*Jovell*

Falsis sacris nihil fallacius fuit  
plebem facile mentiti ludunt numina  
Animus statim devotus impetum dabit  
Si praeco scripture fidelis, dum sacra  
insculpit aurib; pess oracula,  
divini vel pracepta populo psonet,  
Commemoret olim fraude deceptos  
thionos

Lectio probiū, vulnus et clavis domus

*Buck*

Vii literis insignis est Doctor Shue  
Praetori enim matie conjunctus frater  
Hunc laude ditarunt frequentes literæ  
Fucata cives sanctitas mirè allicit,  
cujus tamen menti facilè labes sedet,  
hoc munus exequi fidele qui potest

*Gloc*

Aliqui meorum accersat urbis Londoni  
Praetorem, honore inter suos magno  
viru,  
sumiq; tinctu literis fratrem Shauiu  
Ubi Praetor animos civium demulcerit,  
Et nostra regna civib; pssuerit  
hos convenit pleno senatu te alloqui  
Muatur illustrem ducem vulgus rude  
Fulgore populus captus attonitus  
stupet,  
lapsuq; caelitus deu putat sibi  
Vultu tuo plebs victa succumbit statim  
dulci veneno mori stupentes opprime  
ut filios pari insequantur et odio,

Promille libertatis alta præmia,  
urbem beabit lecta civiū quies,  
et fine nullo crescat inimicis decus,  
si vindicent lecti stupio infamam  
domū,  
et sceptri nobis jure reddant sanguinis

*Lorell*

Dum pideget colitus nefandos et  
statuis  
novos amores, matris et probiū tunc,  
domusq; regis dedecus sanctus pater,  
donec tunc præco laudum maximis  
virtutib; decoiat intentus Shaa  
Quasi calitus repente lapsus adyvol  
Te principem divinitus clearer  
populus levius putabit, atq; spiritu  
ductū sacro, dictasse te Regē Shaa  
ciedet levemq; distrahet mentē stupor

*DUX GLOG PRÆTOR LOND DOCI SHAA**Dux Gloc.*

Praeclare prætor urbis illustissimæ,  
et sancte præco, dñsq; sacratū caput  
en, magna molimui futura comoda,  
et maximā regno quietem quærim⁹  
Hujusq; laudis magna vobis pars euit  
quos novimus regno precari prospera,  
uterq; votis anxius si preat  
Nunc ergo vestiā posco secretā fidem,  
tam magna quib; arcana regni pan  
dim⁹  
Honorib; magnis fidem pensabim⁹  
laicusq; fidos piæmus ditabimus.

*Prætor*

Protector illustris, propago splendida  
Regis, tibi lubens fidem conservo meā  
Quod impas, fidele munus exequar

*Gloc*

Contrita muluis cædib; Britannia  
heu teriet, et majora suadent vulnera

infirma pueri sceptia, matris et furor  
scelei mederi quis facile demens  
potest?

deponat animo justa qui Regis timet,  
et malè puebit regis imperio pudor,  
viro potenti verū laus non contigit  
Fortunū quos impellit, invitatos mīlē  
vetatq; sepe facie quod cupiunt pīlē,  
Justus facile erit, cui vacat pectus  
metu

Suadent mīhi decora regni nobiles,  
regnale quem irgalia jubent stemmata.  
Vos civiū suadere mentib; velim  
in urbe, quorum fama tanta splendide  
celebriatu, ut mīhi sceptia regni de  
seiant

*Præt*

Quo jure tu Regnū nepotis vendicas?  
ne temere plebs irata turbas concitet,  
ubi senserint spoliatū honore princi  
pem

*Gloc*

Talui tuis clam spaige Prætor civilib;  
Lecti stupiati natus incestus fuit  
Eduardus olim frater, alienos thoros  
dum matris amori avius admisit, ducis  
atq; soboli falsos pepotes miscuit  
Facti probiū pudibundus invenit  
comes,  
stupiūq; seciūtū fatentur famuli  
Imago dissimilis patris nothū vocant  
moresq; degeneres fratris me filii  
legitimè imago nota psuasa ducis,  
uidemq; mores patris et voces pares  
neq; tulit hanc solū labem infelix  
genus

Majore dedecore domū infamem  
gravat  
matrem secutus fratre Eduardus suā  
Nam conjugali Luciae junctus fide,  
repudia sponsæ nunciat amior novus,  
thalamisq; primis iudit injunctā fidem  
Elizabetha serō regali face  
uxoi secunda, juncta principi fuit.

Possidet iniqua mater alienos thoros,  
foedosq; patri filios pellex tuit  
Dum populus ista cogitat secū, statim  
in curia cives tum dux inclitus  
corā docebit istū Buckinghamius  
Piocerūq; que sit omniū sententia  
Splendore populus raptus insignis  
viri,  
me fortè pūncipem suis suffragus  
clamabat, et regem vocabat Angliae  
Hæc cruce Pauli sacra fundens dog-  
mata  
populo simul divine præco edisseire  
Sed turpe probiū mītris invitū quos  
pstringe nostrā cautus offensā gravem  
metuisse fingens, laudib⁹ ubi nos tuis  
copiosus ornabis, subito quasi cœlitus  
Princeps datus Britanniæ, laudes meas  
Stipante pompa intercipiā, miraculū  
dum creduli meditantur, illico no-  
minis  
spes falsa seducit facilē, nunc exequi  
vos expedit fidelitei quod jussimus

*D: Shaa*

Mox tua fidelis impata psequar  
nunquā meā damnabis incertā fidem

## ACTUS SECUNDUS

### CIVIS PRIMUS CIVIS SECUNDUS

*Civis I*

Quoūsne scinditur Britannia litib⁹  
Luctusq; cumulat luctib⁹ fatum grave?  
dirum premit recens malū? pene  
modū  
severa fata nesciunt Nunquā domus  
Irata plena cædib⁹ pacabitur?  
hæresve nullus sceptra impune geret?  
At jam nihil stirpem timent Lancas-  
tria  
Erepta ferro regna jam novū scelus  
infausta sibi domus parat, quantū  
luem

p̄sagat assuetis milis animus? fides  
Est nulla regni, nec suis p̄cere  
potest  
ambitio domens Gloucesteriū ducem  
ambre regnū murmurat societa plebs  
Patrui n̄fis crudele, tetrū, paivuli  
latent in obscuro nepotes carcere,  
en Coimtis de ceito ascriptus dies  
Gloucesteriū tūntū ducis frequens  
Chens  
ittuta pulsat limina illic emicat  
illustris aulæ splendor, istuc con-  
fluunt  
mitiora quisquis supplici implorat  
prece  
Quicunq; Regis nudū calcat limina  
Et principis servus fidelis veseret  
illū minūs edocta vulnerat cohors

*Civis 2*

Chrū caput, duræq; sortis p̄ticeps  
fidelis, heu, quā nos p̄emūt casūs  
graves?  
fessam repetit en turbo sævus Angliā,  
veresq; tūste iepat amissas malū

*Civis I*

Effare quæ cives manent lasos mala

*Civis 2*

Brevi scelus complectar horiens  
impiū,  
dum reb⁹ otiosus intentus novis  
vagarer, et comūne regni gaudiū  
revolvo p̄æceps ecce fætui impetu  
insana plebs, cæco frequens curu ruit  
Denso statim miscebar agmini stu-  
pens  
Ad templa rapimur dubias aures  
porrigo  
Expecto sacra cogitabundus steti  
Divinus ecce p̄æco scandit pulpitū,  
quem literis lucere clarū jactitant,  
sordere fœdis moribus, doctor Shaa  
Mox è sacrī sic orsus est oraculī.

SEMENT BEATUM THORUS ADULTER  
DNEGAT  
PROLES NEC ALTAS SPURIA RADICES  
DABIT

Postquā diu regni decus quam vulne-  
rat

Lecti probiū præmonstrat, et falsæ  
faces

thouī fidem quantū beabunt numina  
Lectiq decepti scelestos filios  
peccata testantes patiis quantū hor-  
reant  
bona falsus hæres quamvis occupat  
patris

furtū tamen mox prodit ignotū deus,  
suoq restituit sua hæredi bona  
Qui posidebat regis infandos thoros  
fidemq lusit conjugalē pelluca  
Elizabetha falsa mater, impio  
declamat ore quodq primū Luciae  
promissus olim lectus Eduardi fuit  
Ergo thoros hæc possidebat Luciae  
Injusta mater Elizabetha, liberos  
et polluit macula suos adultera  
nec filios mentita fædabat fides  
solū regis patris, polluta mater ar-  
guit

spureosq natales, suis dum liberis  
adulteros furtiva miscuit Venus  
summi ducis, falsūq patiis filiū  
diversa suadent ora solus exprimit  
Richardus effigiem patiis regem  
vocat

vultus ducis Nunc ergo jure vendi-  
cat

amissa patris regna Mox Glocestriū  
ad astra laudibus ferebat Regis  
quod splendor hic lucebat, hic verus  
nitet,

vultus patris, virtus frequens quantū  
beat

hunc intueri jussit, hunc solū coli  
omnes stupent vultumq demittunt,  
fremunt,

mox intuentur invicem, venit Gloces-  
trius  
suis laudes serus amittit comes  
stipabat ingens Ubi ducem vidit  
Shaus,  
Rex Angliae, quasi lapsus esset cœ-  
litus,  
En (inquit) en chari Britanni, en  
principem  
hunc intueri iuisus, hunc coli jubet  
Periisse quasi frustra blanditias pudet  
jam tum prioies, dux pius cū ab  
fuit  
hæ vera imago patiis, hic vultus  
ducis,  
Nescit mons pater Richardo sospitus  
Stipante pompa, spiritus altos gerens  
p densa pumpens virorū, civib⁹  
spectanda præbet ora dux, alto sedet

### Civis 1<sup>m</sup>

Quis hujus at sermonis eventus fuit.

### Civis 2<sup>d</sup>

Postquam Shaus perire laudes cer-  
neret,  
populū nec acclamare lætis vocib⁹  
Rex vivat æternū Richardus (nam  
stupet  
tum populus, admiratur infandū ne-  
fas)  
cœpti pudet, seroq cognovit scelus .  
reparare vires querit amissus pudor  
frustra pius spretāq virtutem timet .  
En civiū vultus miser fugiens, domū  
subducit ipse se clam At hic quid  
vult sibi  
in curia corona fanta civiū.

### Civis 1

Coire cives prætor hic jussit suos.  
de rebus ut nos consulat gravissimis  
Propago Buckinghamiū nobilis.

### Civis sec.

Avertet omen triste propitius Deus,

DUX BUCK. PRÆTOR LOND. NOBITIS, SERVUS UNUS ET ATTER BUCKINGHAMIL.

*Dux Buck.*

Amore vestso ductus (ô cives mei)  
de reb<sup>9</sup> alloquar hodie gravissimis.  
Sunt ista patriæ decora maximè  
vobis nec auditu seorsim tristia,  
Quos nunc beat fortuna lœtos undiq.  
Quæ namq; vestris expetita sæpius  
votis, diu<sup>p</sup> frustra defessis erant  
sperata tempora, prætio quæ maximo  
parasse, vel laborc sumo non piget,  
oblata vobis gratis adsunt omnia!  
Si tanta, tamq; optata quæ sunt quæ-  
ritis,

tranquilitas sæcuræ vitæ, liberū  
dulcis tutela, salusq; conjugū.  
heu quis prius tot explicatis sæculis  
vos pculit metus gravis? Nam p deos  
cœlumq; quicquid possidet, quis tot  
dolis

tantisq; tutò pfrui suis rebus  
potuit? quis esse liberis solatio?  
quis in suis regnare solus ædib<sup>9</sup>?  
Mens horret illam psequi tyrannidem,  
p ima quæ grassata regni viscera  
exhausit cedes neq; pestis invida  
insontibus novit pcere. Quid expli-  
cem

exacta quanta sunt tributa sæpius?  
extoriā vi, quanta visa luxui?  
Nec grande civis ferre vectigal po-  
test

Exhaustus, mulcta crevit imensum  
levis,  
pcenaq; gravis pcussit offensū brevem.  
meminisse Burdetti arbitror (cives  
mei)  
cui, quod jocatus est lepidè, demi  
caput

Rex jussit indigne, nefas judex licet  
horrecit nefandū, locusq; nobilis  
urbis senator qui diu vestræ fuit,

heu quam graves ppressus est pœnas  
miser,

viris quòd illis ipse multa debuit  
quos intimè rex invidebat impius?

Nou est necesse ut pseqūar  
adesse pene neminem vestrū puto  
qui tam cruenti tempis non sit me-  
mor,

metusq; non sit ipse conscius sui,  
quem vel nefandus regis injecit furor,  
vel civiū tot improborū ingens favor,  
Rex nāmq; ferro nactus imperiū grave:  
hunc victos iratus decora laedere  
regni putabat impiè, qui sanguine  
affinis esset aut amoris vinculo  
conjunctus his princeps, prius quos  
oderat

At huic malo quem majus accessit  
malū  
vitæ dubius hærebat, haud belli ex-  
itus

Qui vexat lucertus modo: sed (quod  
fœdius)  
urget tumultus civiū esse maximus  
qui tum solet, cum nobiles odio in-  
vicem

tacito ardeant, nec optimates acriùs  
se maximis exulcerabūt litib<sup>9</sup>  
Quam, sceptra cùm gestaret infesta  
manu

Eduardus, intestina tandem prælia  
sic æstuabant undiq.? ut tristi nece  
pars interiret maxima civiū,  
hæc, hæc fuit tam fœda strages  
omniū,  
qualem vidit devicta nunquā Gallia:  
Hæc præpotens exhausit Anglorū  
genus

hæc pristinis spoliobat illos virib<sup>9</sup>  
Sumant tot urbes tanta clades omniū  
dubia minatur pax pares bello minas  
Nummos luunt domini, atq; agros quis-  
quis tenet

Mactatur, irā principis quisnā fugit?  
Jam nemo non timore languebat  
miser,

nec ulla non plena periculis erant  
tempa

At at quis illi charus esse ceditur,  
cui frater odio erat suus? confidere  
quib<sup>9</sup> potest, cui frater esse p̄fidus  
videtur? aut quib<sup>9</sup> peperit mitior,  
fratru suo qui toties damnū intulit?  
At quos colebat int̄imus, nihil moror  
honore veri quales decoio pinxerat  
quis nescit una plus potuisse pelli-  
cem,

regni viros quam totius primarios?  
Invitus ista sanè vobis affero  
Sed noti quae singulis quid attinet  
tacere, quo non impulit libidinis  
immanis aestus, amoris et cæcus furor?  
Quae virgo paulo pulchrior? quae  
femina  
plus cæteris decora, matris ē sinu  
quam non manu vel rapuit am-  
plexib<sup>9</sup>?

ubivis at licet tyrannis ingruat  
hujus tamen quæ cæteris sensit minas  
urbs nostra, cuius potius ornasset de-  
cuss,

quod prima regni sedes est, et piæma  
defensus olim saepe princeps debuit  
Majora benefacta vivus spreverat,  
nec mortuus referre gratia potest  
Alter in eodem restat ortus sanguine,  
rex gratior suis futuoris subditis,  
quiq meritis refere vestris debita,  
votisq respondere possit affatim  
Nec animus illa (credo) vestris ex-  
cidant,

doctus sacroru præco quæ sparsit  
prius

Nunquam fidem fefellit interpres  
dei  
patru sacerdos fratris ad regnū vocat,  
Glocestriū regnare quia jussit deus  
nec sceptra patris tractat impurus  
nepos,

aut polluat regni decus lecti probri  
Richardus hæres fratris unicus fuit  
huic civiū decrevit et procerū cohors

magnanima, supplex ut iogalet pa-  
tuū,

Regni velit decus tueri principis,  
sumeret onus pollentis hæres insulæ.  
factus est æḡe, scio regni labor  
deteret ingens, certat invidiae rapax.  
Ingrata pacem sceptræ nequiquā co-  
lunt

Quantis cietur fluctib<sup>9</sup> fallax decor?  
mīhi ciede (cives) non potest tantū  
puer

onus tueri pulsat aures vox sacra,  
Infausta regna levis quib<sup>9</sup> puer præ-  
est

Fœlix acumen invidū decet thronū,  
ætasq plena, patiā qualem vides,  
Si chara vobis ergo civiū salus,  
aut si juvent optata pacis foedera,  
tam fausta procerū vota laudetis  
simul

uno creetur ore rex Glocestrius  
tantum labore promptus assumet  
magis,

Si vox fatiget vestia nolentem prius,  
mens ego quæ sit vestra, palā dicite  
Altū quid hoc silentiū? plebs cur-  
tacet?

### Prator

Vix forte populus aure dicta concipit

### Buck

affabor illos ergo iursus altiū,  
Elapsa sunt iniqua (cives) tempa  
pax alma tandem soite felici viget,  
Nisi suo demens quis invideat bono,  
Aut nescit uti, dū premebat Anghā  
Eduardus atrox sæviens vultu truci,  
Insula quib<sup>9</sup> jactatur usq fluctib<sup>9</sup>?  
Non vita tuta civiū, nunquā bona  
sunt clausa cuiq, dissipatq singula  
luxus, nefandi tum libido principis  
Quæ virgo fuit int̄icta? Quæ conjux  
labe

carebat injuri? licet quicquid lubet,  
misera fuit cunctis potestas civib<sup>9</sup>

sed Londinensib⁹ longè miserrima,  
illis licet benigna psuasit locus  
Sed unus est, pericula qui tot vindici-  
cet,  
Dux ipse regio cœatus stemate,  
quem singuli colunt, Glocestriæ de-  
cus  
Regnare quem leges jubeant patræ,  
hœresq; solus Regiæ manet domus  
furtiva proles matris injustæ, patris  
frustra sibi vendicat thronos adulteri  
Vir nup ista vos docebat optimus  
dum sacra vobis præco fundit dog-  
mata

divina nullus ora dāminabit pius  
Hic nobilis cōmota Magnatū cohors  
et magna civiū corona, supplices  
Orae statuunt patruū, ut hœres suū  
capessat impeiiū, decus nec patire  
falsus nepos corrumpat Id faciet  
lubens  
si sponte id vos exoptare senserit  
Clamore mentem publico ergo effun-  
dite

Y<sup>e</sup> Mayor and Quid hoc? adhuc tacet?  
others going Mirū nimis  
to y<sup>e</sup> Duke

*Prætor*

Unus solebat ore jussus publico  
De rebus alloqui cives magnis suos  
Hinc forsitan responsa querenti da-  
but  
Effare cives, urbis interpres tuæ

*Fitzwil Recor*

Quām sorie fœlici cadant magis  
omnia  
quām fratre quondā rege, quis demens  
negat?  
Mihi nec est necesse singula psequi  
memoravit hæc dux omniū claris-  
simus

Estis duorū facile testes temporū  
Quautū prior premebat ætas, postera  
quam grata lucet, quem latet? cupit

magnanimus heros eigo nunc cognos-  
cere,  
regnare num Glocestriū placet ducem  
Quod singulos statuisse constat or-  
dines,  
Regemp proceres Angliæ verū vo-  
cant  
Vir ille quis, quintusve sit, quis ves-  
ciat?  
Quo jure poscit hœres impeiiū decus,  
Admonuit omnes doctus interpies dei  
et arte qui pandit polū, doctor Shaa  
Edatis ergo voce mentem Rounding the  
publica Mayor in y<sup>e</sup>  
care

*Dux Buck*

Est ptinax nimis istud silentiū  
de iesbus his (amicis) longè maximis  
vos alloqui, non juie queror concitus  
Amor sed cōmots, ignotū bonū  
vobis adhuc referie quod cupio lubens  
Hoc singulis erit salubre civib⁹  
manifesta mentis signa precor edite  
statim

*Servus unus et Alter*

Rex vivat æternū Richardus

*Prætor*

Aula levī tota susurrit murmure,  
Cives tacent, spectant retro quæ vox  
fuit  
mirantur, acclamant nihil regnū duci

*Dux Buck*

Vox hercule lœta, clamor atq; maxi-  
mus,  
dum nemo voce contrà quicquā mur-  
muret

Vox ergo civiū una cum sit omniū  
pariter mihi comites (precor) cras  
jungite

Præcemur una supplices ducem, velit  
Nomen deinde sustinere principis,

*Nobis*

Heu quid genas fletu rigas miser,  
dolos  
Weeping behind juvato nefandos plan-  
ye Duke tourn-  
gere haud pcis tibi  
ing his face to- Furtū priū si lachry-  
wards ye wall marū, sed tamen  
læthale Solus fata mundi qui vides  
tremende pater, insontib<sup>9</sup> miseriſ ne-  
cem  
aveite, tristem sed sequor comes ducē

## ACTUS TERTIUS

## DUX BUCK CIVES

*Buck.*

Let ye Mayor come first ac-  
companied wth citizens, then the Duke wth  
they assemble at Bernhardes Castle  
ordō civiū,

Veneranda civiū co-  
hors, quos affatim Uībs possidet præ-  
clāia Londinū, en other nobles sua  
jam quisq; sponte con-  
tulit faustū gradū,  
et quilibet confluxit

ut dempta sceptra Adulteris nepotib<sup>9</sup>  
Glocestriō gerenda reddant patruo  
Ne regiā mentita proles inquiet  
Sed tu priū nostri ducem adventus  
mone

Ne tantus anxiū tumultus illico  
pturbet, Illū supplices cives petunt  
quos Angliæ torquent graves casus,  
sui

dignetur aditū subditis fidelibus,  
de iebus illū maximis dum consulunt  
Ingens onus regni labor, nec allicet  
Statim bonos blandū venenū, quos  
favor

vexabit intestinus æternis minis  
En delicatas eligunt fraudes domos,  
et nulla cingunt tela principem satis,

cautuq; licet, at seimo populais pre-  
mit  
Sed ista quoſ ū psequor? Quod si  
priū  
onus coronæ cura commendat gravis  
nihilq; suspectū facit illū fides  
at illū metuo deterreat, nepotib<sup>9</sup>  
vivis adhuc, infame regnū patrū  
honore plenus est latere dux cupit  
His servant re a turbidus semotus  
tourneth and invidiæ malis  
secretly report Aditum negat Pro-  
whome he send tector (o cives  
eth againe mei)

Tantāq; turba suspicatur, nisi priū  
Adventus hujus causa quæ sit, audiat  
Quod magna procerū turba supplex  
consultit

cinctusq; multo cive prætor, nuncia.  
Domesticū torquet malū, quod aurib<sup>9</sup>  
tantū suis solicita mandabit cohors  
At nos Glocestriū rogeniū supplices  
Rogamus [inan]i reluctantē prece  
Ut sceptra regni justus hæres occupet  
Sed nunc duob<sup>9</sup> cinctus esse Episcopi,  
apparet in summa domo præcepis prius  
ah, sola dux divina fœlix cogitat

*Cives*

O fraude pugnas pjurax audacia  
colore dum ludet alieno, nil timet  
secura nescire cæteros putat  
tectum malum, sibiq; blanditui nefas.

DUX BUCK DUX GLOC. CHORUS  
CIVIUM*Buck*

Te civiū profusa flagitat cohors  
excelse præses, ut tua de re gravi  
piæsentia alloqui liceret Afferunt  
ignota regno bona, decus magnū tibi  
Non audet eloqui jüssus pios tamen,  
Id nisi licere voce testaris tua

*Gloc*

Quicunq; mens jussit, licebit diceire  
publica juvat decieta scire civū

*Buck*

Diu nimis pressa plebs tyrannidē,  
lætati hæc luxisse tandem tempa,  
se pristino quib⁹ timore solveret,  
vitaq; grata sit sua securitas.  
De rebus ergo dū coiret publicis  
statumq; regni plena civium cohors  
tractaret, hæres unicus, regni decus  
ut vendices, sanxere sacrī jussib⁹  
nec sceptra prolem fratris impurā  
ferunt,  
injusta quam matris Venus suæ pie  
mit,  
Nunc ergo turba civū frequens adest,  
ut voce supplex publica mutū petat,  
ut pristino cives timore liberes,  
regnū et sagaci debitū tractes manu

*Gloc*

Quām vera cives sanxerint, licet sciā,  
fratris tamen manes veneror olim mei,  
nec in meos ferox nepotes patruus  
demens ero, verbisq; nec populus feris  
pulsabit uatus, thronū quod ambiā.  
Fratris mei, nec exteræ plobris simul  
gentes laceissent, si dolis patruus meis  
Nepotib⁹ regnum scelestus aufeā,  
aut sceptria tollam dubia cognati laris  
Potius latebo tutus invidiæ malis,  
nec cæcus animū pulsat ambitus meū  
satis premunt sceptri propinquū mu-  
nera,  
vos attamen mihi dixisse non piget  
Cogit potius amor referre gratiam  
Nec vos nepotem obsecro colatis nunc  
minus  
cujuſ magis privatus imperiū ferā,  
Regnare qui puer licet novit parū  
Laborib⁹ meis adjutus is tamen,  
Regni decus puer satis tuebitur

Viguisse quod nup magis nemo nega  
tutela postquā tanta regni traditur  
veterata cessat ira, si anguntur minæ  
bonoq; languent pulsa consilio oda  
partum, Dei sed maximi nutu magis  
Nil sceptaa damnes regis (ð civis  
probe)  
debet mihi nomen placere subditū

*Buck*

Da pauca rursus alloqui (ð dux in-  
clyte)  
regnaie non sinant nepotes subditū  
summi vetant pioceres vetat vulgus  
rude

Regnū student puigare adultera labē  
sin justa regni sceptra spernas ptinax  
At posse flecti nobilem sperant prece,  
qui regio splendore cultu gaudeat  
de rebus hisce quid ergo statuas,  
audiant

*Gloc*

Quod invident regnū paternū liberis,  
doleo, fratris qui honoio manes mortui  
Utinam queant nepotis imperiū pati!  
Sed regere populū nullus invisum po-  
test

Hæc quia video statuisse consensu pari,  
regnū spuriis aurerunt nepotib⁹  
Cum jura regni solus hæres vendicem  
quod filius relictus unus sum patris,  
cum sit necesse civibus cedeire meis  
Vota sequare en, regna posco debita  
votis creari subditorū principem  
Magis reor Curā Angliæ accipimus,  
simul

Et Galliæ rex gemina regna vendico  
Sanctiū habænas Angliæ princeps  
regā

Magis pacata civū quies monet  
Tum nostra discep fræna victa Gallia'  
hæc Angliæ subacta ditabit genus  
Cujus miser si gloriā non quererem  
utinam sorores filium rumpant pfidæ,

*Chorus*

The Duke and noblemen go in to the Kunge, the Major and Citizens departe away  
 Richardus rex, Richardus rex, Richardus rex

*Cives*

Quærit colorem triste virtutis scelus  
 pudet sui deformè vultus virtù  
 Heu quis secretos nescit ignarus dolos?

Et mille patium machinas? quis sibi prius

Promissa fratris regna fraude non videt?

Dolis petitū publicè regnū negat  
 Inventia damnat sceptra ficta sanctitas,  
 Qualis negat bis consecrari pontifex  
 qui sacra tamen ambit colenda forsi-  
 tan

Talis sua iex sponte compulsus gerit  
 elepta pueris sceptia Sed decitat magis

Spectare tantas plæbeos tragædias,  
 Quicquid libet, regi licet, nec legibus  
 Semp piis nec vota metitur sua  
 Crebro juvat nescire, quod scias  
 tamen

## ACTUS QUARTUS

## DR SHAWE, CIVIS AMICUS

*Civis*

Cur sic pigio miser gradu moues stupens,

Dubiusq; sese pes incerto tenet?  
 corpus cupis referie progressū licet?  
 Hæret animus, ponisq; nolentem per dem

Quid triste consiliū diu torques?  
 modū

Nec invenis? quid civiū vultus fugis  
 Insane? vince quicquid obstitit?

expedi  
 Mentem tuā, teg restituas tibi

*Doct Shaw*

Heum mihi animus semet scelere plenus fugit  
 vetat quæ scie pectus oneratū malis,  
 mentisq; consciæ pavor, dolor æstuat,  
 animus non potest venenū expellere  
 Scelerisq; mordet sæva conscientia  
 Quis, quis coegit dæmon adversus mihi,

fœdæ e stupro regis Eduardi thoras?  
 heu mihi tuos Eduarde natos prodidi,  
 et ore nuntio nefando adulteros  
 tuā coronā possidet jussu meo  
 Richardus, hei mihi, voce fœdavi  
 mea

natos tuos mendatis sacra miscui  
 et ore scripturas imani pollui

*Civis*

Cui triste poenis gravib⁹ infestus graves,  
 nutritus alias colligit dolor faces,  
 renovatq; durū molle sanari malū,  
 Frænos capit prudens dolor, et extinguitur,  
 vincit dolorem, quisquis eximere  
 cupit,  
 et pfidū sanare conatur malū

*Doct Sha*

Pæceps monentem mens fugit, reddit statim  
 concepta frustra concilia repetens,  
 sequi  
 cogit scelus priora, virtutem timet,  
 Accedit ipse semet infestus dolor,  
 lapsaq; vires inregrat, nunquā meas  
 cessabit in poenas scelus, nunquā quies  
 nocturna curis solvit, alit altus sopor  
 Noctu diem voco, repeto noctem die,  
 semp memet fugio, non possū scelus.

*Civis*

Malū nequis sanare

|  |   |
|--|---|
| <p><i>D. Sha</i></p> <p>Si possim mori</p> <p><i>Civis</i></p> <p>At dedecus demū licet magnū potest</p> <p><i>Dr. Sha</i></p> <p>Nisi turpis hæret usq; vestigiu; labis</p> <p><i>Civis</i></p> <p>Mōis sola maculā demere infanda po-<br/>test</p> <p><i>Dr. Sha</i></p> <p>Fœdata nescit vita crumen ponere</p> <p><i>Civis</i></p> <p>At pœnitenti sera paicunt Numina</p> <p><i>Dr. Sha</i></p> <p>Sceleris novi mater prius natu scelus</p> <p><i>Civis</i></p> <p>Sanare cessas, qui nimis vulnus times?</p> <p><i>Dr. Sha</i></p> <p>Sanare non potes facile vulnus grave</p> <p><i>Civis</i></p> <p>Nulli parcet quisquis haud parcit sibi</p> <p><i>Dr. Sha</i></p> <p>Prius ipse crimen solus accusa tuū</p> <p><i>Civis</i></p> <p>Absolve te quem judicas ultus satiſ</p> <p><i>Dr. Sha</i></p> <p>Nemo satis ulcisci scelus dirū potest</p> <p><i>Civis</i></p> <p>Crimen nimis judex acerbus vendicas</p> <p><i>Dr. Sha</i></p> <p>Nisi mordet acre, fœda sordent vul-<br/>nera</p> | <p><i>Civis</i></p> <p>Dum cogitas severa, nil curias reū</p> <p><i>D. Sha</i></p> <p>Dolor doloris est medela nescit<br/>pcere</p> <p>celū crumen videt nefandū conscia<br/>tanti fuit dedecoris et tellus vaga<br/>Ruina mentis fœda tam me disparem<br/>fecit mihi, ut memet nil fugiam magis,<br/>et factus infelix mei sum pfuga,<br/>animusq; serū corporis divertū<br/>precatur anxius, necat quisquis jubet<br/>viveat quisquis mori jubet vitam<br/>dedit</p> <p>tantū potest placere quicquid dis-<br/>plicet</p> <p>de me viri quid loquuntur futilis?</p> <p><i>Cives</i></p> <p>Te sceleris arguunt nefandi consciū</p> <p><i>Dr. Sha</i></p> <p>Sed quid tumultus civiū istuc convo-<br/>lat?</p> <p><i>Civis</i></p> <p>Ubi civium regnare jussu cooperat<br/>princeps Glocestrius loco primū<br/>studet</p> <p>rex prius ab illo subditis fau suis,</p> <p>Ubi voce lex Anglis loqui viva solet</p> <p>Nunc ergo ab aulā com̄igrat West<br/>minsteri</p> <p>Rex ut prius legū penitus imperet</p> <p>Ne prava mens legū minas adulteret,</p> <p>discessit infelix, pati nec civiū<br/>vultus potest huic veiba pandā<br/>principis</p> <p><i>Dux Glocest</i></p> <p>Juvabat Astreæ locatū sedibus,<br/>et hoc tribunali tiemendo Minois,<br/>auro caput sepire priū fulgido,<br/>Justaq; cives lege iegere patriæ<br/>Rex providere debet id potissimum</p> |
|--|---|

ut urbiū columna lex firmissima  
in curio dominetur æquali potens  
vestrū domare pectus haud metū de-  
cet,  
quorū superbū claruit titulis genus  
Non cæca regnat ira vinci nescia  
Nunc ense fessum miles exonerat  
latus

Onnes amoris vincula jungere juvat,  
contempta nec patiū jacebūt stemata,  
Vos laudo patres jure doctos patrio,  
qui continentis legibus rem publica,  
ne jurgis lacerata mutuis Anglia  
languescat amplio vos honore pse-  
quar,  
et mente cives gaudeāt lassa licet,  
e sordidis qui nutiuntur artib⁹,  
nec causa vos agitata judici p̄met,  
nec fera clangor bella p̄strepat tubæ  
Nam concidunt ies p̄speræ discor-  
dis

Hinc falsa mens vultu minatur inte-  
gro  
Hinc omne fluxit civitatib⁹ malū  
Sedabit hos fluctus amor, pietas,  
fides

his vinculis felix cohoret Angliā,  
quæ nec furor contundet domesticus,  
Nec robur hostiū potest infinge ē  
Odi recentis pereat omnis memoria  
Statim mihi Foggū satelles libelet,  
supplex asylo qui metu nostro latet  
Sit finis iræ, nec minas jactet furoi,  
Sumo laborat impetu mens impia  
à subditis vultu benigno conspici  
Ite quām velim fides vigeat aurea,  
tantum vetustis nota quondam sœulisi,  
aut quæ fucos expeta virtus non  
fuit

Mox sit decorū numen adveſū mihi,  
si lingua mentis fallat interpres suæ  
Noli timere (Fogge) concedas prop̄  
sociemus animos pignus hoc fidei  
cape,  
conunge dextram, et me vicissim de-  
lige

## ACTUS QUINTUS

## IIOSPES, CIVES

*Hospes*

Domesticum nati as malū, terū, glave  
Imensa regni moles invidiae capax  
quantis cietur fluctib⁹? victū licet,  
potuisse vinci non sibi credit tamen  
Glaves procellas concitat regni fames,  
Dum cæca quassavit libido principis  
Quot urbiū projecta sunt cadavera?  
Qualem maris salis secantem gurgitem  
puppin benignam turbo concussit  
gravis

et volvit horrens concitū flatu fretū,  
dum latera scindit, et geminat minas  
Talis premit vehemens statim mu-  
tatio

Affare (quæso) cur freqens huc con-  
volat  
populus, notatq proximos oculis  
locos?

Theatra stupidus specta usq splen-  
dida  
et singulis sternuntur omnia fulgidis,  
iegale spendat atq soliū principis

*Civis*

Hospes fidelis mihi, coronâ cingitur  
Rex Angliæ Richardus • assensu pari-  
cujusvis hæres approbatur ordinis.

*Hospes*

Hoc sparsit olim rumor ambigui⁹.

*Cives*

## Locus

Hic maximis datur comitus, iminet  
horā

*Hosp*

Bonā diū pius creatur rex mala,

*Sī nequior rex si bonus sit, civiū  
salus  
rex si malus sit, civitatis pestis est*

*Civis*

*Qui regio natus supbo stemate,  
duos nepotes principes tutor suā  
suscepit in fidem patruus en Angliae  
rex ipse conventu creatur maximo*

*Hosp*

*Ubi reguli duo? nefas regere patruū  
hi dum supsint*

*Civis*

*Hoc facit regni sitis  
in aice regni caecis cæci luem  
patiuntur*

*Hosp*

*O scelus!*

*Civis*

*Sed principis tamen*

*Hosp*

*Magis hoc nefandū*

*Civis*

*Piopter imperiū simul*

*Hosp*

*Pietas decet regem, nec impio licet  
parare regnum pietio*

*Civis*

*Semp tamen  
imperia constant pretio bene quolibet*

*Hosp*

*Nunquam diu male pta succedunt*

*Civis.*

*semel est regere*

*Satis*

*Hosp*  
*Statim labi duplex malū  
fœlicitas brievis laboī regni gravis*

*Civis*

*Piout lubet, regendo minuitur labor*

*Hosp*

*Crescit magis odiū*

*Civis*

*Hoc metu restinguuntur*

*Hosp*

*Potius fide*

*Civis*

*Quin deme tantos spiritus  
Lacerare dictis principem diuis grave  
est,  
statimq; suspectos sibi moiū jubent  
Jam parce dictis tempori decet ob-  
sequi  
nuper nimis blande salutat obvios  
abjicere se cogit mens mali conscientia,  
regemq; vultus pene servilis docet  
Hinc liberavit Cardinalem vinculis,  
Et Stanleum emisit solutū carcere  
Hujus timebat filiū Lancastriæ,  
Ne sæva patiū vindicaret vincula  
At Eliensem præsulem clausū domi  
retinere Buckinghamū jussit Duceū  
Sed regis adventū sonat clangor tubæ  
Comites, Ducesq; Marchiones, Præ-  
sides,  
prærei torquibus mirantes cernimus*

*Hosp*

*Effare (civis) nitida quid calcaria  
aurata signant, quæ comes manu gerit*

*Civis*

*Sunt Bellicæ virtutis hæc insignia*

*Hosp*

*Baculū quid*

|  |  |
|--|--|
| <i>Civis</i>   | <i>Civis</i>   |
| Eduādī fuit regis pū<br>id illius nunc memoria pferant                         | Pacē<br><i>Hosp.</i> Quid Globu.,  |
| <i>Hosp.</i>   | Cujus sup crux elevatur verticem?  |
| Sed absq; cuspide gladius, quem fert<br>caput<br>nudus, quid indicat?          | <i>Civis</i>   |
| <i>Civis</i>   | Monarchiam   |
| Clementiā  | <i>Hosp.</i>   |
| <i>Hosp.</i>   | Ecce aliis vagina conditū<br>et arte sumā fulgidū gladiū gerit<br>itemq; magnū                       |
| Aure⁹  | <i>Civis</i>   |
| Clavus, quid?  | Sumā dignitatis est<br>honore sumō spatha.   |
| <i>Civis</i>   | <i>Hosp.</i>   |
| Officiū Comestabilis Angliæ<br>Equitum magister publico hunc coetu<br>gerit    | Quis locū<br>splendore mediū maximo, radius quasi<br>nitidis micans, rubroq; tinctus murice<br>tenet |
| <i>Hosp.</i>   | <i>Civis</i>   |
| Enses quid à dextris feruntur pū<br>cipis<br>et à sinistris fulgidū duo simul? | Iste facialis est sui ordinis<br>primus atq; regis ipse nomine.                                      |
| <i>Civis</i>   | <i>Hosp.</i>   |
| Sunt arma justitiæ scelus clei<br>simul  | Virgula quid alba piæ se fert ducis?   |
| Laiciq; puniunt salubri vulne;   | <i>Civis</i>   |
| <i>Hosp.</i>   | Hanc sumūs Angliæ Archichamerinus<br>gerit   |
| Nudi duo feruntur enses cuspide<br>nullo                                       | <i>Hosp.</i>   |
| <i>Civis</i>   | Quid alba Reginæ columba denotat?  |
| [Hiant Codices ]   | <i>Hosp.</i>   |
| <i>Hosp.</i>   | Notat avis innocentia nihil noceus   |
| Quidnā loquuntui sceptra?  |  |

RICHARDUS TERTIUS

THE SHEWE OF THE CORONATION

Trumpetts  
Choristers  
Singing men  
Pæabendaries  
Bishoppes  
Cardinall  
Heialds  
Aldermen of London  
Esquires, Knights, Noblemen  
Gilt spulis boine by the Earle of Huntingdon  
St Edward's stafe      Earle of Bedford  
The point of ye sword naked      E of Northumberland  
The great mace      Loid Stanly  
Two naked swordes, E of Kent L Lovell  
The grete scepter      Duke of Suffolke  
The ball wth the crosse      E of Lincolne  
The sword of estate      E of Sunney  
Three togather      The Kinge of heralds  
The Maior of London with a mace  
On the right hand the gentleman usher  
on the left hand,  
The King's crowne      Duke of Norfolke  
The Kinge under a canopy betwixt two Bishops  
The Duke of Buckingha wth a white staffe caringe up the  
King's traime  
Noblemen  
The Queen's scepter  
The white dove wth a white rod  
The Queene's crowne  
The Queene wth a culet on her head under a Canopie  
The Lady Margaret bearinge up the Queene's traime  
A Troupe of Ladies  
Knights and Esquires  
Northren Souldiers well armed

During the solemnity of the Coronation  
lett this songe followinge be songe wth  
instruments.

Festū diem colamus assensu pari  
quo principis caput corona cingitur

Decora Regni possidet  
 Regis propago nobilis  
 Illustre principis capit  
 fulva corona cingitur  
 Nunc voce laeti consona  
 cantū canamus principem  
 Regnū premebat dedicus  
 Libido Regis polluit

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## TERTIA ACTIO

## DRAMATIS PERSONÆ

Mr PALMER, Richardus Rex  
 Mr STRINGER, Dux Buckinghamius  
 D SHEPARD, Elizabetha Regina  
 D TITLEY, Filia Eduardi regis major  
 D PILKINGTON, Ancilla  
 Mr STANTON, Epis Eliensis  
 Mr FOXCROFT, Biakenburius praefectus arcis  
 Mr SNELL, Tyrellus geneiosus  
 Mr ROBSON, Ludovicus medicus  
 Mr GARGRAVE, Anna Regina uxori Richardi  
 Mr SEDWICK, Nuntius primus  
 D HILL, Nuntius secundus  
 HOULT, Nuntius tertius  
 Mr BAYLY, Lovellus heros  
 Mr ROBINSON, Catesbeius  
 Ds MORRELL, Nuntius quartus  
     Nuntius quintus  
 Mr HICKMAN, Henricus comes Richmondiæ  
 Mr. DIGBY, Comes Oxonii  
 Mr HILL se Dux Norfolciensis  
 Mr LINSELL, Rhesus Thomæ Wallicus  
 Ds HARRIS, Nuntius  
     Mulier  
     Alia Mulier  
     Anus  
 D HARRISON, Hungersford }  
 M<sub>1</sub> ROBINSON, Burchier     } equestris ordinis  
                           Miles

Mr HODSON, Stanleius heros  
 Mr CONSTABLE, Gent Filius Stanlei Dominus  
     Stiange  
     Centurio  
     Braa servus comitissæ Richmond  
 REDFERNE, Dighton cainifex, a big sloven  
 Mr DUCKER, Comes Northumbriæ

## MUTES

The yonge kinge and his brother lyngē dead on a bed  
 Foure daughters of King Edward  
 Souldiers unarmed and armed

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## ARGUMENTUM

## FUROR

Quorsum furor secreta volvis pectora  
 minasq; spiras intumas, nec expeditis  
 faces tuas? scelus expreas Glocestriū  
 Glocestrios invise rex olim tuos  
 et sceptra jactes, prætii sane necis,  
 dubiosq; regni volve fraterni metus  
 Decora spectant ora Eboracū stupens  
 muletur excelsū decus vulgus leve  
 Quorsū moras tñahis lenes? totus miser  
 fias, magisq; sæviat nefas breve  
 Aude scelus mens quicquid atrox cogitat,  
 Regnūq; verset ultimū Regis scelus  
 Nondū madebant cæde cognata manu  
 nondū nepotes suffocantur Regi  
 et frustra poscas nepis incestos thoros  
 imple scelere domū patris tui, illico  
 discat furor sævire Buckinghamius  
 macta tyrannū, deme sceptra si potes  
 sed non potes paenamq; dignas pferes  
 tanti tumultus En venit Richmondius,  
 exul venit, promissa regna vendicat,  
 regniq; juratos prius thoros age,  
 stringantur enses, odia misce, funera  
 dirāq; stragem impone finem litibus  
 En regnet exul, rex nec auxiliū impetrat,  
 tuaq; cadat (Henrice) Richardus manu  
 Actum est satis pacem furor Britanniae  
 posthac, novasq; jam mihi queram sedes

## ACTUS PRIMUS

BRAKENB<sup>E</sup> ORDINIS EQUESTRIS,  
TIRELLUS

*Brak*

O rectoī alme cœlitum et terræ decus,  
quisquis gubernas, parce Brakenburio  
Clemens furorem siste dūri principis,  
pœnaq<sup>e</sup> certam libera gravi fidem  
Horrere nunquā cessat imperii sitis,  
curis nec usquā solvitur ægia ambitio  
Regni metu Richardus æstuat ferox,  
injusta sceptia possidet trepida manu,  
novasq<sup>e</sup> suspicatur insidias sibi  
Stipante dum magna caterva rex suā  
inviscer Glocestriā, famam occupans  
incerta sortis cogitans ludibria,  
quāmq<sup>e</sup> facili injusta ruit impetu po-  
tentia,  
regniq<sup>e</sup> ludibriū nimis statū tremens,  
dum spiritu vescutū ætherio nepos  
mox ut suo reddat dolori spiritū  
geminus nepos, et sanguine extin-  
guant suo

Regni metu pueri, ferox patruus studet  
Nuper Johannes Gieenius intento  
sacris

Mihī, traditas à rege literas dedit  
Parare tristem Regulis jubet necem,  
Et principib<sup>us</sup> adferre crudeles manus  
quos vinculus præfectus arcis com-

primo

Solus potest mactare Brakenburius  
natos tuos Eduarde? solus pdere  
stirpem tuā? mandata regis exequar  
Lubens tibi Richarde promptus servio  
Necare stirpem fratris, ah, pietas  
vetat

Intus jacent squalente miseri carcere,  
Solusq<sup>e</sup> captivis ministrat carnifex.

O principis dñū nefas, tetrū, ferox  
Inter metū animus spemq<sup>e</sup> dubius vol-  
vitur,

mentemq<sup>e</sup> distractā tumultus verberat  
Nunc regis horreo minas notus mihi  
animus satis vetat timere conscius  
nihil mihi, quō fata vellicant, sequor  
Quid in tuū Richardē subditū paras?  
crudele quid spiras? quid atrox  
cogitas?

Prius fui cruore regem pollui  
nunquā manus meas quid incusas?  
fidem

tuebar ulcisi bonū imensū paras  
Testor deorū numen innocens eram  
insons eram Solumne regnū uon  
timet

maculā? quid aula ptinax fugis pudor  
humilemq<sup>e</sup> casā quæreris? aulā deserat  
quisquis piè vivet micans splendor  
nimis

Sortis beatæ lumen impedit piū,  
Et turpiter collusa mens impingitur  
sin fata me morientur, adveniā lubens  
tibi de tuorū caede tristis nuntius  
Eduarde, pculsus miser ferro simul  
A rege sed Tirellus huc quid advolat?  
an non perimus? heu metu cor pal  
pitat

Quā, quā parant pœnā gravē fidō  
mihi?  
Ferrē libenter quicquid est, ruā licet.

*Tyrell*

Ignavia mens, quid jussa regis exequi  
dubitatis? manes et metus fingis tibi?  
Haud leve timebit, tristis quisquis  
cogitat

Quid principi Tirelle gratari times?  
rex imperat. erit inocens necessitas

magna anxii cura Richardū liberas,  
et longa te regis beabunt præmia  
Principe suo Eborū domus contenta  
erit,

prolesq; regiae spiritū inimicū expuant  
pro mortuis pugnare quis stulte cupit?  
aut principum demens tueū cogitat  
exangue corpus? quicquid est auden-  
dū eit

malus minister regis anxius pudor  
Equestis ordinis decus Biakenbū,  
regis parentis adulterū vivit genitū?

*Brak*

Tantū moratur ultimū vitæ diem

*Tirell*

Nihil horrescis tremendā principis?

*Brak*

Sequar lubens, quocunq; fata me vo-  
cant

*Tirell*

An non decet mandata Regis exequi?

*Brak*

Nunquam deceit jubere regem pessima

*Tirell*

Fas est eos vivere, quos princeps  
odent?

*Brak*

Nefas eos odisse quos omnes amant

*Tirell*

Regni metu angi Principem nū æquū  
putas?

*Brak.*

Scelere medeni vulneū scelus reor

*Tirell*

Constare regnū illis nequit viventibus

*Brak*

Illi mortuis invisum eit

*Tirell*

Ars prima sceptri posse te invidiā  
pati

*Brak*

Quem sepè casus transit, aliquando  
opprimit

*Tirell*

Regnare non vult esse qui invisus  
timet

*Brak*

Invisa nunquam imperia retinentur  
diu

*Tirell*

Tua interest vivat puer vel occidat

*Brak*

Paiū nisi ut occisore me non occidat

*Tirell*

Tua ecquid imbellies timet pueros  
manus?

*Brak*

Qui castra non timeo, scelus tamen  
horreo.

*Tirell*

Hanc inmemor regi reponis gratiā

*Brak*

Quod in scelere nullā repono gratiā,

*Tirell*

Nil sœvientis principis iram times?

*Brak.*

Generosa mens terrore nunquā con-  
cidit

*Tirell*

At multa rex tibi miniatur horridus  
En serus alto jungitur Phœbus salo,

Nudumq; lustrandū sororū deserit  
coelu? ego sume legis ad te litemas,  
claves ut arcis illico mandes mihi,  
hac nocte regis equevi jussa ut queā

BRAKENB TYRELL, JOHAN  
DIGHTON.

*Brak*

O cæca regnandi libido, ô scelus  
Regis furentis triste nimis, ô patru  
Nefanda sceptra, quæ suorū sanguine  
madent Propinquæ vos manus heu  
destrunt,

ô nobiles pueri, pupilos opprimum  
Hostemq; dare genus vestrum potest  
Amissa postquā regna cognovit pueri,  
et possidere raptæ sceptra patruū  
Sic fatur infelix lachrymis genas

*rigans*

ab imo pectore trahens suspiria,  
Regnū nihil moroi precor vitā mihi  
hanc patruus ne demat Heu quis

*Caucasus*

lachrymis potest, aut decus Indus  
pcere?

Nunquā deinde ornaie se miserū  
juvat

Nullo solutæ vestes diffluunt nodo  
Imago semp errat ante oculos mihi  
tristis gementis principis, nec desinit  
pulsare mœstum animū quærela

*Reguli*

Sed hoc refert Tirellus infaustū gradū

*Tirell.*

Cædis fidele munus intus occupant  
Vastusq; Dighton, et Forestus carnis ex,  
Mortem morabor principū dū pferant

*Brak*

Uterq; fato cessit inimico puer?

*Tirell*

Vivunt adhuc, illis tamen necem pa  
rant

*Brak*

Aliter placari regis ira non potest?

*Tirell*

Regem metus non ira crudelem facit

*Brak*

Effare quo rex ore responsū tulit  
quod ense nunquā cæderent meo

*Tirell*

Ut ista priuū novit, ingenti statim  
stupore torpet, sanguis ora deserit,  
totusq; cœui similis expallet simul  
suspiria imis efflat è pectoris,  
lævæq; cordi proximū feriens latius,  
regale subito deserit solū, furens  
graditur citatis passibus, quassans  
caput,  
tacitoq; secum diuus iungit sinu,  
ubi sanguis è fornace veluti denuo  
proruit adustus, fervidis torret genas  
rubetq; totus, puncio velut mari  
immersus, aut minio fuisset plitus  
Oculi scintillant flami obtutu truci  
velutiq; setis horret erectis coma  
His tanquā Orestes accensus facib;  
fuit

Nam de suorū cæde convellunt pares,  
utrumq; furie discrepant uno tamen,  
Agitatur umbra matris ille mortuæ  
gravi nepotū ast ille vivorū metu.  
Et graviter in te exarsit ira turbida,  
responsa rex qua nocte pcepit tua.  
Coram tacendæ functionis assecia  
ingemuit et in hos mœstus erupit  
sonos

Proh, cui quis ullā sanus adjunget  
fidem?

Ubi gratus animus, quoque pietas ex  
ulat?

Teiras relinquens scelere pollutas  
latet

Vallis nec ullis iam licet confidere  
Quos ego velut gnatos parens enutio  
si quando tristis uigeat necessitas  
Hi me pentem deserunt, violant  
fidem,  
meoq; jussu priorsus audebunt nihil  
Respondet illico principi astans as  
secla,

At proximo stratus cubili vir jacet  
(audacter istud audio nunc dicere)  
id esset arduū nimis, quod is neget  
unquā subire, placeat modō tibi  
Quū rex ab illo tū quis esset quereret,  
me dixit ad cubile rapitur illico,  
ibi me fratremq; offendit in lectū datos  
Rex tū jocosè, Tam citò (inquit) vos  
thoro

componere juvat? tū seorsim me vocat  
panditq; mentis triste consilii suæ  
de Regulorū celeri et occulta nece  
Ego quis moneret intuens, qualis simul  
ipse fuerim, lamentata nec regis ferens  
mēa ultro iegi tū lubens opem tuli  
Quocerca primo mane mihi literas  
dedit

ad te notatas, quas mea ferrē manu  
Jussitq; claves turris excelsæ mihi  
ut traderes, quò Regis exequar  
Fidele mandatū nocte comissū mihi

### Dighton

Uterq; suffocatur exanguis puer

### Brak

Hei mihi, p̄ artus horror excurrit va  
gus

### Tirell

Quo sunt perempti genere læthi par  
vuli?

### Dighton

Cū triste cœlū stella lustraret vaga,  
serasq; gallus cecinit umbras p̄vigil  
en, dum nepos uterq; lecto sternitur,

dulcesq; somnos capei et geminus puer  
cubile nos intramus occulto pede,  
fati esq; subito stragulis convolvimus,  
suīmis volutos vñib⁹ depressimus,  
Ubi plumeā clauduntur ora culcitra,  
voceq; prohibent pressa pulvinari  
mox suffocantui adempto uterq; spiritu,  
quia pei vñi spiriñtibus non est iter,  
En, ambo cæsi lectulo strati jacent.

### Brak

Videone corpora Regulorū livida?  
funestus heu jā cæde puerili thoros  
Quis lachrymas durus malis vultus  
negat?

Hei mihi, perempti fraude patru  
jacent  
Quis Colchus hæc? quæ Caspiū tan  
gens mare  
gens audet? Atq; sedis incertæ Scy  
tha

Nunquā tuas Busiris aspersit ferox  
puerilis aras sanguis, aut gregibus suis  
epulanda parva membra Diomedes  
dedit

### Tirell

Bene est fratris Richarde nunc soliū  
tene  
securus, et decora regni posside,  
Sepelite tetri carceris giadu infimo  
satis profunda fossa fratres contegat,  
et saxeо mox obruuunt aggere,  
de morte passim sparge rumores  
vagos,  
quod fato sponte trina condulsit soror,  
Perisse subita morte finge regulos  
Sunt Regis hæc mandata, cura sedulò,  
Jam sume claves [ptinax Brakenburi]

### Brak

O sæva nostri temporis credulitas  
ô regis animus dirus! ô mens barbara,  
secura turbans jura naturæ ferox!  
Tune inçentes principes, pueros pios

monstiū Piocustes, tune mactasti  
tuos?

ō teia, cœlū, mœstūq regnū Taītaī,  
scelus videtis triste? Sustines nefas  
tantū, trisulco horrens Saturnie ful  
mine

Acheronte toto merge Syderiū caput  
radiate Tytan, pereat et mundo dies,  
Quis quo suo geneū hostis infestus  
fuit,

adeo ut cruentet cæde puerli manus  
Jam Neio pius es? scelere materno  
madens

nefande Pelops cæde, majus hic nefas  
Sola teneros Medea mactat liberos

Jugula e civem semp indignū fuit  
privare luce foemina tetrū nimis  
at inōcentes, parvulos, infantulos,  
(qui vita quid sit, non p æstatem  
sciunt)

spolare vita, facimus horrendū nimis  
Quid paicet alius qui suos ferox necat?  
qui nocte pueros multat atia iñoxios,  
quos sumā charos cura commendat sibi  
Heu, heu, quib⁹ jactans Angla flucti  
bus?

Discede pietas, et locū querat fides,  
en longa sanguinis sitis regno iminet

### REGINA, ANCILLA

*Regina*

Eheu recenti corda palpitant metu  
gelidus per artus vadit exangues tre  
mor,

Nocturna sic me visa miserā territant,  
Et dira turbant inquietā somnia  
At tu pater qui clara volvis sydera,  
et igne flammiferū vago regis jubar,  
omen nefandū averte, funestū, tetrū  
Jam cuncta passim blanda straverat  
quies,

somnusq fessis facilis obrepst genis  
vidi minantem concito cursu heu aprū  
natosq frendens dente laniavit' truci

utrosq sœvus mactat Aetheriae po  
tens

dominator aulae, fata si quid filii  
dirū minantur, in hoc caput ciescat  
furor,  
matremq prius jam fulmen irati petat

### *Ancilla*

Quando vacabit tempus ullū cladibus?  
modiūq ponit matris attonitæ dolor?  
Nam triste matiū nunciū demens  
taces?

totas an animus gaudet ærumnas suas  
tractare, longos et dolores claudere?  
O regio quondam tumens fastu, potens  
Regina

### *Regina*

Misera voce quid media stupes?  
exire jussus non reperit viā sonus?  
fusisq turpes lachrymis genæ madent

### *Ancilla*

Sœvit cruento dente frendens aper

### *Reg*

Adhuc

quicquāne sceleiū restat

### *Ancil }*

Ah, gnati tu!

### *Regina*

Audire cupio miseras statim meas

### *Ancil*

Heu ambo scelere suffocantur pri  
cipes,

Labefacta mens succumbit assurge:  
hei mihi,  
rursus cadentem misera spiritū leva.  
spirat, revixit, tarda mors miseros  
fugit

### *Regina*

Regnare nunc scelestè patrue potes,  
nihil  
timebit imbelles ferox pueros furor

scelestā vibres sceptia adhuc unū  
deest  
sceletū tuo, jam sanguinē nostrum  
pete,  
tui fuioris miseria testis haud ero  
Quem desleā infelix? propinquos?  
liberos?  
anne malis superesse fata quem si-  
nunt  
tantis? Ego meos mater occidi, latus  
Eduarde quando comite nudavi tuo,  
et tunc asylū deseris dulcis puer  
Te, te, piecor supplex mater genib⁹  
minor,  
qui vindicās flāmās vibias tonans pa-  
ter,  
et hunc vibrentur tela p̄juiū tua,  
Spolies Olimpū nate fulminibus tuis,  
et impiū cœli ruina vindicet

*Ancilla*

Quin placida cogites, animūq; mitiga,  
mentemq; sana turbidā curis leva

*Regina*

O patruī monstrū nefandū, quale nec  
Dirus Procutes novit, aut Colchos  
ferox.  
O Cardinalis impu fallax fides,  
cui filiū vesana mandavi meū.  
O filiū charissimi, ô liberi,  
quos patruī crudelis ensis eripit,  
suo nec unū sufficit sceleri nefas  
vestrumq; matrī funus invident mihi

## ACTUS SECUNDUS.

Dux BUCKINGHA EPISC ELIENSIS

*Buck*

Venerande præsul Eliensis insulæ,  
depone moestitiā prius liber licet  
nunc ædibus captivus hæreas meis  
nam te meæ cum crederet fidei ferox

Princeps, parū promitto sæverū fore  
Paiem tibi potius amicū possides  
Jam p̄stunæ vitæ status reminscere  
et non quis es quis fuisti cogita,

*Eliens*

O me beatū (pace quod dicā tua)  
caicere quod isto liberū me sentiā  
Sed fata quid non graviter incusem  
mea,  
Quod mentis initū benevolæ desinit  
virtus sed animi iebus afflictis tui  
solamen est quæ non potentis respi-  
cit  
tam copiā, quām quæ voluntas indigi-

*Buck*

Gratū est voluntatis tuæ indicū mihi,  
Adversa quamvis singula videntur  
tibi  
Cum sic amicè me colis indignū  
tamen,  
conabor, ut quæ voce jacentur mea,  
hæc vera tandū expertus affirmes  
fore,  
Nec fata damnes dura, quin potius  
probes,  
tantū nec æstimes malum, te liberū  
Non esse quantū est gaudiū vita frui  
duras tyannus regni habenas dū  
tenet  
Quin capite quod non plecteris lucrū  
puta  
vitā dedit, dum non admit audax  
fuior  
Quot cædibus cruentat insanas manus?  
Quot destinavit ad necem mentis  
furor?  
dicere nequeo, nec veiba sufficiunt  
mihi  
dolor tacere jussit O nullo scelus  
credible in ævo, quodq; posteritas ne-  
gat  
Patruus nepotes patris heu regno ex-  
pulit

Tantū exuit regno? necem miseris  
dedit

Fraenos dolor vix patitu, ulcisci cupit

*Eliens*

Piæclara suades, inclytū duiū genus  
Hoc patribus pœcrebut olim pris-  
timis,

IMPERIA SCELERE PARTA SOLVUN  
TUR STATIM

Tanto medelā vulneri nisi feceris,  
quæret lues secreta regni vulneia  
Perdere tyannū laus vel hostem æqua-  
lis est

*Bruk*

At scepta tutus ut regat potius ve-  
lim

(cujus furor paucis nocebat forsitan)  
quam sede dimovet pulsū regia

Nec talis est, ut in suos sic sœviat  
Stimulo coegit nā, quæ nescit modū

Cujus tamen regno scio piudens ca-  
put

consulete, pax florebūt æqua civibus  
Laudandus eigo, cuiā quem regni

tenet,

et cui suoiū civiū chara est salus

*Eliens*

Superbus eructat animus, nec con-  
tinet

sese, secretā miscet nā laudibus

Sic principes illi cautus odiū concita,  
ut te tamen seqūi puteris nunc magis

stultū est diu occultare, quod prodas  
statim

Nullā mihi fidem dabis certò scio,  
diversa modò si vellem juvare tibi

Testor deū, si non fuissent irrita  
Vota mea et Eduaido quod obtigit

duci

Stetisset Henrico, stable regni decus

Henrice, partes non reliqusem tuas  
Sed cùm secus tulere fatorū vices,

sceptraq regi deferant Eduardo, magis

quæ voluerā Henrico remansisse inte-  
gsa

non sic furore pœitus miser fui,  
ut mortui patronus illudar pius

Calcale victorem quis audet invidus?  
Post ego sequens victoris arbitriū

sagax,

in gratiā receptus illico fui,  
vivoq nunquā fefelli tibi tu fidem

Eduaido liberis pœcabor, et tuis  
decoia regni sceptia longas Angliae

tractent habentis regis ortū stenāte  
At quæ deus contexuit, retexere

non est meū. sed qui fuit regni  
modò

protector, is nūnc regio fulget throno  
Cohibebō me. quin sacra præsulem

vocant

senem magis, non studia regni jam  
meis

doctus malis satis at preces decent  
modò

*Bruk*

De rege fatus obmutescit audio  
lubens, sagax de rege quidnā cogitat

Quin perge patei, egissa verba ne  
piemias,

animiq tutus vota psequeie tui  
Hinc non modo pœculi nihil, sed

gratus

votis tuis mox comodi eveniet tibi  
Consultor eris in rebus incertis mihi

Quod cogitabā, a rege cùm pœcib⁹  
meis

imperio tuā domi meæ custodiam  
Alterius esset sortè crux tibi magis

molestus, hic te liberū potius puta.

*Eliens*

Factis parem habeo gratiā (dux in-  
clite)

at non placet tractare gesta principiū

Hic sœpe blanda tacta fronte fraud-

latet

Quæ dicta sunt bene, saepe torquent  
non bene,  
curamq; fabula suadet Aesop; Phrigis  
Legem tulit princeps talem fei; leo  
passim necis pænā minatur hoi; idus,  
Cornuta silvas bellua nisi deserat  
tantū tumens vesana fronte bestia  
Jussus tremens regis, parat miserā  
fugā

Fortè properanti vulpes occurrit sibi,  
causāq; mirabundus exquii; fugae  
Sylvam fugio Leonis (inquit) horreo  
mandata Ridet vulpes, affatu; fei;  
Falsò times demens, nihil de te Leo  
tantum tumet frons tibi, geit coiñū  
nihil

Satis (inquit) hoc ineimis et novi  
fera,  
Si n̄ esse cornu dixerit fiendens Leo,  
quid tum perempta pulchriā sane dis-  
puto

Subridet, omnia sorte felici cadent

### Buck

Nihil tame, leo nil nocebit rugiens,  
aper ne dente vulnus infliget tibi  
Nil audiet princeps eorum, quæ tu  
mihil

Narras secretus

### Eliens

Heiclē aures si suas  
hic sermo pulset, ipse nec sumat  
male

Nil tū timerem, forsitan grates daret  
Si mala (quod auguror) potius  
affectio  
interpres esset, veritatis nec penditur  
utriq; verba grande conflarent malū

### Buck

Hoc quicquid est audire mens avida  
cupit

culpam lubens præstabo quamlibet,  
haud time  
tantū meis moiem geras votis pater.

### Eliens

Nihil hercile dico, sceptria quando  
possidet  
Protector, hæc quo juie princeps ven-  
dicit,  
Præcalei at suplex tamen, quod pa-  
tire  
salus requirit, cuius ille si ena jam  
moderatu; et p̄s ego fidelis extitit,  
dotes ad illas addat ut clemens dens  
(his licet abundat, laude nec nostra in-  
diget

Quod in tuo numen benignū fusius  
spassent honore, dotibus abundat  
magis  
regnīq; tractet meliūs habenas suū  
Cohibebō me hec taceat me decet  
magis

### Buck

Miror quid hæret, voce quid media  
stupet?  
Quin seriō cum patre tremulo collo  
quor?

Venerande pater, animū quid incertū  
tenes?

seseq; vox egressa continet statim  
dum fundis interupta, conclusis nihil  
et crebrō spiras Qua fide regem  
colas  
neq; scio, nec tuus amor in nos quis  
fuit  
nostras quod ornas præco virtutes,  
(licet  
in me reperio laudibus dignū nihil)  
id me magis nunc mentis incertū  
tenet

sed tuā odio ardere mentem suspicor  
vel amore ductus ista cæco concipis,  
vel obstat ut audias vanus timor,  
vel impedit pudor senem parū decens,

Effare honorem pignoro dubio tibi  
tutu recessus, sui dus audiā

*Ehens*

Quid est  
Promissa certis, dux nimis fastu  
tumet,  
avidus honores hauit, odit principem  
secretus huic aperie mentem quid  
times?  
aut regis exitiu paas, vel dū faces  
accendas irarū duci, tuā fugā  
Captivus ex quo Regis arbitrio tuus  
fueram (liceat hac voce pace uti tua)  
Quanquā molesti carceris sentio nihil,  
libris levabam pectus attonitū malis,  
sententiā dedici revolvens optimā,  
quod nemo liber nascitur solū sibi  
Victurus, at partem parentes vendi  
cant,

partem propinquui, maxime sed patia  
debet parens coīmuniis allicere piū  
dem mente volvo, debitū patriæ  
juvat

præstare, cuius (heu) statū dum cogito,  
quantū micabat suīa regū gloria,  
tantū tyrannus nunc jugo premit  
gravi

Regni ruinā sceptri promittunt sui  
Sed magna miseris non deest spes  
civibus

dum corpus aspicio tuū, pulchrū de  
cūs,

ignis acumen, vimq dicendi paem,  
suīas opes raramq virtutem ducis,  
præ ceteris cui chara patriæ salus  
patriæ labanti gratuloi, cui contigit  
heios mederi quis malis tantis potest  
qui regni habenas tractet æquali  
manu,

quas nunc tirannis opprimet Gloces  
tra

Retineat ille nomen antiquū, novū  
parum placet, quod juie sceptria non  
tenet.

Nec invideo regnum, pios si non  
honor  
Mores simul mutasset effæenis ducis,  
novamq mentem nomen acciperet  
novū,

O gravia passū nobile imperiū Angliæ  
graviora passurū, tyrannus si imperet  
Imanis usq scelerā quid psequar?  
Agnosco qualem stirvit ad regnū viā,  
En optimatū cæde fecerat manus,  
obstare votis quos putabat improbis.  
O sacra regnandi sitis, quo animos  
trahis  
mortaliū? scelestus at pgit fuior,  
quantuq libuit audet, sceleris haud  
modū  
ponit, patiavit majus et fide scelus  
Ætasne credat ulla, matrem filius  
quod damnet insanus proibri solus  
suā?

Impius inurit criminis falsi notā,  
fiatesq geminos spurios falso vocat,  
nec non nepotes impia notat labē,  
stirpemq fratrī damnat ambiguā sui  
Hoc est familiæ nobile tuei decus  
Sed cur queroi? nū sceleris hic finis  
fuit?

gradus mali sunt, hactenus non stat  
nefas

Jam regna si tuis possident non timet  
audire majora miseri heu implet  
manus

funere suorū patiuus, insontes necans,  
Erumpat ergo vis coirusca fulminis:  
an paicet alius qui suos mactat ferox?  
speiare quis meliora nunc demens  
potest?

Majora monstra triste præsagit nefas  
Nunc ergo moveat temporū tandem  
status

Per numen æternū, p Anglorū decus,  
titulis superbū si genus charū tibi,  
succurre miseris, rumpe fatorū moras,  
capesse regnū, sede pulsū deprime  
tyrannū, ademptū vindica regni decus  
Nec justa dubiū causa terreat nimis,

defende cives, chaia sit patire salus  
Comes laboris haud deesse jam pos-  
test

plebs totū defectū rebellis murmuat  
magis subibunt barbū. Tuicē regnū,  
quam rex suo impius cruxre ludebat  
Quanto magis nunc te cœraret prin-  
cipem,

in quo genus refulget excelsū? meis  
quiesce votis, Anglæ oblatū thionum  
Nec respicias, podesse multis dū potes,  
nec te labor deterrat, si quem putas  
inesse, sed sit arduū minime tamen  
pro pace patriæ desiderendū publici,  
Quod si recusas p̄tinax, nec te sinas  
vinci precibus adjuvo p̄ verū deū,  
p̄ maximi ducis fidem, sancto simul  
quondam p̄ astrictā fidem Georgio  
insignis ascitus eques ordinis Gaudenti  
quando fuisti p̄imulū, ut in nostū  
caput

sermonis hujus culpa glassetur nihil  
Hoc publicis implorō precib⁹ civiū  
Si alterius optanda sceptra dexteræ  
quæsis thiono Lancastriæ pulsū ge-  
nus

addas pateino, aut filiū Eduaidi patris  
thiono superbo nobilis jungas virū  
Sic impū tyannus exitū feret,  
et cladibus defessa gens ponet modū,  
habes meā de rebus his sententiā

Cur sic tacet? miro! metuo multū  
mīhi  
suspiū ducit fidemne decipit?

### Buck

Video timore distrahī pectus patei  
doloris ansā (doleo) quod tacens dedi  
tū macte sis virtute non fallā fidem  
O magne cœli ictor, et mundi ai-  
biter,

quantū tibi devincta gens est Anglica?  
qui fluctuantem sæpius regni statu  
Clemens deus manu benigna protegis?  
Jam statue tandem gravibus æxumnis  
modū,

clementer animi spiritū inspīna pater,  
ut principem quædam auspicis tuis,  
qui justa tractet sceptri i regali manu,  
statimq̄ rebus collocet lassis opem  
Reverende sedis p̄fesul Eliensiū,  
specimen dedisti mentis ergo me tuæ  
cluā satis amoiemq̄ testor patiæ  
par culpa nostri, quare nil time dolos  
de iegē mentis sensa p̄forsus eloquar,  
vnes cui illi adjutori adjunxi meas  
i etineie postquā non potest fati colos  
Eduardus ejus nominis quartus, mou-  
sed fata cogunt libelis p̄ai suis  
sui benevolus, ille quod meritis parūm  
dignū referret pramū, generis mei  
titulos nec altos estimavit invidus  
Eigo minus orbos tū colebā libelos  
patiis immici Vulgo jactatur vetus  
dictū facilē regnū habebi, cujus tenet  
rex puei habenas Coepit tū comes  
tua

Richarde faveo, judicavi tū viū  
fuisse clementem, atq̄ nunc video seū  
hac fraude plurimū allicit mentes  
pias,

ut publico Protectori assensu Anglæ  
renunciatus esset, et regis simul  
accensa sic honore mens fuit novo,  
ut cùm secundū possidet regni locū,  
tantum placere sceptra cooperunt  
statim

Regni decora poscit ad tempus sibi  
teneros nepos dum complet annos de  
biles

Dubitate postquā nos videt, regni  
fidem

nec fallimus, spurios nepotes tū pro-  
bat  
patiūs scelestus credimus tandem  
sibi,

statimq̄ nostri fræna regni tradiimus  
damnavit hæredem ducis Clarentiae  
crimen pateñū, juri avita pdidit  
Regni thronū, Richarde sic p̄ias tibi  
ruisq; tandem, quod furoi traxit tuus  
regnare liceat (ut lubet) jam nem̄ē

æquū est metuere, nullus est hostis  
ferox,  
obstare sceptris nemo jam potest tuis  
At quis minister funeiis tanti fuit?  
Tu, tu tyrannus natus ad patiæ luem,  
tu piole matrem sœvus orbaris sua,  
nec abstines à cæde cognita miser,  
teneros nepotes patruus injustus necas  
Quoū necis cū fami penetrasset meas  
aures, trementes horror occupat vīgus  
autus, venas deserit hiantes intumus  
cruoi, soluta membra diffluent  
Nobis salubrie pollicemur insci,  
incerta dū sit propriae domus salus  
Mihi damnat injustū frequens injuria  
Avita si ad justus hæres prædia  
sumiq; vendico munus comestabulis  
graviter iepulsā læsus ingratā tuli  
Nunquid dabit nova, qui suū nunquā  
dedit  
At si dedisset, non tamen gratis daret  
Ope namq; nostra possidet impeii  
decus

Agnoscō culpā, quū mea carens ope  
Nunquā feroci sceptia gestasset manu  
Fiatū redundat in meū cūmen caput,  
manuq; patriæ vulnus inflixi meæ  
Hoc expiabo si medelā fecero,  
medeboi ergo, sicq; deī evi prius,  
justā queiēlā diuis ubi tū respuit  
Non amplius me contineo dicā ordinē  
quodcumq; mente absconditū tacita  
latet,

Cum iegi animū scelerē plenū cerne ē  
in odium amor iūnatur, ulcisci paro,  
Quem sū passus ejus aspectū statim  
tuli molestè, ferre nec vultū queo  
Aulā ielinq; regiā, domū peto,  
dum cœpi iter, mea facile tunc dex-  
tera

erupta posse sceptra transferri puto,  
regnae postquā populus iratus jubet  
Quo mihi placebā ludicro titulo diu,  
et justus hæres domus Lancastriæ  
mihi falsō videor, ambiens regni  
thronū

Hec cogitanti subito me iogat obvia  
Richmondiae comitissa, redditū filio  
precaer exuli si rex benignus an-  
nuat,  
tum iegi Eduardi relictæ filiæ  
natū suū despondet ad castos thoros  
dotem nihil moratur, una dos ent  
Regis favor, nec amplius mater petit  
Hic nostia peleunt regna tū mihi  
exciderat animo filio primū suo  
matriq; jus patrē legi somniū  
thronus fuit, regnūq; frustra vendico  
Contemno primū vota Comitissæ pia  
Mens altius dum cogitat maius preces,  
tum spiritu impulsā sacro matiem,  
bonū  
sensisse regni nesciā immensū puto,  
Infensa si domus thronos jungit pios,  
quæ scepta jure dubia vendicat suo  
æterna fieret civib⁹ tranquillitas,  
solidamq; pacis alliget rectæ fidem,  
hæresq; dubiæ certus esset Angliae

*Eliens*

O recta patriæ spes, salus, solatiū  
respicere cœpit mitis afflictos deū,  
O sancti lecti juia legitimi, Anglia,  
tibi gratuloi, l'etare, solamen venit

*Buck*

Nunc tata quib⁹ arcana tuti pandim⁹  
M'bris prius mentem decet cognos-  
ceie

*Eliens*

Jam nostra votis cœpta succedent  
satis

Servus fidelis ecce Comitissæ venit,  
ut nos licet lentus juvas miseros deus!  
Brai potentis servū Comitisæ, tū  
domine salutis gratus esto nuntius  
Jactata pacis appulit portū ratis  
mox natus horæ sceptra gestabat  
manu,  
si juie jurando suā astringet fidem  
face velit sibi jugali junge  
quæ nata major regis Eduardi fut.

Nati eigo faustos niter ambiet  
thronos,  
ut sede pellatur sua rex impius

*Bra*

Tam laeta domine, nuncius felicis  
lubens  
quamcumq; vobis alq; prestabo fidem

*Buck*

De rege tandem memet ulciscari  
piobè  
de sede malè parta triumphabit paup. Nunc sevus infensū inveniet aper sibi  
fortem leonem, qui unguib; tanlū valet  
quantū ille dente jā scelere cumula  
scelus

Crudelis imple cœde funestas manus  
adhuc iniquè juia detineas mihi  
dominare tumidus, spiritus altos geie  
sequitur superbos ultor à teigo deus,  
Reddes coactus, sponte quæ negas  
mihi

Nuper superbus Eboraci fastū tumens,  
Cinctus corona, vestibus clavis nitens  
spectanda piæbet ora stupidis civibus,  
diadema pariter cinxit uxoris caput,  
celebratq; plebs honore divino levis  
portendit excelsus ruinā spiritus

*Ehens*

Tu tu tyriannū morte multab; feiox  
si liber essem, vinculis nudus tuis,  
meaq; septus insula tota satis,  
nihil furentis horieā regis minas  
nunc ergo liceat pace discedā tua

*Buck*

Dispersa perdit turba vires debilis,  
unita fortius minatur hostibus manus,  
morare paulum, milites dū colligo  
defendet armatus tuā miles viā

*LODOVICUS MEDICUS*

Comitissa matei laeta Brau nuntia  
postquā sui natū de nuptiis acceperat,  
ut regis Eduui di priori fili e  
si sacia lecti iusta sponderet comes  
Richmondius, speiæt amissū thronū,  
adue regnā jubet celest gradu,  
tentare mentem sponte quasi pulsā  
mea

ut qui peritus arte medicorū fui,  
scedera medelis sacia misericordiæ meis,  
Lectumq; promissū comitis Rich  
mondii

Nunc eigo Lodovice, jussus exequi  
decet fideles, vince matrem, ne tholos  
comiti negaret conjugales filiæ

*EPÙS EISENSIS FUGIENS*

Deserei nolens cogoi hospitū ducis  
turbata magnū consilia suadent meū  
Nunc ergo consulā mihi celest fugia  
Quām nunc manus miser hostiū sævas  
tremo?

sed cautus incedā, insulā petā meā,  
sulcabo salsa nave mox et æquora,  
hopesq; tutus bella spectabo piocul  
Te, te potens mundi arbiter supplex  
precor,  
ab hoste servū protegas sævo tuū

*LODOVICUS, REGINA**Lod*

Regina servans conjugis casta fide  
lectū jugalem, siste misera lachrimas,  
adesse speiæ jam malis finem tuis  
Parumper autem verba facilis percipe  
vacato nostris precib; inveni modū  
quo trux tyrannus debitæ penas luat,  
tractentq; rursus sceptra felici manu  
tui nepotes, rege defecto truci  
procerū sibi, plebisq; concitat odiū

Richardus, invisū eximere regno student  
Jam vulgus insano crebescit murmu're,  
quām serie possunt gravius imponi  
jugū,  
an sceptra speremus benigna principis?  
nec nepotes patruus infantes dedit  
Quæcūa civiū frequens pulsat Jovem  
amare nequunt, quem execiantur  
publicē  
servile collo populus excuteat jugū  
si notus hæres esse impeui sibi  
Richmondie (nunc exul) Henricus  
comes  
hæres familie certus est Lancastriæ  
hunc filiæ sociale si thalamos jubes,  
nullus de regni juie hæses disputat

*Regina*

Quod pepulit ames nuntiū lætū meas?  
quid audio? nū miseria mens est cie-  
dula?  
hæc facile credunt quod minus miseri  
volunt  
Sed quod volunt, fortuna contumax  
vetat  
Prona est timori semper in pejus  
fides  
Regnat tyrannus, exul Henricus  
comes,  
est vulgus anceps, dubius et populi  
favor  
Quæ filiæ facilis patet mœre via  
ad sceptra?

*Lodov*

Voto tiemulus obstabit timor  
Confide causæ, civiū pugnat salus  
prudens familie consulas mater tuæ  
cædis recentis memori sobolis jæces  
cur sic inultā te sinis? stimulet dolor  
cædis tuoū, et conjugis chari piobrū

*Regina*

Spem pollicetur animus invitam tia-  
hens  
Dotæne thalamo filiā Flizabeth ve-  
lim  
sed spernet illā foisan Henrici parens  
illam petas, scutare nū maneat vetus  
domus simultas, exulis gnati potest  
Flecti malis, ut fieret ex misero potens.

*Lodov*

Regina, peragam jussa

*Reg*

Respiret deus  
consilia lœta, peige non dubio gradu

*DUX BUCK AD MILITAS*

Ultiœ dextra, milites, sævus cadat'  
comunis hostis ille, tum quisquis  
comes  
fuerit tyranni, jaceat et pene comes  
Quid ira posset, durus expromat do-  
lor  
Utinā cruoē capitis invisi deo  
libare possim' multa mactatur Jovi  
opima magis arasve tinxit victima  
quam rex iniquus [aut tirannus im-  
pius]  
Violenta nemo imperia continent diu,  
speratae tanti sceleris quis demens po-  
test  
regnū salubrie, vel fidem tuā dui?  
vobis sceleræ mentis exponā dolū.  
Bellū paliari dū videt, mox liteas  
mittit benignas, spondet agros, nū  
negat

sensi dolū, morā traho, veniā peto  
Ægre repulsā passus imperat statim  
venire? adhuc recuso, sed veniā ta-  
men,  
Veniā, Richarde, sed malo tandem  
tuo

Et ultor adeo inimicus infensus tibi  
miseris Britannis pacis aucto*r* publicæ  
Fugiens asylū Marchio Dorcestrius  
vīm militū magnā Eboraci colligit  
Ducem sequuntur Devoniensis Cuit  
næū

viresque fratris adjuvat sacū caput  
Episcopi Exetiensis infesto agnūne  
Gilsfordus impū tyannū eques petit,  
frequensq Cantū caterva militū  
Mactetū hostis, bella poscunt, im  
pias

dirus suōū carnifex poenas luat  
Eigo tyannū patriæ pestem suæ  
trucidate, cū sit giata civibus hosti,  
præsidia cum sint tanta, quæ partes  
student

nostras tueri, et patriæ vitā dare,  
omnesq dux feiā lubens angustis,  
ut hostis perieat vestiei ferox Neio  
Quid desideremus? arma cur cessant  
pia?

cedendo vinci ut perfidos hostes putes  
stulte nimis votisq pulsando Jovem  
vibentur enses, copias jungi decet,  
ad arma ruite, vos ferox hostis manet  
pugnate validi, vir viuo infeiat manus  
tollantur altè signa, bellū tuba canat,  
et excitetur classico miles truci

quis non potentem cernit eversū  
domū?

Ileu gnatus, heu prīmū unicus perit  
meus

(ō duia sala, et lugubrem soitem  
nimis)

qui clara patris regnū sperat mortui  
Ut ille magni prius amenti comes,  
pumisq vixdum cornibus frontem  
geiens

cevice subito celus, et capite arduus  
griegem paternū ducit, et pecori im  
perat.

O suave pignus, o decus domus  
Regalis, o Britanniæ sumus tuæ,  
O patris heu spes vana, cui demens  
ego

laudes Achillis bellicis, ei Nestoris  
annos precibai, luce priuavit deus  
Nunquā potenti sceptria gestabis manu  
felix, Britanno jura nec populo dabis,  
victasq gentes sub tuū mittes jugum  
Non Fianca subiges teiga, non Scotos  
trahes

in tua rebelles imperia, sine gloria  
jacebis alto clausus in tumulo miser  
Porro exul hærens finib⁹ Britanniæ  
dirū paiat bellū Comes Richmondius,  
viresq cogit sceptria rapturus mea,  
Domī cruoiem populus en nostrū  
petit,

incidunt animos pīnax nimis furor,  
sceleris ministrios armat in nostrā  
necem

Quidā minantem viib⁹ Richmondiū  
juvare, quida firma præsidia arcibus  
locare? quidā clanculū armatos domi  
servare, quidā subditos, fidem ut suā  
fallant, iogare precibus infensi student  
Nescie velim, cuncta simulavi lubens  
dūm cæca potui cepta, concilia dolos  
sentire, militiq vires jungere  
Hujus furoris cū ducem Bucking-  
hamū

caput esse scuem, et totius fontem  
mali

### ACTUS TERTIUS

#### RICHARDUS REX SOLUS

O sœva fata semper, o sortem as-  
peā  
cum sœvit et cum parcit ex æquo  
malā

Fōtuna fallax rebus humanis nimis  
insultat, agili cuncta pvertens rota  
Quos modò locavit parte suprema,  
modò

ad ima eosdem trudit et calcat pede  
Subitio labantis ecce fortunæ impetu

Vel maite apeito tñahere, vel preci  
bus piè  
allicere cepi, ne fidem muttat suā,  
Dedi benignas ad ducem m̄gis lites, as,  
Felix ad aulā convolet celeri gradu  
Sentit dolos dux, texuit causas mōre  
stomachiq; se dolore rudit premi,  
Omnem statim mōrā jubebā rumpere  
Ventū id hostem patiæ sese negat  
Et milites cogens suos dux pessimus,  
in me nefanda bella demens coñovit  
Quid facio? amicus qui mihi sumus  
fuit

aufeire regna quererit odit maximè  
qui maximè colebat & scelus impiu; ,  
et dux profundo devovende Taitao  
At plebs velut procella ventis tur-  
bida,  
agmine scelesto principem neci petit  
Solus Richardus causa cantatur mali  
Quid nunc agendū restat? aut quem  
consulā?

Infecta facta ieddeie haud quivis po-  
test

Si populus odit, peleo? sed populi  
favo;

servetur, isto macula tolletur modo,  
qua nomen indui scelestus heu meū,  
ut in Britannos si quid eiumpat malū  
damnent nihil, jam mitis, humanus,  
pius,

et liberalis civibus meis ero,  
et scelese vindicabo nomen impio  
Centū sacrificus alta surgent mōnia,  
cuius soluti ut precibus incumbant  
pus

Legesq; patrise utiles ferā meæ  
fortasse nostras populūs in ptes iuet,  
pietate falsa ductus aut̄ montibus,  
blandisq; veib; ducitur vulgus leve

NUNTIUS, REX RICHARDUS

*Nuntius*

Adfero ducem fugisse Buckinghamū,  
magnæq; quid nunc dissipantur copie

### *Rich Rex*

Quæ causa subitò terga vertendi fuit?

### *Nuntius*

Ubi Wallicorū numerat ingentē manu,  
qua sylva sese porrigit Danica, viā  
pandit superibus, et Sabrinā nobile  
superare flumen properat, agminī suo  
ut Courtneorū jungat agmen, at  
minas  
dum spirat horrens impio dux ag-  
mine,  
ut non genus mortale curant Numina?  
dum milites vicina spectant flumina  
alatasq; ipsis non datui adhuc tangere,  
subitò ḡiavis tellū ruina cœli verberat  
divesq; pluvias laxat imbris humidus  
Auster, et agros altū tegit frequens  
aqua

En piscis ignotas in auras tollit,  
Lectis jacentes arboribus hærent, agris  
eveisa, tecta vagit in cunis puer  
passim per agros, montibus natant  
ferre,

terrā diebus obruunt aquæ decem  
Stupet miles, cū Courtneorū copus  
jungeat p̄sus agmen haud fluvius  
sinit

At Wallicorū turba nulla p̄æmio  
invita seiviens duci, carens simul  
misera cibauis, statim illū deserunt  
Nullis minis gens Cambria adduci  
potest  
aut precibus, ut maneat simul belii  
comes,  
aut perget ultra Præda nudus hos-  
tibus  
suis relictus, cepit infelix fugam.

### *Rex Rich*

Felix ad aures nuntius nostras venit  
prius labantem fausta tollunt numina.  
Poltus ad omnes miles undiq; sepiat,  
dux exteris ne eiumpat ad gentes!  
Comes

Richmondius quidnā parat, quærat  
simul  
nun cocepta linquat, an minetui am-  
plus  
Præcep̄s honorem testor, illū qui mihi  
captū reducet, præmiū dignū feret  
Si servus ille fuerit emittā manu  
sin liber, illū mille ditabo libris  
Classis Britannū armata sulcabit mare,  
ne perfidus premat Angliā Rich-  
mondius  
Aude scelerā, ne crescat malū  
exprimere jus est ense, quod nequeant  
preces  
Quicquid sceleris socius in nostras  
manus  
veniet, piabit sanguine inceplū nefas

## NUNTIUS, REX RICHARDUS

*Nuntius*

Captus tenetur vinculis Bucking-  
hamius

*Rex Rich*

Sacris colamus prospiciā votis diem  
O mihi propitios, sed tamen lentos  
dies [al deos]!  
hostis quib⁹ captus dolis sit, explica!

*Nuntius*

Ubi Cambrio dux milite orbatū vidit,  
obstupuit illicet, atq; sorte tā gravi  
pculsus, animū pene despondit suū  
consilii egenus, sed sibi fidit tamen,  
Banisteri tremens ad ædes clā fugit,  
cui dux amore eximio prius favebat,  
et semp auxit dignitate pluimū  
hujus latē clā studebat ædibus,  
donec cohortem reparet, et belli  
runas  
nudusve mare fugeret secans Britannū,

Comitiq; sese jungelet Richmondius  
At male deoī si quis invisus duci  
fuerit, paratū non potest fugere malū  
Servus Banisteri, seu vītæ timens suæ,  
tuisve ductus pīemis, Salopie  
Proconsul, tum Milton proditum  
ducem  
Is mihi stipante pgit agmine,  
servi pīahendit ab adib⁹ sui hrad  
piocul,  
dum fata sylvis dīa solus cogitat,  
tibiq; vincū filius adducit viuū

*Richardus*

Si non fides me sacra regno conti-  
nent,  
tentabo mea stabiliue sceptra san-  
guine,  
et regna duo saevus impelio regā  
Nunc eigo dux pcenas gravissimas  
luat

Obrumpat ensis noxiū tristis caput,  
nullamq; pene cañifex reddat morā  
Regnare nescit, odia qui timet nimis  
Non tua mihi Stanleie dubia fides  
fuit

Comes sitit Richmondius honores  
meos

Gener tuus sibi sceptra despondet  
mea

uxor suo comitissa querit filio  
Victrice dextra iapta sceptra tradeat.  
Iapidis volabis gressibus Lancastriā  
illā intimis reclude mox penetralibus,  
pateat nec nullū foeminae servoru iter,  
ad filiū nullas matei det literas,  
ne patriæ demens luem tristem paret,  
et sceptra mihi mulier iebellis auferat,  
At Siangeū præstantem honore filiū  
fidei tuae meū reliques præsidem  
testabitu puel patris constantiā  
Natura mentem foeminae pronā malo  
dedit, dolisq; pectus instruxit, negat  
vires, malū ut tantū queat vindicare.

*Dux Buckinghamus*

O blandientis lubricū sortis decus !  
 ô tristis horrendi nimis bellī casus !  
 heu, heu fatis mortale luditū genū  
 Quisquāne sibi spondeat tā fūmū  
 potest  
 quod non statim metuenda convellat  
 dies !  
 Cujus refusit nomen Anglis inclytū  
 modò, pallidos nunc ad lacus trudor  
 miser  
 Quid (heu) juvat jactare magnos  
 spiritus ?  
 Fallacis aulæ fulgor (heu) quos per  
 didit ?  
 Heu blanda nimis dona fortunæ !  
 mare  
 non sic aquis refluxibus tuget, aut  
 undis  
 turbatus ab imis pontus Euxinus  
 tumet,  
 ut cœca casus heu fortuna magnatū  
 vocat  
 Funestus heu dirusq; Richardi favor  
 quid illa deplorem miser tempora,  
 quibus  
 fretus meo consilio aper fiendens, sibi  
 regnū cruento dente iaptū comparat ?  
 En, hujus ictu nunc atrocī corruso  
 Natale solū, illustre decus ô Anglæ,  
 horrenda quæ te fata nunc manent ?  
 feiox  
 postquam jugo tyannus oppressū tenet  
 heu, heu, miser Stygas ad undas de-  
 primor,  
 Crudelis et collo securis minet

*ACTUS QUARTUS*

RICARD REX, NUNTIUS, LOVELL  
 HEROS, CATESBEIUS

*Richardus*

Quid me potens fortuna fallaci nimis  
 blandita vultu graviū ut ruerem, edita

de iupe tollis ! finis alterius mali  
 gaudiū est futuri dñia conspiat  
 manus  
 in me rebellis, torqueor metu misere  
 disrumpor æstuante curarū salo  
 Richmondiensis ille pfidus comes  
 in transmarinis ambit (heu) regnū  
 locis  
 In cujus arma jurat tui ba ciuiū  
 inimica mox hujus mali tanti metu  
 famulos cruenta morte mulctavi meos  
 at fama vexat tui gudū pectus magis  
 thalamos jugales filiae Richmondio  
 Comiti studet regina mater jungeat  
 O tūste facinus, hostis in nostra  
 potens  
 regnabit aula, meq; fatis destinat

*Nunt*

Richmondiensis incubat ponto comes

*Rex*

O flenda fata ! Gesta quæ sunt, ex-  
 plica

*Nunt*

Ubi ter, quatuor, implesset October  
 dies,  
 Oculus profundū mane spectantes  
 fretū,  
 Vagis carinas vidimus appellere  
 Polū petunt Dorcestriū, quem Polū  
 vocant Dubia nos tui ba spectantes  
 diu  
 manemus illic Nave tum prætoria  
 comitem ferocem novinum Rich-  
 mondise

Auxilia forsitan alia sperantes manent  
 aliquot diebus ut nos celas videat  
 ripas tenentes, littus appellant simul  
 Num simus hostes, miles an charus  
 duci  
 querunt vasros nos fingimus vultu  
 dolos

ibi milites locasse Buckinghamum,  
 ut comitus adventū maneat exulus,

dubiuq; moꝝ ad castia deducant ducis  
Junctæ facilè possent phalanges vin-  
cere

Rex maximo sepultus obrutur metu  
Hi blinda velib; suspicantes, caribas  
completo vento lxxvi coñitunt maiꝝ,  
velisq; prinsis advolant Britanniā

*Rex*

Cur ludis inconstans nimis miserū  
dea?  
nup locatū me levas sum̄i rota,  
auraꝝ mollis prosperos r̄fiers dies  
illlico supinū lubrico affligis solo  
Quām vania? quām maligna? quām  
levis dea?

*Lovell*

Cur veruit animū cura vesanū gravius?  
ubi prisca viuitus? pellat ignavos  
metus  
excelsus animus [fortis haud novit  
metum]  
Mullo periculo nobilis virtus labat  
Quorsū ducis manes t̄ emiscis mortui?  
quorsū rebelles cateros? an non ja-  
cent  
terra seputi? pulverem demens times?  
Promissus hymen, et fides Scotis data  
illos fideles pacis officio tenent.  
Mandata legati ducti Britanno  
tua deferunt, agros sibi rebellū  
promittis, armis sceptra si juvet tua  
Quem non movebunt ampla promittā  
præmi  
desine timeie quod satis tutū est  
times

*Cates*

Si præmus dux pertinax ductus tuis  
non exeretur aliud incepit manet  
Richmondi disjunge promissos thoros  
neptis tuæ Lancastris si non opem  
ferat domus Eborū (fremat licet ferox)  
frustra minatur differa connubiuꝝ

Richmondi, nec filiæ Eduardi fices  
celebrent jugales, si fui voto vellis

*Rex*

Ripietur illico, simetq; nuptias  
distinctus ensis, Tutatio nubet prius

*Lovell*

At est r̄sylī grande violati nefas  
meliora cogita ista non prodest tuo  
medicina morbo culpa non sanat  
ieos,  
nec est aperto scelere pugnandū  
scelus  
Et nuper allactus tibi populus fuit  
quem plurimis duduꝝ modis coleie  
studes  
statim scelere peclus inani, odenit

*Cates*

Quod impetrari mollibus precibus  
potest,  
non est minis diuꝝ parandū, voce vel  
sævi tyianni neq; frigido metu

*Rex*

Tædasne demens patiar invisas mihi  
meoꝝ sceptro contrahi? nunquā ac  
cidet  
Scelestæ nostrū firmat impietas thionū  
audebo quodvis scelere vincendū  
scelus  
violare jura facilè regnanti licet  
In rebus alius usq; pietatem colas  
Stringatur ensis Regna tutatur crux

*Lovell*

Regina tenera mollibus verbis potest  
utrinq; torquei facilè, mox deferant  
jussus tuos legati ad illā, ut filias  
suas in aulā adduci matei sinat

*Cates*

Si socia thalamī foit̄ moriatur tui,  
neptem statim vince ducendā tibi,  
illoꝝ pacto fracta spes comitis erit,

*Rex*

Placet, quod inquis ! potius quā  
regnū iuat,  
tentanda cuncta tūste consiliū tamen  
dum vivit uxor hanc decet lētho  
dai

*Lovell*

Frequentet illā rumor esse mortuā

*Rex*

Cum salva fuerit illa, quid rumor po-  
test

*Lovell*

Fortasse longa oppressa curarū tabe  
moriatur utq̄ mois sit illi certior,  
illico suborna qui susurret clanculū  
fecunda quid non sit, fore infestā tibi  
Arcenda thalamis sterilis uxor tuis est  
Aulā beare sobole scelici decet  
Regem doloris sœva ppetua lues  
matura timidæ fata foeminæ dabit

*Rex*

Mactabo potius, ense lēthali, prius  
tollam veneno, quā mea pestis thiōni  
cladesq; fuerit vosq; quos semp colo  
faciles animi, fida Magnatū manus,  
adite templū, tum meis verbis piē  
matrem salutantes, colere me dicite,  
vitæq; sordes esse mutatas meæ  
contendo, quævis opprimat silentiū  
Populi favorem nequeo nanciū prius  
quam fratris ut complectar olim filias,  
quorū duos miser fratres neci dedi,  
natumq; Marchionem honore prosee-  
quar  
amplos agros promitte, magnas et  
opes,  
sī gratus Anglia exul illico venerit

*RICHARDUS REX SOLUS*

Animū tumultus volvit attonitus, rupit  
regni metus, quiescere nec usqua  
potest,

sanae nunc malū queo solū, face  
neptem jugali si maritus jungerem  
Uxor sed obstat scelecia novimus  
prius

quid conjugem cessas veneno tollere ?  
aude anime, nū peccata formidas tuā ?  
se iō pudet peiacta pars sceleus mei  
olim fuit maxima piū esse quid  
juvat ?

post tanta miserū facinoia, nihil facis  
Paiat animus nefanda, paiva nec pla-  
cent

Regnū tuemur omnis in ferro salus

**LOVELL REGINA ELIZAB REX  
RICHARDUS**

*Lovell*

O socia thalami regis olim, sœmina  
illustris, ad te nos legatos principis  
fecere jussus, ut soluta sacro carcere  
aulā sequareis splendidam mater po-  
tens

Nec moveat antè Regis immensū scelus,  
quem tantopere vitæ scelestæ poenitet.  
matura sanctè suadet retas vive:e  
Vitā cupit mens lapsa spurcā ponere,  
seumq; cepit vitū fastidiū  
Dum vincere cupis, arma delectant  
magis

nescit modū sibi strictus ensis ponere  
at placida victori magis pax expedit,  
quem civiū quivis tumultus territat  
Paitā prius ne perderet iterū gloriā,  
a plebe rex quassivit ardentei coh  
Hoc efficere prius nequit princeps  
pius,

nisi te tuasq; filias sancte colat,  
et splendidis illas locaret nuptus,  
cujus necavit filios heu turpiter,  
En concidit dolore confectus gravi,  
fletu rigantur ora sceleris vindice :  
vitæ tantum corrigendæ defuit,  
honos tuarū, filiusq; marchio

Dorcettus heros, qui p' oras nunc  
vagus  
incognitus periret exul. Si domū  
reversus, arma deserat Richmondi,  
florebbit alto clarus imperio statim  
illustris heros, sibi patebunt omnia  
fulgentis aule dona nil frustia petet.  
Nunc ergo quæras lumen aule splen-  
didi,  
In gratiā, Regina cum principe redi-  
nec ies animū speine tam charu tibi  
sed dulce pignus filias animi tui  
mittas ad aulā, adhuc nec obscurio  
horreant  
loco, pius quas dilit rex unice  
Quid moesta terram conticescias in-  
tuens?  
errore quid pectus vago veisas tuū?

*Regina*

Ergo filiorū sanguine madentes  
manus?  
non liberos crudelis occidit fratris?  
nostrosq' conspersit thoros falsa labē?  
an non potest matri sclestus parcere,  
infame generi vulnus inflxit suo  
Sævire ferrū cessat, ubi regnat furo?  
Quisquamne putet ullū deesse nequitæ  
modū?  
Sævire cum ratione num quisquā po-  
test?

Strictus tuerit ensis, invit' tuis  
quicquid tene' te scias, quicquid  
scelus  
peperit, tuerit majus admissū scelus  
Haud dulcis aula, cruore quæ meo  
fluit  
Quas nuptias meorū meorū sanguine?  
An filiarū nuptias celebret? prius,  
reddat sepulcrū filiorū, plangere  
funera meorū mater efflagito prius,  
suis debetur atq' mortuis honor

*Lovell*

Sepulta quid renovas odia? pectus  
premet

æterna vesanū ira? patiatū licet  
scelus evpiare quid juvat gemitu  
ad eo  
opplete cœlū? vel lamentis ethera  
pulsare? toties vulneri quid heu  
manus  
idfers? medelā nec p' potes mali?  
Si quisq' quoties peccat, illico Jupitei  
iratus ignes vindices jaculabitur  
oībis jacebit squalido turpis situ  
et tanta damna sobole turpis situ  
et tanta damna sobole repararet sua  
nunquā Venus cunctis petita viis?  
adhuc  
seirūne teriet

*Reg*

Cujus ictu concidi

*Lovell*

At melius infligens mededetur vulneri

*Reg*

Ad arma nova penumpit ira saepius

*Lovell*

Despecta magis nascitur clementia

*Reg*

Veteratus at nescit furor clementiā.

*Lovell*

Quid arma metuis, ira quando extin-  
guitur?

*Reg*

Haud sanguinis saties sitim, nisi ex  
pleas

*Lovell*

At in cruento quod est necesse sufficit,

*Reg*

At triste furioso necesse quod libet?

*Lovell*

At na vana luditur sine viribus,  
coepitq; mox timerariu nimis pudet  
Quod si furore pectus attonitus times,  
Et regis horres impias adhuc minas  
haec sola spes relicta pugnandū  
prece

Luctantibus nihil valebis viribus,  
Sed foitius comota mens ebuliet,  
nullamq; vim patitur sibi resistere

*Reg*

Heu mihi mulier, heu, heu, quid in-  
foelix agā?  
animus vacillans fluctuat, timet omnia,  
spereat rursus jussit ommissus thronus,  
Tradamne regi filiis? egone meas  
honore privabo? aula filias decet  
At quid facis? cui ciedis? insontes  
tuos

mactavit, an parcit sorori? Jus idem  
utriq; regni Cujus heu thoro meas  
Rex filias comendat, has qui turpiter  
matre editas mentitus est adulteria?

*Lovell*

Errore quorsū pectus uris anxiū?  
Sin vita regis sancta nil psuadeat,  
Sed hujus animū adhuc ferocem som-  
nias

quantū tibi natus minutur, cogita,  
Hujus benigna vota si contempseris

*Reg*

An moite quicquā minutui amplius?

*Lovell*

Exosa vitā filias num destrues?

*Reg*

O filiae charissimae, heu, heu, filiae  
dotare vos thalamis beatis rex parat,  
abite, vos fortuna quo miseras jubet,  
et supplices ad genua patrum sternite

dedisce regnū infesta proles princi-  
pis,  
privata vos decent magis regnū  
nocet  
facre juvet, quicquid necessitas jubet  
Omnia timore plena metuendū ta-  
men  
palam nihil nunquā preces spenit  
leo  
timidæ feræ, nec supplices temnit  
sonos  
Si sors beabit fausta, jussit en paient  
vos ne sin crudele fatū pderet,  
Ulciscar ipse moite eadem me simul,  
meiq; poenas mater incepti ferā.  
Adsis fidelis particeps mentis meæ  
celeri gradu oias Gallæ mox adiولا,  
gnatoq; Marchioni reditū suadeas,  
dubium nil ieiū exitū pavesceret,  
nec horreat minas ciuenti principis  
Sceleris sui regem nefandi poenitet,  
deflet cruenta miser nepotū funera,  
sibq; larga pollicetur præmia,  
magnosq; honores, atq; liberā malis  
vitam ergo præceps vela pandat  
prospera,  
charamq; rursus patriā reddat sibi

*Rex Rich*

Geminas video sorores ô faustū  
diem  
Compone vultum, amplectar illas  
arctius  
Neptes amandæ, quam libens vos os-  
cultur  
vestræ misericordiam doleo fortunæ  
vicein,  
itaq; sacro ægrè carcele inclusas tuh.  
Quapropter hunc mutabo luctū siebi-  
lem  
in gaudiū, atq; ueste præclara induā,  
vobisq; magnatū parabo nuptias  
Jam gaudet animus, pace sperata  
fruor  
Has nuptias uxoris invisiū caput

perturbat. Anna huc confert tristem Illustre Britanniae decus, rector potens,  
gradu : quid misera merui? quid ad morte  
Concepta mente scelera vultu contegā, aegraq; verbis molliā mentem piis.  
trahor:

REGINA ANNA, RICHARD. REX,  
NUNTIUS.

*Reg. Anna.*

Heu quantis curarū fluctibus aestuo?  
Quid mihi horrendi præsagit animus  
mali?

In lugubres rumpamne suspiria voces?  
et querulis ferā corusca sydera planc-  
tis?

Quid misera faciam? fata deplorā  
mea?

En, rumor pcrebuit vitā oblata mihi,  
et garrula volavit fama funeris mei:  
ergo vivæ mihi sepulcru queritur,  
Et nostra lachrymis viva decoro  
funera,  
cogorq; jussa mihi nunc psolvere.

Cur mihi meus minatur ingratus ne-  
cem?  
nihilq; nostros amores crudelis aesti-  
mat?

Cardinalis antistes mili gravis pater  
fletu genis madentib⁹ nunciat.

Rex (inquit) jamdudu saturavit amore,  
nec dabit amplexus, aut oscula figet  
ducia:

Te sterilem esse, Regali nec aptā  
thoro.

Talem regiæ conjugem poscunt faces,  
Qualis liberorū possit procreare magnū  
decus,  
qui tenera patris sceptræ gestabit  
manu.

Variis animus curarū fluctib⁹ aestuat,  
rumorq; vexat scelestus augur fati  
mei

Quid faciam misera? en querunt neci  
Nostræq; vitæ ultimos claudere dies,  
vitæq; rupta fila eripere sororibus.

Illustre Britanniae decus, rector potens,  
quid misera merui? quid ad morte  
trahor:

En moitem pstre punct garrulæ voces,  
et ad sepulcru funesta turbæ vocat.  
Si non placet thalamis fides tuis  
data,  
aut si tuu demens honorem læsi, in-  
vida

aut manibus pudica moriar tuis,  
et scelestæ tuus fodiat ensis viscera,  
nec populi milles suis vulnerent vō-  
cibus,  
et sordidis regina civibus occidam.

*Rex. Rich.*

Nunquā miser chaix pararem con-  
jugi  
mortem, castasq; tuo crux manus  
spargereim.

Nec te minæ pturbent, cu futilis  
erroris esse populus magister solet:  
nec principi plebs novil garrula par-  
cere.

Jam siste lachrymas, teq; cura mol-  
lius.

En nos graves premunt curæ Brit-  
anniae,  
motusq; turbidos cives rebelles con-  
citāt;

Hos maximu decet ducem compes-  
cere:  
post, mutuis simul fruemur amplexi-  
bus.

*Nuntius.*

Fugit manus Comes Richmondius  
tuas.

*Rich.*

Effare, carcerem cur evasit tetri?

*Nunt.*

Postquā sinus complente laxos vince-  
rent

Impulsa vento vela fluctus turbidos,

littusq; puppis tangeret Britannicū,  
mandata monstiamus duci statim tua  
Hujus dolor premebat aitius langui-  
dos

nec rebus ullis æger animus sufficit,  
Hinc jussa rerū cuiā Thesaurario  
soli fuit, Petriū vocant Landosiū  
Huic mox agros promittimus re-  
belliū,

fortuna vel benigna quicquid addidit,  
si patriæ restituat exulem suæ  
Richmondiū, comitesq; cæteros fugæ  
Promissa vincunt ampla thesaurariū,  
Anglisq; tanti gaudet autor muneris,  
quò se tueri possit Anglorū potens  
viribus, et hostis frangat iras invidi;  
Mox concito querit gradū comitē  
velox

at sensit astus callidos comes prius,  
furtoq; se subduxit ille Parisius  
Tum duia quos fortuna jungit trans-  
fugas

comites sequuntur at dolet Lando-  
sius

prædam sibi eleptam esse, sed sero  
dolet

Cæleri cupit vi pævertere elapsū  
licet,

terramp; calcantes pede ruunt concito  
hastas vibrantes extra equites, si

queant

tardare fugientem tamen redeunt  
statim

illisq; tantus cessit incissū labor  
Nam Rege fretus Gallico tutus satis,  
implorat adversā tuis sceptris opem  
Nec finis hic malū solutus carcere  
Oxonii fugit comes Callisiū  
Comitiq; jungit supplici supplex comes

### Rex

'O munitum infestium ! ô nitida pal-  
latia,  
passura graviorem exitū Oedipodæ  
domo !

O luce splendens principis salsa de-  
cūs !

O sois aceiba ! ô fata Regnis in-  
vida !

Sed parce dius demens sceleſe quo-  
ritas

Opaca regna Ditis, et cæcū Chaos  
exangue vulgus, numen abstuxi Jo-  
vis,

et quicquid arcet, huc novos spargite  
dolos

Vestias manus Richmondiū vocat  
nefas,

ut spiritus illico scelestos expuat,  
nisi graviores expetat poenas dolor

### NUNTIUS, REX

#### *Nuntius*

Regina florens Anna duduī mortua  
est

#### *Rex*

O dira fata ! sæva nimis ô numina !  
ies possident mortaliū certi nihil,  
Consors unicū vitæ, et chama conjux,  
vale

Crudele tristis indica exitū genus

#### *Nunt*

Postquā lugubris sedisset mœsta diu,  
suspiria gravibus mista cū singulti-  
bus

heu sæpe fundit sæpe falsis lachry-  
mis

diris querelis conjugem ingratiū pre-  
mit

Tandem inquietam capit attonitus  
furor,

nuncq; hic et illuc currat erantū gradū,  
tanquā tumultū patiens in se turbidū

Statimq; querit (voces infracte sono)  
Quæ cor revellit dextera crudelis  
meū ?

An non est maius, inquit ? heu  
fidele cor

valde est ineptū munus ingrato viro  
Postea pupillæ proisus occultæ lîtent,  
et solū aperita pallidè albugo micat  
vomitiones inde crebras extulit,  
animaq; in altū sepe deliquiū cadit  
Artus p; omnes fûigidus sudoi meat  
orisq; subitò nitidus evanuit colo  
frons flava maicet, livida aident tem  
pora.

et palpebrarū omnes defluunt pili  
Cærulia turpi labia liquescunt situ,  
et lingua (visu horribile) specie lurida  
prominet hiante ex ore solito gran  
dior,  
unguesq; nunc haud amplius clai  
nitent,  
sed quasi veneno perliti pereunt  
cridit  
tindem museia luctati fuis foemina

*Rex*

Nunc fausta neptis ambio connubia,  
neptisq; fallam frustra promissos  
thoros  
Sed neptis huc dubio venit gradu  
mea,  
tentare procus hujus instituā thoros

*REX, FILIA EDUARDI MAJOR**Rex*

O iegia de stirpe derivans genus,  
et digna sceptris virgo postquā  
(proh doloi)  
rapuere fata conjugem tam tristia  
quæ sit magis mihi juncta Regali  
face,  
quām genere quæ iegis superbo nas  
citur?  
Sociemus animos, et thori sponde  
fidem,  
accipe maritū. Quid truci vultu siles?

*Filia*

Egone, ô nefandum scelus, expiandū  
logis  
nullis<sup>1</sup> egone manus misera conjux  
meas  
iubente mortuorū sanguine imbuā?  
Olimpus uxori decet antē suę,  
Luanq; gubernabit diem, noctemq; sol  
Piùs Aëtna gelidas emittet ardens  
aqua,

Nilusq; vagus ignitas laminas vomet  
Egona silebo parvulos misera invidos  
tibi nepoles, at mihi charos fratres  
crudeleter tua pemptos dextera?  
Scelleste patrue? pius ab extremo  
sinu

Hespera Tethys lucidū attollet diem  
Lepus fugabit invidū prius canem  
Punit nefandū quamvis abditū scelus  
Jupiter, et astutos sinit nunquā dolos  
Humeros premebant saxa Sisiphi  
lubrica,  
sævus Proctestes asperā poena luit,  
quoniam suos vim necarunt hospites  
Non hospites tu, sed nepotes (heu)  
tuos  
nupei relicta fascis miser necas

*Rich*

Agedum effrenatas virgo voces amove,  
ne ob unū scelus corpora pereant duo.  
Cruore soliū fateor acquiri meū  
et innocentū morte sic fatis placet  
Cecidere fratres? doleo, facti penitet  
Sunt mortui? factū prius nequit infici  
Num flebo mortuos? lachrymæ nil  
valent  
Quid vis facerem? an fratrū geminā  
necem  
hac dextera effuso iependā sanguine?  
faci? paratis ensibus pectus dabo  
et si placet magis, moriar ulnis tuis  
ignes, aquas, terram, aut minacem  
Caucasū

petā, petam Tartara, vel umbrosū nemus  
atræ Stygis, nullū laborem desero  
si gratus essem tibi [virago regia]

*Filia*

Sit amor, sit odiū, sit ua, vel sit fides,  
non euso placet odiisse, quicquid cogitas

Tuus prius penetrabit ensis pectora,  
libido quam cognata corpus polluat  
O Jupiter sævo peitutus fulmine  
Cur non trisulca mundus ignescit  
face?

Cur non huic terra devorat illico?  
Imane portentū ferocis principis,  
terrore superans Gorgoneū genus

*Rich*

Pessima, tace solū si let in amiss  
fides

nihilne valet amor? nihil thoros mover  
regius? acerbæ neq; lacyrymæ valent?  
est imperandi principi duplex via,  
Amor et metus utrumq; regibus utile  
Cogere

*Filia*

Si cogas mori sequor lubens

*Rich*

Moriere

*Filia*

Grata mors erit magis mihi  
et præstat ærumnis mori oppressa  
statim,  
quam luce cuius obsitā frui diu

*Rich.*

Moriere demens

*Filia.*

Nil minaris amplius?  
mallem mori virgo, tyranno quā viro  
incesta vivere, diu, hominibusq; invida

*Rich*

Hem quid agis infelix? thos sper  
net tuos

Regina vivas, sis mea, miseris sile  
fiatres

*Filia*

Miser non est quisquis mori sciet,

*Rich*

Anne lubens? en nullus est ferro me  
tus,  
strictusq; nescit ensis unquā parcere

*Filia*

Neronis umbrae, atq; furæ Cleopatiæ  
truces resurgite, similem finem date  
his nuptiis, qualem tulit Oedipodæ  
domus

Nec sufficit fiaties necasses tuos prin  
cipes?

Et nobili fœdare cæde dexterā?  
quim et integrā stuprare queras vi  
gine  
maritus? ô mores, nefanda ô tem  
pora!

at sæva prius evadat ales viscera  
in me feras prius tuas atrox nemus  
emitte, vel quod tuste monstrum nu  
trias,  
quam casta thalamos vugo sequor  
adulteros

*Rich*

Discessit, et nostros fugit demens  
thoros

neglit amores stulta virgo iegios.  
Nunc ista differam, minæ forsan ca  
dent

rabidæ puellæ, patriæ dū consulo

*NUNTIUS, REA**Nunt*

Gerebat altos nup animos insolens,

Richmondus, celso superbus vertice  
tumebat at cecidit miseri tandem  
sui  
serò pudet coepit, atq fraguntur minæ

*Rex*

O grata lux, quæ sceptræ confirmat  
mea!

Jam solida certe pacis emergit fides  
at cuncta narras nam spes miseros  
alit

*Nunt*

Adhuc juventæ flore vix primo viget  
rex Gallæ, nec prima depinxit genas  
barba, nec sceptræ puerilis manus  
satis tuetu, quin tenera tutioribus  
curanda datur ætas, virilis post vigor  
dum regna discat hos frequens pulsat  
comes

votis inquis, rebus et fessis opem  
implorat ardens, nec preces frustia  
sinit

perire Dum multos fatigat anxius  
multo labore, nec pati potest moias  
mens lassa, planctus atq frustravi suos  
segrè tult tam sepe, dum longa pati  
cogit repulsæ multiplex proceru favor  
desperat animus, optat exul vivere  
potius, inanis et laboris poenitet

*Rex*

Festu diem celebrare jam laetos decet,  
ô mihi dies albo lapillo nobilis!  
Jam sors beatis mitior iebus fluit.

Quot modò procellas concitat fiustia  
Comes

et quam graves nuper minatur exitus?  
Quin in suu redibit authorem scelus  
Jam frustra placido classis incumbit  
mari,

Richmondios jam falsò redditus excubat,

ergo rates haerele nunc ponto veta,  
milesq porf quisquis adversa cavet,  
deponat arma, finis hic malorum erit

Tutò licet regnare jam cessit timor,  
nisi quid timendu non sit, id timeas  
tamen

*ACTUS QUINTUS**NUNTIUS, MULIER, MULILR, AVLS**Nunt*

Quis me p auias turbo raptat conci-  
tus?

fuge, fuge, civis, haeret à teigo Comes  
minatur horrendu furor Richmondus  
portu pedite Milfordiū immani premit  
totamq calcat ploditā sibi Walliā  
fuiens comes toti minatu Anglæ

*Mulher*

Quo, quo fugis chara manu conju-  
gem?  
frustraq tot perne patieris preces  
uxoris, en fletu genæ multo fluunt  
miserere, sin fugere lares dulces juval,  
det simul conjux itineris pñ onus

*Aha Mul*

Heare let divers Te p deoū numen et  
mutes run over datam fidem  
y<sup>e</sup> stage from divers places thori, p annos filii  
for feare teneros precor,  
ne deseras imitis ali  
tristem domū

*Anus*

Matilis tue solamen ô fili mane  
Sin hostibus domū relinques pñuga,  
scrutetur ensis nota quondam filio  
ubera, tuo mater peribo vulnere

*HENRICUS COMES, RHESUS THOM &  
WALLICUS**Hen Com,*

Optata tandem tecta cerno patriæ,  
miserisq nosco maximu exulibus bonū

ō chaia salve terra, sed salve diu,  
fiendentis apri dente lacerata impio  
Da (patria) veniam, bella si gelam  
pia,  
da queso veniam causa comovit tua,  
duumq; principis nefas bellū vocat  
Rex est peiemptus occupat regnū  
Neio

cum rege fratre paivulus perut puei  
Solū tuentui templa reginā sīcia  
Regū cruois ultor adveni pius  
poenas dabit Richardus Henrico  
dedit,  
si nostra clemens vota concedat Deus  
Rhesū Thomae de stirpe video Wal-  
lica

*Rhes Thom*

O clare princeps regia stupe edite,  
honoie præcellens Comes Rich-  
mondiae,  
heros Britanniæ gentis auxiliū umicū  
Optatus Anglis civibus venis tuis

*Henricus*

Post multa vota, et temporis longas  
moras  
natale semper mente complectoi solū  
servile collo stenuus excutiam jugo

*Rhes*

Tu patruæ nunc columen, et verū ca-  
put  
tu solus affers rebus afflicus opem  
Lit 1ege tanto lœta gaudet Anglia

*Hen*

Non quem fatentur ore principem suo,  
hunc corde semp intimo cives colunt

*Rhes*

Deus trisulca qui quatit flāma polos,  
et in profunda pfidos Proserpineæ  
detrudit antra, me premat vivū nigra  
tellure, si datā fidei fallā tibi

Si signa campis Cambriæ ponei  
jubes,  
in Wallicū agrū messoi impius, ruam  
Quoscunq; velles disjici muros, citò  
hac aies actus saxa dispeiget manu  
Nec miles ullus in meis castris eut  
quon te sequetur

*Hen*

Rhese, grata est mihi fides  
Si coepita Numen prosperet mea,  
spondeo  
te p̄esidem toti futuū Walliæ

*BURCHER HUNTERFORD MILES**Hunguf*

Splendens equestri clare Burcher or-  
dine,  
lætus scelestas hostis effugi manus  
agmenq; lubens Duci Brakenburio  
p noctis umbrias abstuli densas miser.

*Burch*

Quot per recessus labium Hunger-  
ford vagi  
huc usque nostro teiga vertentes duci?  
At o quieta noctis ulmæ tempora,  
tuq; miseriis præbens opem Phœbi so-  
ror,  
adhuc tueie differas titan diem,  
donec tyranni tuti ab armis, inclyti  
tentoria Henrici comitis attingamus.

*Miles*

Let heare also  
divers mutes,  
armed soul  
diers, run over  
the stage one  
after another  
to ye Earle of  
Richmond

*Hen Rex [Comes]*

Fœlix tuas fugio p um  
bras cœca nox  
mactetui ense quisquis  
obstabit mihi  
Quis hic locus, quæ regio quæ regnū  
plaga?  
ubi sū? ruit nox heu ubi satellites

Inimica cuncta fraude quis vacat  
locus  
quem quod rogabo? tuta sit fides,  
vide,  
nativus artus liquit internos calor,  
ligore frigent membra vix loquor  
metu  
tremesco solus, cuia mentem conco  
quit  
Hos vitricus luctus dedit meus mihi  
Stanleus illū tantæ quæ tent moīæ?  
Dum varia sortis cogito ludibria,  
dumbiamq; solus civiū volvo fidem,  
exercitum p̄seire jussi tum moīas  
damnare tantas viticī cœpi mei  
Postquā metus coi, spesq; dubiū ver  
berat,  
et quicquid obstat mente dum volvo  
satis  
densas per umbrias lapsus aspectū  
fugit  
exercitus, suo eiāt oībatus duce  
sum nudus hostib⁹ relict⁹ perfuga

*Com. Oxon*

Ingens premebat cura sollicitos (comes  
illustris) animos horror excussit gravis,  
dux milites quōd absens deseris,  
dum nocte cæca suffia montiū juga  
vincunt, nec ullus jussa privatus facit.  
Mox triste pectus miceror invasit  
gravis  
nunc voce miles frustra compellat  
ducem  
nunc civiū timemus incertā fidem,  
lætiq; sero fruimur aspectu, licet  
animus adhuc turbatur excusso metu

*Henr.*

Quorsū times, pellatur ignavus me  
tus  
solū juvat secreta saepe volvere

*Hunger.*

Sævi tyranni ereptus insidius miser

supplex tuo viveat sub imperio, comes  
illustris, atq; signa cupio sequi

*Henr.*

Piopago clara, equitūq; generosū ge  
nus,  
jam vos sequetur digni factis gloria  
me grata delectat voluntas civiū,  
vestiamq; tantā lætus amplector fidem  
At quas tyrannus cogias ducit, doce

*Hungar.*

Pauci sequuntur sponte signa militis,  
et cogit aīma jungeat Richaidi mi  
tus  
sese magis dubius metuit exercitus,  
suis nil armis miles audet cedere

*Henr.*

Tu transferas ad castra milites sua

*HENRICUS COMES, SPANLLUS  
HEROS**Henr.*

Nisi vota fallunt, vitricus venit meus,  
domus suæ Stanleus exumiū decus  
verumne video coipus? an fallor tua  
deceptus umbra? Spiritus vires ca  
pit  
exultat anlmus, et vacat pectus metu

*Stan.*

Et nostra dulce membra recieat gau  
diū  
generū juvat videre complexus mihi  
redde expetitos Sospitem qui te  
dedit,  
det tua vicissim cepta pficiat deus,

*Henr.*

Dabit, tuo si liceat auxilio frui.

*Stanl.*

Utinā liceret quæ velim.

*Henr.*

quid non licebit

Quidni potes?

*Stanl.*Sæpe quod cupis tamen  
non absq; magno pfici potest damno*Henr.*

Quidnam times, dū patriā juvis tuā?

*Stanl.*

Quod vita chara filii fuit mei

*Henr.*

Seiat Richardus obsidem fidei tuæ

*Stanl.*

Ne te juvarem, pignori datū tenet

*Henr.*O subdolū scelus, ô tyrannū bar-  
barū!  
amoire quos fidos parū credit sibi,  
horū fidem ciudelis exprimit metus*Stanl.*Iā coerce, pectus et nobile doma-  
palā juvare si nequeo, furtum tamen  
subsidia nunquā nostia deerunt tibi*Henr.*Discescit heu, me lenta vituci fides  
pturbat hujus quanta spes fulsit  
mihi?Frustra at quærelis pectus uruit  
anxium,vanisq; juvat implere cœlū quæstibus  
qui friste præcipitare consilii deceit

DUX NORFOLCIENS RICH REX

*Dux Norf.*Armatus expectet suū miles ducent  
bellū ciebunt æra, nec moras siment.Richardus huc dubio venit pñnceps,  
gradu  
secreta solus volit, et cure premunt  
Qæ subita vultus causa turbavit  
tuos?  
quid ora pallent? mente quid dubia  
stupes*Richard*Norfolciæ charū caput, dux nobilis,  
cujus fuit mihi semp illustris fides,  
falso celabo nihil fronte pfidus  
Horrenda noctis visa terient pro-  
imæPostquā sepulta nox quietem suaserat,  
altusq; tenebris somnus obrepit genis  
subito premebant dira funariū cohors,  
sævq; laceravit impetu corpus tre-  
mens,  
et feeda rabidis præda sū dæmonibus  
somnosq; tandem magnus excussit  
tremor,  
et pulsat artus horridus nostros me-  
tus  
Heu! quid truces minantur umbre  
Tartari?*Dux Norf.*Quid somnia temis? noctes et vanas  
minas?  
quid falsa terient mentis et ludibria?  
jam strictus ensis optimū augunū  
canitaude satis, nec vota formides tua  
Tibi rebelles spoila tot cives dabunt,  
vincite fatebuntur manus victoria.*Richard*Nil pectus ullus verberat tremulū mie-  
tus,  
ignava nec quassat tumultus corpora  
audere didicimus prius telis locos  
hostes vicinos jam premunt, bellū vo-  
cantacies in armis nostra ex adversis sta-  
bit

*Dua Novi*

Quid agimus? hem quid cæca fata cogitant?  
quidnā paiat suspecta civiū fides?  
Inventa nup scripta me talia mouent

NORFOLCIENSIS INCLYPE  
NIL CCEPERIS AUDACIUS  
NAM VENDITUS REX PRFPIO  
RICHARDUS HLROS PERDIT UR

At nulla nostiū macula damnabit fidem  
Richardi nunquam signa vivus deseram

*ORATIO RICHARDI AD MILITES*

Comites fideles, milites et subditi  
Crudele quamvis facinus, et dirū scelus  
olim patiavi lachrymis culpā plus  
satis piavi, sceleris et poenas dedi  
satis dolore crimen ultus sum suo  
vos tanta moveat ergo pœnitentia  
Partū tueri melius est quā querere  
Pugnate fortes, regna paita viribus  
vestris studete fortiter defendere  
Non est opus cruoie multo Walli-

cus  
oppugnant hostis, regna vendicat im-  
pudens  
Illum sequuntur pfidæ Anglorū manus  
sicari nequā, genusq prodigiū,  
vestraeq flamma patriæ gens Gallica  
at civiū me credit manibus deus,  
quorū fides spectata mihi semp fuit  
quorū paravi viribus regni decus  
orisq nisi decipiar interpres, truces  
victoriā vultus ferunt, [dandum mihi]  
oculi dñis necem minantur hostibus  
Vicitis, inquā, vicit Anglorū manus  
suo video cruore manantes agros  
simulq Gallos, Cambrios simul leves  
mox foeda victos stigas absument  
mea?

Sed fata quid moroi? cui his vocibus  
vos irruentes tenco? mihi veniā date  
Nunc quanta clemens ultio concedit  
deus?  
Si vincat ille, vos manent diræ cruces  
ferrū, cathenæ, et duo collo servitus  
et nostia membra quæsit ensis hostiū  
me nil morabor cui sit vestri salus  
consulte vobis, liberi, uxoribus  
prospicite patriæ hæc opem vestrā petit  
estote fortes, victus hostes occidat,  
dubiusq martis evitum nemo horrebat  
Nobis triumphi signa dantui maxima  
Non vos latet, suīna ducis prudentia  
niti salutem militū nullos habet  
En vultus Henrici minas siustra  
times  
et iobur invictū ducis Richmondiū  
Infesta quare signa campis fulgeant  
curso citato miles infestus ruat,  
et hostis hostem vulnejet feius serū  
vos, vos triumphus (nobiles soci) manent  
Hac namq dextræ spinū ejus haureā,  
qui causa bellorū fuit civiliū  
Aut moriar hodie, aut parabo gloriā

*NUNTIUS, REX RICHARD DUX NORFOL**Nunt*

Magnanime princeps, jussa pfeci tua  
Respondet ore Stinleius duro nimis,  
si filiū mactes suū plures habet

*Rex Rich*

Detractat ergo pfidus jussus meos  
ingratus hostis, et scelestus proditor  
Mactabo gnatū, vota psolvā statim  
te digna patre Tam diu cur filius  
vivit scelesti patris? ô patiens nimis,  
ô segnus ira post nefas tantū mea!

Tu jussa page mitte qui velox mihi  
ejus pempti refusat abscissū caput

*Dux Norf*

Animū doma nec impius vexat pater  
jam bella poscunt, tempus aliud petit  
Signis vicina signa fulgent hostiū

*Rex Rich*

Pucamne gnato inultus impū patiis?

*Dux Norf*

Post bella gnatus patiis expiet scelus

*Rex Ruh*

Ego nefandi patris invisam piolem  
in castra ducite. Marte confecto  
statim  
capite paterni culminis poenas dabit

#### ORATIO HENRICI COMITIS AD MILITES

O sceleris ultrix, signa quæ sequeris  
mea  
Britanna gens, vanos metus nil som-  
nies,  
Sin ulla justūs bella curet Jupiter,  
nobis farebit regis excusso jugo,  
quos liberam videat patiā juvat  
En raptā fraude sceptra jure posci-  
mus  
Quæ causa bellī melior afferri potest  
quam patriæ? Hostis regiae stirpis  
lues

ergo tyiannus morte crudeli cadat  
Scelere Richardus impios vicit Scy-  
thas

Te (Neiō) vicit cæde matris nobilem  
Suos nepotes ense mactat impio  
matris probro nihil pepercit filius  
stuprare neptem audet libido patru  
Sic fratris exhibes honores manibus?  
Cesset timor, et infestus hostem vul-  
neres

nil aīma metuas tanta media ducem  
linquent arena Quos sequi cogit  
metus,

parū ducem tuentur inimici suū  
At sint fideles, nec suū spernāt ducem  
pugnant acriter, et millibus multu-  
ruant

non copiarū numerus, at virtus ducis  
victoriā potitur, et laudem refert  
Hujus timebis arma, qui scelus tunet  
nullū? nepotes moite consecit suos  
Asyla rupta, fratei occisus, stupro  
tentata neptis, falsa cui deniq̄ fides  
Quid non patiavit patrise pestis suæ  
adversus hostem corpus ense cingite  
In bella ruita, agmenq̄ strenue ium-  
pite,

tollantui altè signa [quisquis occidat]  
Bello fidelis phidus, pius impios,  
placidus tyrannū, mitis imitetur petis  
Quod si liceret (salvo honore prin-  
cipis)

ad genua vestia volverer supplex,  
petens

ut verus hæres Anglii Henricus  
throni

vincat Ricaidū, sceptrā qui fuit  
tenet,

Sin vincat ille, vester Henricus vagus  
patria exulabit, aut luet penas graves  
et vos pudebit colla victoriā dare

Petatur ultro dū parat vires modò

Heare ye battell Aut perdat, aut peribit,  
is joyned hoc certū est mihi.

Upon his retourne, lett gunns goe  
of, and trumpetts sound, wth all  
stu of Souldiers wth out ye hall,  
untill such time as ye lord Stanly  
be one ye stage ready to speake

#### STANLEUS AD MILITES

Properate, solvite patriā tyrannide  
infesta fertē signa, pugna dū calet,  
ut verus hæres regna teneat Anglia

Pugnabit adversus scelus virtus pia  
Pugnate tantum, vestra y<sup>e</sup> battell  
cum victoria

Si vincitis, patua tyranno libera  
medios in hostes iuite passu concito

Let heare bee the like noyse made as  
before, as soone as ye Lord Stanley  
hath spoken, who followeth the  
rest to the feild After a little  
space, let the L Northumberland  
come with his band from y<sup>e</sup> feild,  
att whose speach let the noyse  
cease

#### ORATIO COMITIS NORTHUMBRIÆ AD MILITES

Noithumbrioiū illustre nil damnes  
genus,  
nostramve lunā (miles) ignavā putes,  
quod tella fugiens hostiū terga dedi  
Immane legis execrō tan-  
dem scelus      y<sup>e</sup> Battell  
horro suorū sanguine mandentes ma-  
nus  
Suasit vetustas fatidica regi fore  
victoriā, manus prius si conseriat  
Mutata quā sit luna. Luna nos  
sumus  
Moꝝ ergo lunā (milites) mutavimus,  
tyrannus ut dignas scelere poenas  
luat

Let hear be the like noyse as before,  
and after a while let a captaine run  
after a souldier or two, w<sup>t</sup> h a sword  
drawne driveinge them againe to  
the feild, and say as followeth

#### Centurio

Ignave miles, quo fugis? nisi redis  
meo peribis ense

After the like noise againe, let soul-  
diers run from y<sup>e</sup> feild, over the

stage one istei the another, fling-  
inge of their hunesse, and att  
length let some come haltinge and  
wounded After this let Heneiū,  
Earle of Richmoud come tryumph-  
ing, haveing y<sup>e</sup> body of K Richard  
dead on a horse Cutesby and Rat-  
liffe and otheris bound

#### Nuntius

Sedata lis est Juditiū Mavor tuit,  
Iacet Ricardus, at Duci similis jacet  
Postquā feroces mutuō sese acies vi-  
dent,

et signū ad aīma classicū cecinū tuba  
sævus piaſtū miles in belliū ruit  
fugiente tandem milite, comitem vi-  
dens,  
equo Richardus admisso in illū ruit,  
Catulis Nemæus ut fūens raptis leo  
pei arva passim rugiens sævus volat  
Vexilla Comitis fortē Brandonus  
tulit,

Ciuore cuius hastam tepefacit suā  
Hinc se Richardo Chæneius armis  
valens

offert Richardus hic viibus unā  
cadit

ventū est ad hostem quem validē  
solū petit,

In Comite solo coīmo: abatur ferox  
Contrā, potenti dextra sese Comes  
defendit . æquo Marte pugnatur diu,  
donec tot hostes convolent illō simul,  
ut ille multis vulneribus fossus cadat  
O laude bellica inclytū verè ducem,  
Si sæva Gallus arma sensisset tua,  
vel pfidus fallens datam Scotus fidem  
Sed sceleris ultiō coelitū potens pater  
est serō vitā, sed satis ultus tuā

#### Oratio Henrici Comitis

Rector potens Olympi, et astroīū  
decus,  
terrestrīū qui pastor es fidelīū,

et principū cuius est potestis cordiū  
tu læta Regibus triphæa collocas  
Nitida caput cingis corona regiū,  
Solus deorū falsa vincis numina,  
hostesq; genei affligis invidos suo  
Ingens honori debetur et gratia tibi,  
qui splendidū triumphū indulseras  
Cedit tuis armata jussibus cohors,  
Si straga quis sæviet Astyages ferox  
Phrygiōve Pelops iæge natus Tan  
talo  
expecte ille Cyrū, et ultorem tie  
mat  
Henricus audebat Richardū pellere  
At tu nitentis ô gubernator poli  
Quem teia colit et vasta mundi fab  
rica,  
dum corpus aura vescitur, nec ultimū  
diem claudunt fati sorores invidæ,  
teneros levis dum nutrit aitus spiritus,  
te laude perpetua canemus, debitas  
tibi afferemus gratias, potens deus  
Tu belluā meis domandā viribus  
mitis dabis, heu civibus pestem suis  
At vos graves passi dolores milites,  
curate mox infecta membris vulneia,  
crudele ne quò serpat ulcus longius  
Reliqui sepulcra mortuis mites date  
Et inferis debetur excellens honor

S FRAUNGE HEROS PUER, HEN  
COMES, STANLEIUS

*Straunge*

Non semp sequor fluctibus rabidis  
tumet

Non semp imbre Jupiter pulsat mare  
Non semp acies Æolus ventos ciet  
Nec semp humiles cæca calcat sois  
viros  
Aliquando fluctus sternitur rabidi  
maris  
Illico caput radiatus et Titan micat,  
Pressosq; tollet æqua sors tandem  
viros,  
iex olim exul Gallicis et Britonū  
latens in otis, victor en potens quo  
regno politur Regis ô charū caput  
salve, tuoq; latus in solio sede,  
multos in annos Angliae verū decus  
felix deinceps subditis vivas tuis,  
fideiq; captivos tuæ hos clemens cape

*Henricus Comes.*

O Stanleiorū chara progenies mihi,  
O Straunge nobilis, en libens te con  
spicor  
quos mihi dedisti, reddo captivos libi,

*Stanl.*

Redusse charū patri salvū filiū  
crudelis elapsū tyranni dexterā,  
exultat animus lætus, ô fili, mihi  
pericula post tam dira quod sospes  
venis

*Hen Rex.*

Regno mihiq; gratulor regno, gravi  
quòd sit tyrranno liberū porro mihi,  
quod sceptra regni tracto regalia mei.  
Quare supremo regna qui dedit deo  
laudes canamus ore supplices pio.

Let a noble man putt on ye Crowne upon kinge Henries head att the end  
of his oration, and ye Song sungē wch is in ye end of the booke After  
an Epilogue is to bee made, wherin lett bee declued the happy unte-  
inge of both houses, of whome the Queenes myestie comē, and is  
undoubtedtē heyē, wishinge her a prosperous raigne

## EPILOGUS

Extincta vidistis Regulorū corpora,  
hoirenda magnalū furentem funerā  
funesta vidistis potentū pæla  
et digna quæ cepit tyrannus pæmī  
Henricus illustris Comes Richmondiū,  
turbata pacavit Richardi sanguine,  
Antistitus cōmotus Eliensiū  
seimone fœlici, sagaci pectore  
et gloriōsi mante Buckinghāmu,  
tum Maigietæ matris impulsu suū  
illustre quæ nostrū hoc Collegiū  
Christoq; fundavit dicatū sumptibus  
Quæ multa iegalis reliquit dexterā  
nunquam laudatæ satis mentis suæ  
pæclaræ cunctis signa quondam sæculis  
Hic stupe regali satus Lancastriæ  
acceptip; uxorem cœtam sanguine  
Ebo acensi sic duarū fœdere  
finiunt æterna domorū jurgia  
Hinc portus, hic Anglis quietis pœditus  
finisq; funestæ fuit discordiæ  
Hinc illa manavit propago nobilis  
haeresq; certus, qui Britanni Cardinem  
regni gubernas jure vexit jam suo,  
Henricus Henrici parentis filius  
Qui verus afflictæ patronus patriæ,  
tum singulis unū reliquit cōmodis  
præstantius multò, licet quām pluimis,  
Cum tam potentem procreraet pīncipem  
Elizabethā, patie dignā filiā,  
canosq; vencentem seniles virginem  
Quæ regna tot Phœbi phractis cursibus  
comissa rexit pace fœlix Anglia  
quam dextra supremi tonantis protegat  
illus et vitam tegendo protrahet

FINIS

K I N G J O H N.

## *EDITIONS*

—o—

*The Troublesome Raigne of John King of England, with the discouerie of King Richard Goldelions Base Sonne (vulgally named, The Bastard Farwconbridge) also the death of King John at Swinestead Abbey As it was (sundry times) publikely acted by the Queenes Maiesties Players, in the honourable Cite of London Imprinted at London for Sampson Clarke, and are to be solde at his shop, on the backe side of the Royall Exchange 1591. 4°*

THIS play was reprinted in 1611, from which edition it has been republished by Nichols in his "Six Old Plays," 1779. The copy of the original 4° of 1591 in the Capel collection is the only one with which I am acquainted.

On the title of the reprint of 1611 the bookseller placed the initials W Sh, ostensibly for the purpose of creating a belief that the play was Shakespeare's

*TO THE GENTLEMEN READERS*

—o—

*You that with friendly grace of smoothed brow  
Haue entertaingd the Scythian Tamburlaine,  
And guen applause unto an Infidel.  
Vouchsafe to welcome (with like curtesie)  
A warlike Christian and your Countreyman  
For Christys true faith indur'd he many a storne,  
And set himselfe against the Man of Rome,  
Vntill base treason (by a damned wight)  
Did all his former triumphs put to flight,  
Accept of it (sweete Gentles) in good sort  
And thinke it was prepaide for your dissort*



## *The Troublesome Raigne of King John.*

—o—

Enter *K John*, Queene *Elinor*, his Mother, *William Marshall*, Earle of *Pembroke*, the Earles of *Essex* and of *Salisbury*

*Q El BARONS* of England, and my noble  
Lords,

Though God and Fortune haue bereft from vs  
Victorious Richard scourge of Infidels,  
And clad this Land in stole of dismal hieu  
Yet gue me leaue to ioy, and ioy you all,  
That from this wombe hath sprung a second hope,  
A King that may in rule and vertue both  
Succeede his brother in his Emperie

*K John* My gracious mother Queene, and Barons  
all,

Though faire vnworthie of so high a place,  
As is the Thione of mightie England's King,  
Yet Iohn your Lord, contented vncotent,  
Will (as he may) sustaine the heauie yoke  
Of pressing cares, that hang vpon a Crowne  
My Lord of Pembroke and Lord Salsbury,  
Admit the Lord Shattlion to our presence,

That we may know what Philip King of Fraunce  
(By his Ambassadors) requires of vs

*Q El* Dare lay my hand that Elinor can gesse  
Wheieto this weightie Embassade doth tend  
If of my Nephew Arthur and his claime,  
Then say, my Sonne, I haue not mist my aime

Enter *Chattilion* and the two Earles

*John* My Lord Chattilion, welcome into England !  
How fares our Brother Philip King of Fraunce ?

*Chat* His Highnesse at my comming was in  
health,  
And wild me to salute your Majestie,  
And say the message he hath guen in chaire

*John* And spare not man, wee are prepaide to heare  
*Chat* Philip, by the grace of God most Christian  
K of France, hauing taken into his guardain and  
protection Arthur Duke of Brittaine sonne & heire to  
Jeffrey thine elder brother, requireth in the behalfe of  
the said Arthui, the Kingdom of England, with the  
Lordship of Ireland, Poiters, Aniow, Torain, Main  
and I attend thine aunswere

*John* A small iquest belike he makes account,  
That Englind, Ireland, Poiteis, Aniow, Torain, Main,  
Are nothing for a King to glue at once  
I wonder what be meanes to leaue for me  
Tell Philip, he may keepe his Lords at home,  
With greater honoui than to send them thus  
On Embassades that not concerne himselfe,  
Or if they did, would yeeld but small retурne

*Chat* Is this thine answere ?

*John* It is, and too good an answer for so proud a  
message

*Chat* Then King of England, in my Masters  
name,

And in Prince Arthur Duke of Britaines name,  
I doo defie thee as an Enemie,  
And wish thee to prepare for bloodie waires

*Q El* My Lord (that stands vpon defiance thus)  
Commend me to my Nephew, tell the boy,  
That I Queene Elianor (his Grandmother)  
Vpon my blessing charge him leaue his Armes  
Whereto his head-strong Mother pricks him so  
Her pride we know, and know her for a Dame  
That will not sticke to bring him to his ende,  
So she may bring her selfe to rule a realme  
Next, wish him to forsake the King of Fraunce,  
And come to me and to his Uncle here,  
And he shall want for nothing at our hands

*Chat* This shall I doo, and thus I take my leaue

*John* Pembroke, conuey him safely to the sea,  
But not in hast for as we are aduisde,  
We meane to be in Fraunce as soone as he,  
To fortifie such townes as we possesse  
In Aniou, Torain, and in Normandy [Exit Chatt

Enter the Shriue and whispers the Earle of *Salisbury*  
in the eare

*Sals* Please it your maiestie, heere is the Shriue of Northamptonshire, with certaine persons that of late committed a riot, and haue appeald to your maiestie, beseeching your Highnes for speciall cause to heare them

*John* Will them come neare, and while wee heare  
the cause,  
Goe Salisbury and make prouision,  
We meane with speede to pass the Sea to Fraunce

[Exit Sals  
Say Shriue, what are these men, what haue they done?  
Or whereto tends the course of this appeale?

*Shriue*, Please it your maiesty, these two brethren

vnnaturally falling at odds about then father's liuing,  
haue bioken your Highnes peace, in seeking to right  
their own wrongs without cause of Law, or order of  
Iustice, vnlawfully assembled themselues in mutinous  
maner, hauing committed a riot, appealing from triall  
in their Countrey to your Highnes and here I Thomas  
Nidigate shrieue of Northamptonshire do deliuere them  
ouer to their triall

*John* My Lord of Essex, will the offendes to stand  
forth, and tell the cause of their quarell

*Essex* Gentlemen, it is the Kings pleasure that you  
discouer your grieves, & doubt not but you shall haue  
iustice

*Phil* Please it your Majestie the wong is mine  
yet wil I abide all wrongs, before I once open my  
mouth to vnrippe the shamefull slander of my pa-  
rents, the dishonour of my selfe, & the wicked dealing  
of my brother in this princely assembly

*Rob* Then, by my Prince his leauue, shall Robert  
speake,

And tell your maestie what right I haue  
To offer wrong, as he accounteth wrong  
My father (not vnkownen vnto your Grace)  
Receuied his spurres of Knighthood in the Field,  
At Kingly Richards hands in Palestine,  
When as the walls of Acon gaue him way  
His name Sir Robert Fauconbridge of Mountbeir  
What by succession from his Ancestors,  
And warlike seruice vnder Englands Armes,  
His liuing did amount too at his death  
Two thousand markes reuenew euery yeare  
And this (my Lord) I challenge for my right,  
As lawfull heire to Robert Fauconbridge

*Phil* If first-borne sonne be heire indubitate  
By certaine right of Englands auncient Lawe,  
How should myselfe make any other doubt,  
But I am heire to Robert Fauconbridge

*John* Fond Youth, to trouble these our Princely  
eares,  
Or make a question in so plaine a case  
Speake, is this man thine elder Brother borne?

*Rob* Please it your Grace with patience for to  
heare,

I not denie but he mine Eldeſt is,  
Mine elder Brotheſt too yet in ſuch ſort,  
As he can make no title to the land

*John* A doubtfull tale as euer I did heare,  
Thy Brother, and thine elder, and no heire  
Explaine this darke *Ænigma*

*Rob* I graunt (my Lord) he is my mothers ſonne,  
Base borne, and base begot, no Fauconbridge  
Indeede the world reputes him lawfull heire,  
My father in his life did count him ſo  
And here my Mother stands to prooue him ſo  
But I (my Lord) can prooue, and doo auerre  
Both to my Mothers shame, and his reproach,  
He is no heire, nor yet legitimate  
Then (gracious Lord) let Fauconbridge enioy  
The liuing that belongs to Fauconbridge  
And let him not posſeſſe anothers right

*John* Prooue this, the land is thine by Englands  
law

*Q El* Ungracious youth, to rip thy mothers  
ſhame,  
The wombe from whence thou diſt thy being take,  
All honest eares abhorre thy wickednes,  
But gold I ſee doth beate downe natures law

*Mother* My gracious Lord, & you thrice reueiend  
Dame,

That ſee the teaies diſtilling from mine eyes,  
And ſcalding ſighes blowne from a rented heart  
For honour and regard of womanhood,  
Let me entreate to be commaunded hence  
Let not theſe eares heere receiue the hisſing ſound

Of such a viper, who with poysoned words  
Doth masseiate the bowells of my soule

*John* Ladie, stand vp, be patient for a while  
And fellow, say, whose bastard is thy brother?

*Phul* Not for my selfe, nor for my mother now,  
But for the honour of so braue a Man,  
Whom he accuseth with adulterie  
Here I beseech your Grace vpon my knees,  
To count him mad, and so dismisse vs hence

*Rob* Nor mad, nor mazde, but well aduised, I  
Charge thee before this royll presence here  
To be a Bastard to King Richards selfe,  
Sonne to your Grace, and Brother to your Maestie  
Thus bluntly, and—

*Elinor* Yong man, thou needst not be ashamed  
of thy kin,

Nor of thy Sire But forward with thy prooфе

*Rob* The prooфе so plaine, the argument so  
strong,

As that your Highnesse and these noble Lords,  
And all (saue those that haue no eyes to see)

Shall sweare him to be Bastard to the King

First, when my Father was Embassadour

In Germanie vnto the Emperoui,

The king lay often at my father's house

And all the Realme suspected what befell

And at my fathers back-returne agen

My Mother was deliuereid, as tis sed,

Sixe weekes before the account my father made.

But more than this looke but on Philips face,

His features, actions, and his lineaments,

And all this Princely presence shall confesse,

He is no other but King Richards Sonne,

Then gracious Lord, rest he King Richards Sonne,

And let me rest safe in my Fathers right,

That am his rightfull sonne and onely heire

*John* Is this thy prooфе and all thou hast to say?

*Rob* I haue no more, nor neede I greater prooфе

*John* First, where thou saidst in absence of thy Sire  
My Brother often lodged in his house .

And what of that? base groome to slaunder him,  
That honoured his Embassador so much,  
In absence of the man to cheere the wife ?  
This will not hold, proceede vnto the next

*Q El* Thou saist she teemde sixe weeks before  
her time,

Why good Sir Squire, are you so cunning growen,  
To make account of womens reckonings ?  
Spit in your hand and to your other proofes  
Many mischaunces hap in such affaires,  
To make a woman come before her time

*John* And where thou saist, he looketh like the King,  
In action, feature and proportion  
Therein I hold with thee, for in my life  
I neuer saw so liuely counterfeit  
Of Richard Cordelion, as in him

*Robert* Then good my Lord, be you indiffrent Judge,  
And let me haue my liuing and my right

*Q El* Nay, heare you Sir, you runne away too  
fast

Know you not, *Omne simile non est idem?*  
Or haue read in. Harke ye good sir,  
Twas thus I warrant, and no otherwise  
She lay with Sir Robert your father, and thought vpon  
King Richard my Sonne, and so your Brother was  
formed in this fashion

*Rob* Madame, you wrong me thus to iest it out,  
I craue my right King John, as thou art King,  
So be thou iust, and let me haue my right

*John* Why (foolish boy) thy proofes are fruolous,  
Nor canst thou chalenge any thing thereby  
But thou shalt see how I will helpe thy claime .  
This is my doome, and this my doome shall stand  
Irreuocable, as I am King of England.

For thou knowst not, weeble aske of them that know,  
 His mother and himselfe shall ende this strife  
 And as they say, so shall thy liung passe

*Rob* My Lord, heirein I challenge you of wrong,  
 To glue away my right, and put the doome  
 Unto themselues Can there be likelihood  
 That she will loose ?

Or he will glue the liung from himselfe ?  
 It may not be my Lord Why should it be ?

*John* Lords, keepe him back, & let him heare the  
 doome

Essex, first aske the Mother thrice who was his Sire ?

*Essex* Ladie Margaret, Widow of Fauconbridge,  
 Who was Father to thy Sonne Philip ?

*Mother* Please it your Maiestie, Sir Robert Faucon-  
 bridge

*Rob* This is right, aske my felow there if I be a  
 thiefe

*John* Aske Philip whose Sonne he is.

*Essex* Philip, who was thy father ?

*Phil* Mas my Lord, and that's a question . and  
 you had not taken some paines with her before,  
 I should haue desired you to aske my Mother

*John* Say, who was thy father ?

*Phil* Faith (my Lord) to answere you, sure he is  
 my father that was neerest my mother when I was  
 gotten & him I thinke to be Sir Robert Faucon-  
 bridge

*John* Essex, for fashions sake demaund agen,  
 And so an ende to this contention.

*Rob* Was euer man thus wrongd as Robert is ?

*Essex* Philip speake I say, who was thy Father ?

*John* Young man how now, what art thou in a  
 traunce ?

*Ehanor* Philip awake, the man is in a dreame

*Phil* *Philippus atavus ædite Regibus.*

What saist thou Philip, sprung of auncient Kings ?

*Quo me rapit tempestas ?*

What winde of honour blowes this furie soith?  
 Or whence proeede these fumes of Maiestie?  
 Me thinkes I heare a hollow Echo sound,  
 That Philip is the Sonne vnto a King  
 The whistling leaues vpon the trembling trees,  
 Whistle in consort I am Richards Sonne  
 The bubling murmur of the waters fall,  
 Records *Philippus Reginus filius*  
 Birds in their flight make musicke with their wings,  
 Filling the ayre with glorie of my birth  
 Birds, bubbles, leaues, and mountaines, Echo, all  
 Ring in mine eares, that I am Richards Sonne  
 Fond man, ah whither art thou carried?  
 How are thy thoughts ywrrapt in honors heauen?  
 Forgetfull what thou art, and whence thou camst  
 Thy Fathers land cannot maintaine these thoughts,  
 These thoughts aie farre vnfiting Fauconbridge  
 And well they may, for why this mounting minde  
 Doth soare too high to stoupe to Fauconbridge  
 Why how now? knowest thou where thou art?  
 And knowest thou who expects thine answere here?  
 Wilt thou vpon a frantick madding vaine  
 Goe loose thy land, and say thy selfe base borne?  
 No, keepe thy land, though Richard were thy Sire,  
 What ere thou thinkst, say thou art Fauconbridge

*John* Speake man, be sodaine, who thy Father  
 was

*Phil* Please it you maiestie, Sir Robert  
 Philip, that Fauconbridge cleaves to thy lawes  
 It will not out, I cannot for my life  
 Say I am Sonne vnto a Fauconbridge  
 Let land and huing goe, tis Honors fire  
 That makes me sweare King Richard was my Sire  
 Base to a King addes title of more State,  
 Than knights begotten, though legitimate.  
 Please it your Grace, I am King Richards Sonne

*Rob* Robert reueue thy heart, let sorrow die,  
His faltring tongue not suffers him to he

*Mother* What head-strong furie doth enchaunt my  
sonne?

*Phil* Philip cannot repent, for he hath done

*John* Then Philip blame not me, thy selfe hath lost  
By wilfulness, thy liuing and thy land  
Robert, thou art the heire of Fauconbridge,  
God gue thee ioy, greater than thy desert

*Q El* Why how now Philip, gue away thine  
owne?

*Phil* Madame, I am bold to make my selfe your  
nephew,

The poorest kinsman that your Highnes hath  
And with this prouerb gin the world anew,  
Help hands, I haue no lands, Honor is my desire,  
Let Philip liue to shew himselfe worthie so great a  
Sire

*Elinor* Philip, I think thou knewst thy Grandams  
minde

But cheere the boy, I will not see thee wante  
As long as Elinor hath foote of land,  
Henceforth thou shalt be taken for my sonne,  
And waite on me and on thine Uncle heere,  
Who shall gue honour to thy noble minde

*John* Philip kneele down, that thou maist throughly  
know

How much thy resolution pleaseth vs,  
Rise vp Sir Richard Plantaginet King Richards Sonne.

*Phil* Graunt heauens that Philiponce may shew  
himself

Worthie the honour of Plantaginet,  
Or basest glorie of a Bastards name

*John* Now Gentlemen, we will away to France,  
To checke the pride of Arthur and his mates ·  
Essex, thou shalt be Ruler of my Realme,  
And toward the maine charges of my warres,

Ile ceaze the lasie Abbey lubbers lands  
 Into my hands to pay my men of warre  
 The Pope and Popelings shall not greate themselves  
 With golde and groates, that are the souldiers due.  
 Thus forward Lords, let our commaund be done,  
 And march we forward mightily to Fraunce

[Exeunt Manet Philip and his Mother.

*Phil.* Madame, I beseech you deigne me so much  
 leasure as the hearing of a matter I long to impart  
 to you

*Mother* Whats the matter Philip? I thinke your  
 sute in secret, tends to some money matter, which  
 you suppose burns in the bottom of my chest

*Phil.* No Madam, it is no such sute as to beg or  
 borrow,  
 But such a sute, as might some other grant,  
 I would not now haue troubled you withall.

*Mother* A Gods name let vs heare it

*Phil.* Then Madame thus, your Ladiship sees well,  
 How that my scandall growes by meanes of you,  
 In that report hath rumord vp and downe,  
 I am a bastard, and no Fauconbridge  
 This grose attaint so tilteth in my thoughts,  
 Maintaining combat to abridge mine ease,  
 That field and towne, and company alone,  
 What so I doo, or wheresoere I am,  
 I cannot chase the slander from my thoughts  
 If it be true, resolve me of my Sire,  
 For pardon Madam, if I thinke amisse  
 Be Philip Philip, and no Fauconbridge,  
 His Father doubtles was as braue a man  
 To you on knees, as sometimes Phaeton,  
 Mistrusting silly Merop for his Sire,  
 Strayning a little bashfull modestie,  
 I beg some instance whence I am extraught

*Mother.* Yet more adoo to haste me to my graue,

And wilt thou too become a Mothers crosse?  
 Must I accuse myself to close with you?  
 Slaunder myself, to quiet your affects?  
 Thou moouest me Philip with this idle talke,  
 Which I remit, in hope this mood will die

*Phil* Nay Ladie mother, heare me further yet,  
 For strong conceipt drijues dutie hence awhile  
 Your husband Fauconbridge was Father to that sonne,  
 That carries marks of Nature like the Sire,  
 The sonne that blotteth you with wedlocks breach,  
 And holds my right, as lineall in descent  
 From him whose forme was figured in his face,  
 Can Nature so dissemble in her frame,  
 To make the one so like as like may be,  
 And in the other print no character  
 To challenge any marke of true descent?  
 My brothers minde is base, and too too dull  
 To mount where Philip lodgeth his affects,  
 And his external graces that you view,  
 (Though I report it) counterpoise not mine  
 His constitution plaine debilitie,  
 Requires the chayre, and mine the seate of steele  
 Nay, what is he, or what am I to him?  
 When any one that knoweth how to carpe,  
 Will scarcely iudge vs both one Countrey borne  
 This Madame, this, hath droue me from my selfe  
 And here by heauens eternall lampes I sweare,  
 As cursed Nero with his mother did,  
 So I with you, if you resolute me not

*Mother* Let motheis teares quench out thy angers  
 fire,

And vrge no further what thou dost require

*Phil* Let sonnes entreatie sway the mother now,  
 Or else she dies Ile not infringe my vow,

*Mother* Vnhappy taske must I recount my shame,  
 Blab my misdeedes, or by concealing die?  
 Some power strike me speechlesse for a time,

Or take from him a while his hearings vse  
Why wish I so, vnhappy as I am?

The fault is mine, and he the faultie frute,  
I blush, I faint, oh would I might be mute

*Phil* Mother be briefe, I long to know my  
name

*Mother* And longing dye, to shiowd thy Motheis  
shame

*Phil* Come Madame come, you neede not be so  
loth

The shame is shared equall twixt vs both  
Ist not a slacknes in me, worthie blame,  
To be so olde, and cannot write my name.  
Good Mother resolute me

*Mother* Then Philip heare thy fortune, and my  
griefe,  
My honouis losse by purchase of thy selfe,  
My shame, thy name, and husbands secret wrong,  
All maimd and staind by youths vnruly sway  
And when thou knowest from whence thou art ex-  
traught,

Oi if thou knewest what sutes, what threates, what  
feares,

To mooue by loue, or massacre by death  
To yeeld with loue, or end by loues contempt

The mightines of him that courted me,  
Who tempred terror with his wanton talke,

That something may extenuate the guilt  
But let it not aduantage me so much

Vpbraid me rather with the Romane Dame  
That shed her blood to wash away her shame

Why stand I to expostulate the crime

With *pro & contra*, now the deede is don?

When to conclude two words may tell the tale,  
That Philips Father was a Princes Son,  
Rich Englands rule, worlds onely terror hee,  
For honours losse left me with childe of thee

Whose Sonne thou ait, then pardon me the rathur,  
For faire King Richard was thy noble Father

*Phil* Then Robin Fauconbridge I wish thee ioy,  
My Sire a King, and I a landles Boy  
Gods Ladie Mother, the world is in my debt,  
There's something owing to Plantaginet  
I marrie Sir, let me alone for game,  
Ile act some wonders now I know my name  
By blessed Marie Ile not sell that pride  
For Englands wealth, and all the wold beside  
Sit fast the proudest of my Fathers foes,  
Away good Mothei, there the comfort goes [Exeunt

Enter *Philip* the French King, and *Lewis*, *Limoges*,  
*Constance*, and her sonne *Arthur*

*King* Now gin we broach the title of thy claime,  
Young Arthur in the Albion Territories,  
Scaring proud Angiers with a puissant sledge  
Braue Austria, cause of Cordelions death,  
Is also come to aide thee in thy waires,  
And all our Forces ioyne for Arthurs right  
And, but for causes of greate consequence,  
Pleading delay till newes from England come,  
Twice should not Titan hide him in the West,  
To coole the set-locks of his wearie teame,  
Till I had with an vnresisted shock  
Controld the mannage of proud Angiers walls,  
Or made a forfeit of my fame to Chaunce.

*Cons* May that be Iohn in conscience or in feare  
To offer wrong where you impugne the ill,  
Will send such calme conditions backe to Fraunce,  
As shall rebate the edge of fearefull warres  
If so, forbeariance is a deed well done

*Arth* Ah Mother, possession of a Crowne is  
much,  
And Iohn as I haue heard reported of

For present vantage would aduenture farie  
 The world can witnes, in his Brothers time,  
 He tooke vpon him rule, and almost raigne  
 Then must it follow as a doubtfull poynt,  
 That hee'le resigne the rule vnto his Nepliew  
 I rather thinke the menace of the world  
 Sounds in his eaes, as thieats of no esteeme,  
 And sooner would he scorne Europaes powe,  
 Than loose the smallest title he enyoys ,  
 For questionles he is an Englishman

*Lewis.* Why are the English peereles in compare ?  
 Braue caualiers as ere that Island bled,  
 Haue liude and dide, and darde, and done inough,  
 Yet neuer gracde their countrey for the cause  
 England is England, yeelding good and bad,  
 And Iohn of England is as other Iohns  
 Trust me yong Arthur, if thou need my reede,  
 Praise thou the French that helpe thee in this neede

*Lym* The Englishman hath little cause I trow,  
 To spend good speaches on so proud a foe  
 Why Arthur heres his spoyle that now is gon,  
 Who when he liud outrou'de his brother Iohn  
 But hastie curres that lie so long to catch,  
 Come halting home, and meete their ouermatch  
 But newes comes now, heers the Embassadour

### Enter *Chattilion*

*K Phil* And in good time, welcome my Lord  
*Chattilion*

What newes? will Iohn accord to our commaund?

*Chat* Be I not briefe to tell your Highnes all,  
 He will approach to interrupt my tale  
 For one selfe bottome brought vs both to Fraunce  
 He on his part will trie the chaunce of warre,  
 And if his words inferre assured truth,  
 Will loose himselfe, and all his followeis,

Ere yeeld vnto the least of your demaunds,  
 The Mother Queene she taketh on amaine  
 Gaints Ladie Constance, counting her the cause  
 That doth effect this claime to Albion,  
 Coniuring Arthur with a Giandames care,  
 To leauue his mother willing him submit  
 His state to Iohn, and her protection,  
 Who (as shee saith) are studious for his good  
 More circumstance the season intercepts  
 This is the summe, which briefly I haue showne

*K. Phil* This bitter wind' must nip somebodies  
 spring!  
 Sodaine and briefe, who so, 'tis haruest weather  
 But say Chattilion, what persons of accompt are with  
 him?

*Chat* Of England, Earle Pembroke and Salsbury,  
 The onely noted men of any name  
 Next to them, a Bastard of the Kings deceast,  
 A hardy wildehead, tough and venturous,  
 With many other men of high resolute  
 Then is there with them Elinor mother queene,  
 And Blanch her Neece, daughter to the King of  
 Spaine  
 These are the prime Birds of this hot aduenture

Enter John & his followers, Queene, Bastard,  
 Earles, &c

*K. Phil* Me seemeth Iohn, an ouer-dauing spirit  
 Effects some fienzie in thy rash approach,  
 Treading my Confines with thy aimed Troupes.  
 I rather lookt for some submisse reply  
 Touching the claime thy Nephew Arthur makes  
 To that which thou vnjustly dost vsurpe

*K. John* For that Chattilion can discharge you all,  
 I list not pleade my Title with my tongue  
 Nor came I hether with intent of wrong

To Fraunce or thee, or ony right of thine,  
 But in defence and purchase of my right,  
 The Towne of Angiers which thou doost begirt  
 In the behalfe of ladie Constance Sonne,  
 Wheretoo nor he nor she can lay iust claime

*Cons* Yes (false intruder) if that iust be iust,  
 And headstiong vsurpation put apart,  
 Arthur my Sonne, heire to thy elder Brother,  
 Without ambiguous shadow of dissent,  
 Is soveraigne to the substance thou withholdst

*Q El* Misgoueind gossip, staine to this resort,  
 Occasion of these vndecided iarres,  
 I say (that know) to check thy vaine suppose,  
 Thy sonne hath naught to doo with that he claymes  
 For proof whereof, I can inferie a Will,  
 That barres the way he vrgeth by dissent

*Cons* A Will indeede, a crabbed Womans will,  
 Wherein the Druell is an oueiseer,  
 And proud dame Elinor sole Executresse  
 More wills than so, on perill of my soule,  
 Were never made to hinder Arthurs right

*Arth* But say there was, as sure there can be  
 none,  
 The Law intends such testaments as voyd,  
 Where right dissent can no way be impeacht

*Q El* Peace Arthur peace, thy mother makes  
 thee wings  
 To soar with perill after Icarus,  
 And trust me yongling for the Fathers sake,  
 I pitie much the hazard of thy youth

*Cons* Beshew you els how pittiful you are,  
 Readie to weepe to heare him aske his owne,  
 Sorrow betide such Grandames and such grieve,  
 That ministre a poysen for pure loue  
 But who so blinde, as cannot see this beame,  
 That you forsooth would keepe your cousin downe,  
 For feare his Mother should be vsde too well?

I theres the grieve, confusion catch the braune,  
That hammers shiftes to stop a Princes raigne

*Q Eliz.* Impatient, frantike, common slanderer,  
Immodest Dame, vnnurtvred quarreller,  
I tell thee I, not enuie to thy Son,  
But iustice makes me speake as I haue don

*K Phil.* But heres no proof that showes your son  
a King

*K John.* What wants, my sword shal more at large  
set down

*Lewis.* But that may breake before the truth be  
knowne

*Bast.* Then this may hold till all his right be  
showne

*Lym.* Good words sir sauce, your betters are in  
place

*Bast.* Not you sir doughtie, with your Lions case

*Blanch.* Ah Ioy betide his soule, to whom that spoile  
belong'd

Ah Richard, how thy glorie here is wrong'd

*Lym.* Me thinkes that Richards pride & Richards  
fall,

Should be a president t'affright you all

*Bast.* What words are thse? how doo my sinews  
shake?

My Fathers foe clad in my Fatheis spoyle,  
A thousand furies kindle with reuenge,  
This hart that choller keepes a consistorie,  
Searing my inwards with a brand of hate  
How doth Alecto whisper in mine eares?  
Delay not Philip, kill the villaine straight,  
Disrobe him of the matchles moniment

Thy Fathers triumph ore the Sauages,  
Base heardgroome, coward, peasant, worse than a  
threshing slave,

What makst thou with the Trophe of a King?

Shamst thou not coystrell, loathsome dunghill swad,

To grace thy carkasse with an ornament  
 Too precious for a monarchs couerture?  
 Scarce can I temper due obedience  
 Unto the presence of my Soueraigne,  
 From acting outrage on this trunke of hate  
 But arme thee traytor, wronger of renowne,  
 For by his soule I sweare, my Fathers soule,  
 Twice will I not reuiew the Mornings rise,  
 Till I have torne that Trophie from thy back,  
 And split thy heait for wearing it so long  
 Philip hath sworne, and if it be not done,  
 Let not the world repute me Richards Sonne

*Lym* Nay soft sir Bastard, harts are not split so  
 soone,

Let them reioyce that at the ende doo win  
 And take this lesson at thy foeman's hand,  
 Pawne not thy life to get thy Fathers skin

*Blanch* Well may the world speake of his knightly  
 valor,

That winnes this hide to weare a Ladies fauour

*Bast* Ill may I thriue, and nothing brooke with  
 mee,

If shortly I present it not to thee

*K. Phil* Lordings forbeare, for time is comming  
 fast,

That deedes may trie what words cannot determine,  
 And to the purpose for the cause you come  
 Me seemes you set right in chaunce of warre,  
 Yeelding no other reasons for your claime,  
 But so and so, because it shall be so

So wrong shall be subornd by trust of strength  
 A Tyrants practize to inuest himselfe,

Where weake resistance gnueth wrong the way  
 To check the which, in holy lawfull Armes,  
 I, in the right of Arthur, Geoffreys Sonne,  
 Am come before this Citie of Angiers,  
 To barre all other false supported clayme,

From whence, or howsoere the error springs  
 And in his quarrell on my Princely word,  
 Ile fight it out vnto the latest man

*John* Know King of Fraunce, I will not be com-  
 maunded,  
 By any power o1 Prince in Christendome,  
 To yeeld an instance how I hold mine owne,  
 More than to answer, that mine owne is mine,  
 But wilt thou see me parley with the Towne,  
 And heare them offer me allegiance,  
 Fealtie and homage, as true liege men ought

*K. Phil* Summon them, I will not beleue it till  
 I see it,  
 and when I see it, Ile soone change it  
 [They summon the Towne, the Citizens appeare  
 vpon the walls

*K. John* You men of Angiers, and as I take it my  
 loyall Subiects, I haue summoned you to the walls  
 to dispute on my right, were to thinke you doubtfull  
 therein, which I am perswaded you are not In few  
 words, our Brothers Sonne, backt with the King of  
 Fraunce, haue beleagred your Towne vpon a false  
 pretented title to the same. in defence whereof I  
 your liege Lord haue brought our power to fence you  
 from the Usurper, to free your intended seritude,  
 and vtterly to supplant the foemen, to my right &  
 your rest Say then, who keepe you the town for?

*Citizen* For our lawfull King

*John* I was no lesse perswaded then in Gods  
 name open your gates, and let me enter

*Citizen* And it please your Highness we comptroll  
 not your title, neither will we rashly admit your  
 entrance if you bee lawfull King, with all obedience  
 we keepe it to your vse, if not King, our rashness to  
 be impeached for yeelding, without more considerate  
 triall wee answer not as men lawles, but to the  
 behoofe of him that prooues lawfull

*John* I shall not come in then?

*Citizen* No my Lord, till we know more

*K Phil* Then heare me speake in the behalfe of Arthur, Sonne of Geffrey, elder Brother to Iohn, his title manifest, without contradiction, to the Crown and Kingdome of England, with Angiers, and diuers Townes on this side the sea , will you acknowledge him your liege Lord, who speaketh in my word, to intertwaine you with all fauors, as beseemeth a King to his subiects, or a friend to his wel willers or stand to the peril of your contempt, when his title is prooued by the sword

*Citizen* We answeare as before, till you haue prooued one right, we acknowledge none right, he that tries himselfe our Soueraigne, to him will we remain firme subiects, and for him, and in his right we hold our Towne, as desirous to know the truth, as loath to subscribe befoie we knowe . More than this we cannot say, & more than this we dare not doo

*K Phil* Then Iohn I defie thee, in the name and behalfe of Arthur Plantaginet, thy King and cousin, whose right and patrimonie thou detainest, as I doubt not, ere the day ende, in a set battel make thee confesse , whereunto, with a zeale to right, I challenge thee

*K Iohn.* I accept the challenge, and turne the defiance to thy throate.

*Excursions* The Bastard chaseth *Lymoges* the Austrich Duke, and maketh him leaue the Lyons skinne.

*Bast* And art thou gone, misfortune haunt thy steps,  
And chill colde feare assaile thy times of rest  
Morpheus leaue here thy silent Eban caue,  
Besiedge his thoughts with dismal fantasies,

And ghastly objects of pale threatening *mors*  
 Affright him every minute with stearne lookes,  
 Let shadowe temper terror in his thoughts,  
 And let the terror make the coward mad,  
 And in his madnes let his feare pursute,  
 And so in frenzie let the peasant die  
 Here is the ransome that allayes his rage,  
 The first freehold that Richard left his sonne  
 With which I shall surprize his living foes,  
 As Hectors statue did the fainting Greeks [Exit]

Enter the Kings Herolds with trumpets to the wals  
 of Angiers they summon the Towne

*Eng Herolds* Iohn by the grace of God King of  
 England, Lord of Ireland, Aniou, Toraine, &c de-  
 maundeth once againe of you his subiects of Angiers,  
 if you will quietly surrender vp the Towne into his  
 hands?

*Fr Herold* Philip by the grace of God King of  
 Fraunce, demaundeth in the behalfe of Arthur Duke  
 of Brittaine, if you will surrender vp the Towne into  
 his hands, to the vse of the said Arthur

*Citizens* Herolds goe tell the two victorious  
 Princes, that we the poore inhabitants of Angiers,  
 require a parle of their Maiesties

*Herolds* We goe

Enter the Kings, Queen *Elianor, Blanch, Bastard,*  
*Lymoges, Lewis, Castilean, Pembroke, Salis-*  
*bury, Constance, and Arthur Duke of Brittaine*

*John Herold*, what answer doo the Townsmen  
 send?

*Philip* Will Angiers yield to Philip King of  
 Fraunce?

*Eng Her* The Townsmen on the wals accept your  
 Grace

*Fr Her.* And craue a parley of your Maiesty

*John.* You Citizens of Angiers, haue your eyes  
Beheld the slaughter that our English bowes  
Haue made vpon the coward frawdfull French ?  
And haue you wisely pondred therewithall  
Your gaine in yeelding to the English King ?

*Phil.* Their losse in yeelding to the English King  
But Iohn, they saw from out their highest Towers  
The Cheualiers of *France* and crossebow-shot  
Make lanes of slaughtered bodies through thine hoast,  
And are resolu'd to yeeld to Arthurs right

*John.* Why Philip, though thou brauest it fore the  
wals,  
Thy conscience knowes that Iohn hath wonne the field  
*Phil.* What ere my conscience knows, thy armie  
feeles  
That Philip had the better of the day.

*Bast.* Philip indeede hath got the Lyons case,  
Which here he holds to Lymoges disgrace  
Base Duke to flye and leave such spoyles behind  
But this thou knewst of force to make mee stay  
It farde with thee as with the marriner,  
Spyng the hugie Whale, whose monstrous bulke  
Doth beare the waues like mountaines fore the windē,  
That throwes out empty vessels, so to stay  
His furie, while the ship doth saile away,  
Philip, t'is thine and fore this Princely presence,  
Madame, I humbly lay it at your feete,  
Being the first aduenturie I atchieu'd,  
And first exployt your Grace did me enioyne .  
Yet many more I long to be enjоynd

*Blanch.* Philip I take it, and I thee command  
To weare the same as earst thy Father did  
Therewith receiuē this fauour at my hands,  
T'incourage thee to follow Richards fame

*Arth.* Ye Citizens of Angiers are ye mute ?  
Arthur or Iohn, say which shall be your King ?

*Citizen* We care not which, if once we knew the right,

But till we know, we will not yeeld our right

*Bast* Might Philip counsell two so mightie kings,  
As are the Kings of England and of Fraunce,  
He would aduise your Graces to vnite  
And knit your forces against these Citizens,  
Pulling their battered wals about their ears  
The Towne once wonne, then striue about the claime,  
For they are minded to delude you both

*Citizen* Kings, Princes, Lords, & Knights assembled here,

The Cittizens of Angiers all by me  
Entreat your Majestie to heare them speake  
And as you like the motion they shall make,  
So to account and follow their aduice

*John Phil* Speake on, we gue thee leauue

*Citizen* Then thus whereas the yong and lusty knight

Incites you on to knit your kingly strengths  
The motion cannot chuse but please the good,  
And such as loue the quiet of the State  
But how my Lords, how should your strengths be knit?  
Not to oppresse your subiects and your friends,  
And fill the world with brawles and mutinies  
But vnto peace your forces should be knit  
To loue in Princely league and amitie  
Doo this, the gates of Angiers shall gue way,  
And stand quite open to your harts content  
To make this peace a lasting bond of loue,  
Remains one onely honorable meanes,  
Which by your pardon I shall here display  
Lewis the Dolphin and the heire of Fraunce,  
A man of noted valor through the world,  
Is yet vnmarried let him take to wife  
The beauteous daughter of the King of Spaine,  
Neece to K Iohn, the louely Ladie Blanch,

Begotten on his Sister Elianor  
 With her in marriage will her vnkle giue  
 Castles and Towers, as fitteth such a match  
 The Kings thus ioynd in league of perfect loue,  
 They may so deale with Arthur Duke of Britaine,  
 Who is but yong, and yet vnmeete to raigne,  
 As he shall stand contented euerie way  
 Thus haue I boldly (for the common good)  
 Deliuering what the Cite gaue in charge  
 And as vpon conditions you agree,  
 So shall we stand content to yeeld the Towne

*Arth* A proper peace, if such a motion hold,  
 These Kings beare armes for me, and for my right,  
 And they shall share my lands to make them friends

*Q El* Sonne Iohn, follow this motion, as thou  
 louest thy mother

Make league with Philip, yeeld to any thing:  
 Lewis shall haue my Neece, and then be sure  
 Arthur shall haue small succour out of Fraunce

*John* Brother of Fraunce, you heare the Citizens  
 Then tell me, how you meane to deale herein

*Cons* Why Iohn, what canst thou giue vnto thy  
 Neece,

Thou hast no foote of land but Aithurs right

*Lewis* Byr lady Citizens, I like your choyce,  
 A louely damsele is the Ladie Blanche,  
 Woithie the heire of Europe for her pheere

*Cons* What Kings, why stand you gazing in a  
 trance?

Why how now Lords? accursed Cittizens  
 To fill and tickle their ambitious ears,  
 With hope of gaine, that springs from Arthurs losse  
 Some dismal Planet at thy birth-day raign'd,  
 For now I see the fall of all thy hopes

*K. Phil* Ladie, and Duke of Britaine, know you both,  
 The King of Fraunce respects his honor more,  
 Than to betray his friends and fauourers,

Princesse of Spaine, could you affect my Sonne,  
If we vpon conditions could agree?

*Bast* Swounds Madam, take an English Gentleman,  
Slaue as I was, I thought to haue moude the match  
Grandame you made me halfe a promise once,  
That Lady Blanch should bring me wealth inough,  
And make me heire of stoe of English land

*Q El* Peace Philip, I will looke thee out a  
wife,

We must with policie compound this strife

*Bast* If Lewis get her, well, I say no more.  
But let the froelicke Frenchman take no scorne,  
If Philip front him with an English horne

*John* Ladie, what answer make you to the King  
of Fraunce?

Can you affect the Dolphin for your Lord?

*Blanch* I thanke the King that likes of me so  
well,  
To make me Bride vnto so great a Prince  
But glue me leauie my Lord to pause on this,  
Least beeing too too forward in the cause,  
It may be blemish to my modestie

*Q El* Sonne Iohn, and worthie Philip K of  
Fraunce,

Doo you confer a while about the Dowre,  
And I will schoole my modest Neece so well,  
That she shall yeeld as soone as you haue done

*Cons* I, theres the wretch that broacheth all this ill,  
Why flye I not vpon the Beldames face,  
And with my nayles pull foorth her hatefull eyes

*Arth* Sweet Mother cease these hastie madding  
fits,

For my sake, let my Grandame haue her will.  
O would she with her hands pull forth my heart,  
I could affoord it to appease these broyles  
But (mother) let vs wisely winke at all,  
Least farther harmes ensue our hastie speech

*Phil* Brother of England, what dowrie wilt thou  
glue

Vnto my Sonne in mariage with thy Neece?

*John* First Philip knowes her dowrie out of Spaine,  
To be so greate as to content a King  
But more to mend and amplifie the same,  
I glue in money thuryt thousand markes,  
For land I leaue it to thine owne demaund

*Phil* Then I demand Volquesson, Torain, Main,  
Poiters and Aniou, these fие Provinces,  
Which thou as King of England holdst in Fraunce  
Then shall our peace be soone concluded on

*Bast* No less than fие such Provinces at once?

*John* Mother what shall I doo? my brother got  
these lands

With much effusion of our English bloud  
And shall I glue it all away at once?

*Q Elin* Iohn glue it him, so shalt thou liue in  
peace,  
And keepe the residue sans iopardie

*John* Philip, bring forth thy Sonne, here is my Neece,  
And here in mariage I doo glue with her  
From me and my Successors English Kings,  
Volquesson, Poiters, Anjou, Torain, Main,  
And thirtie thousand markes of stipend coyne  
Now Citizens, how like you of this match?

*Citz* We ioye to see so sweete a peace begun

*Lewis* Lewis with Blanch shall euer liue content,  
But now King Iohn, what say you to the Duke?  
Father, speake as you may in his behalfe

*Phil* K Iohn, be good vnto thy Nephew here,  
And glue him somewhat that shall please thee best

*John* Arthur, although thou troublest Englands  
peace

Yet here I glue thee Brittaine for thine owne,  
Together with the Earledome of Richmont,  
And this rich Citié of Angiers withall

*Q El* And if thou seeke to please thine Uncle John,  
 Shalt see my Sonne how I will make of thee  
*John* Now euery thing is sorted to this end,  
 Lets in, and there prepare the mariage rytes,  
 Which in S Maries Chappell presently  
 Shal be performed ere this presence part

[*Exeunt Manent Constance & Arthur*

*Arth* Madam good cheere, these drouping languishments,  
 Adde no redresse to salue our awkward haps,  
 If heauens haue concluded these euent,  
 To small auaile is bitter pensiuenes  
 Seasons will change, and so our present griefe  
 May change with them, and all to our relief

*Cons* Ah boy, thy yeares I see are farre too greene  
 To looke into the bottome of these cares  
 But I, who see the poysse that weigheth downe  
 Thy weale, my wish, and all the willing meanes  
 Wherewith thy fortune and thy fame should mount,  
 What ioye, what ease, what rest can lodge in me,  
 With whom all hope and hap doe disagree?

*Art* Yet Ladies teares, and cares, and solemne shows,

Rather then helpes, heape vp more worke for woes

*Cons* If any Power will heare a widdowes plaint,  
 That from a wounded soule implores reuenge  
 Send fell contagion to infect this Clyme,  
 This cursed Countrey, wher the traytors breath,  
 Whose periurie (as proud Briareus,)  
 Beleaguers all the Skie with mis-belief.

He promist Aithur, and he sware it too,  
 To fence thy right, and check thy foemans pride  
 But now black-spotted Penure as he is,  
 He takes a truce with Elnors damned brat,  
 And marries Lewis to her iouely Neece,  
 Sharing thy fortune, and thy birth-dayes gift

Betweene these louers ill betide the match  
 And as they shoulder thee from out thy owne,  
 And triumph in a widowes tearefull cares  
 So heavens crosse them with a thrifles course,  
 Is all the bloud yspilt on either part,  
 Closing the cranes of the thirstie earth,  
 Grown to a loue-game and a Bridall feast?  
 And must thy birthright bid the wedding banes?  
 Poore helpeles boy, hopeles and helpeles too,  
 To whom misfortune seemes no yoke at all  
 Thy stay, thy state, thy imminent mishaps  
 Woundeth thy mothers thoughts with feeling care,  
 Why lookst thou pale? the colour flyes thy face  
 I trouble now the fountaine of thy youth,  
 And make it moodie with my doles discourse,  
 Goe in with me, reply not louely boy,  
 We must obscure this mone with melodie,  
 Least worser wrack ensue our malecontent [Exeunt]

Enter the King of *England*, the King of *Fraunce*,  
*Arthur*, *Bastard*, *Lewis*, *Lymoges*, *Constance*,  
*Blanche*, *Chattileion*, *Pembroke*, *Salisbury*, and  
*Ehanor*.

*John.* This is the day, the long desired day,  
 Wherein the Realmes of England and of Fraunce  
 Stand highly blessed in a lasting peace  
 Thrice happie is the bridegrome and the bride,  
 From whose sweete bridal such a concord springs,  
 To make of mortall foes immortall friends.

*Cons* Vngodly peace made by anothers warre

*Phil* Vnhappie peace, that ties thee from reuenge,  
 Rouze thee Plantaginet, lue not to see  
 The butcher of the great Plantaginet  
 Kings, Princes, and ye Peeres of either Realmes,  
 Pardon my rashnes, and forgiue the zeale  
 That carries me in furie to a deede

Of high desert, of honour, and of armes  
 A boone (O Kings) a boone doth Philip beg  
 Prostrate vpon his knee which knee shall cleave  
 Unto the superficies of the earth,  
 Till Fraunce and England grant this glorious boone  
*John* Speake Philip, England grants thee thy re-  
 quest

*Phil* And Fraunce confirmes what ere is in his  
 power

*Bast* Then Duke sit fast, I leuell at thy head,  
 Too base a ransome for my fathers life  
 Princes, I craue the Combat with the Duke  
 That braues it in dishonor of my Sire  
 Your wrods are past, nor can you now reuerset  
 The Princely promise that reuiues my soule,  
 Whereat me thinks I see his sinnewes shake .  
 This is the boon (dread Lords) which granted once  
 Or life or death are pleasant to my soule ,  
 Since I shall liue and die in Richards right

*Lym* Base Bastard, misbegotten of a King,  
 To interrupt these holy nuptiall rytes  
 With brawles and tumults to a Dukes disgrace ,  
 Let it suffice, I scorne to ioyne in fight,  
 With one so farre vnequall to myselfe

*Bast* A fine excuse, Kings if you wil be Kings,  
 Then keepe your words, and let vs combat it.

*John* Philip, we cannot force the Duke to fight,  
 Beeing a subiect vnto neither Realme  
 But tell me Austria, if an English Duke  
 Should dare thee thus, wouldst thou accept the chal-  
 lenge?

*Lym.* Els let the world account the Austrich Duke  
 The greatest coward liuing on the Eaith

*John* Then cheere thee Philip, John will keepe his  
 word,  
 Kneele downe, in sight of Philip King of Fraunce,  
 And all these Princely Loids assembled here,

I gird thee with the sword of Normandie,  
 And of that Land I doo inuest thee Duke  
 So shalt thou be in liuing and in land  
 Nothing inferiour vnto Austria

*Lym* K Iohn, I tell thee flatly to thy face,  
 Thou wrongst mine honour and that thou maist see  
 How much I scorne thy new made Duke and thee,  
 I flatly say, I will not be compeld  
 And so farewell Sir Duke of low degree,

Ile finde a time to match you for this geere [Exit  
*John* Stay Philip, let him goe, the honors thine

*Bast* I cannot liue unles his life be mine

*Q El* Thy forwardnes this day hath ioyd my  
 soule,

And made me thinke my Richard liues in thee

*K Phil* Lordlings lets in, and spend the wedding  
 day

In maskes and triumphs, letting quarieles cease

Enter a Cardynall from *Rome*

*Car* Stay King of France, I charge thee ioin not  
 hands

With him that stands accurst of God and men

Know Iohn, that I Pandulph, Cardinall of Millaine,  
 and Legate from the Sea of Rome, demaund of thee  
 in the name of our holy Father the Pope Innocent,  
 why dost (contrarie to the lawes of our holy mother  
 the Church, and our holye Father the Pope) disturbe  
 the quiet of the Church, and disannul the election of  
 Stephen Langhton, whom his holines hath elected  
 Archbishop of Canteburie this in his Holines name  
 I demaund of thee?

*John.* And what hast thou or the Pope thy maister  
 to doo to demaund of me, how I employ mine own?  
 Know Sir Priest, as I honour the Church and holy  
 Churchmen, so I scorne to be subiect to the greatest

Prelate in the world Tell thy Maister so from me,  
and say, Iohn of England said it, that neuer an Italian  
Priest of them all, shal either haue tythe, tole, or  
polling penie out of England, but as I am King, so  
will I raigne next vnder God, supreame head both  
ouer spiritual and temrall and hee that contradicts  
me in this, Ile make him hoppe headlesse

*K Phil* What King Iohn, know you what you say,  
thus to blasphemē against our holy father the Pope?

*John* Philip, though thou and all the Princes of  
Christendome suffer themselues to be abusde by a  
Prelates slauery, my minde is not of such base temper.  
If the Pope will bee King in England, let him winne it  
with the sword, I know no other title he can alleage  
to mine inheritance

*Car* John, this is thine answer?

*John* What then?

*Car* Then I Pandulph of Padoa, Legate from the  
Apostolike See, do in the name of Saint Peter and his  
successor our holy Father Pope Innocent, pronounce  
thee accursed, discharging euery one of thy subiectes  
of all dutie and fealtie that they doo owe to thee, and  
pardon and forguenes of sinne to those or them what-  
ever, which shall carrie armes against thee, or murder  
thee This I pronounce, and charge all good men to  
abhorre thee as an excommunicate person

*John* So sir, the more the Fox is curst the better a  
fares if God blesse me and my Land, let the Pope  
and his shaelings curse and spare not

*Car* Furthermore, I charge thee Philip King of  
France, and al the Kings and Princes of Christen-  
dome, to make war vpon this miscreant: and whereas  
thou hast made a league with him, and confirmed it  
by oath, I doo in the name of our foresaid father the  
Pope, acquit thee of that oath, as vnlawfull, beeing  
made with an heretike, how saist thou Philip, doost  
thou obey?

*John* Brother of Fraunce, what say you to the Cardinall?

*Phil* I say, I am sorrie for your Majestie, requesting you to submit your selfe to the Church of Rome

*John* And what say you to our league, if I doo not submit?

*Phil* What should I say? I must obey the Pope

*John* Obey the Pope, and breake your oath to God?

*Phil* The Legate hath absolu'de me of mine oath Then yeeld to Rome, or I defie thee heere

*John* Why Philip, I defie the Pope and thee, False as thou art, and perjured King of Fraunce, Unworthie man to be accompted King

Giu'st thou thy sword into a Prelates hands? Pandulph, where I of Abbots, Monkes, and Friers Haue taken somewhat to maintaine my warres,

Now will I take no more but all they haue Ile rowze the lazie lubbers from their Cells,

And in despight Ile send them to the Pope

Mother come you with me, and for the rest

That will not follow Iohn in this attempt,

Confusion light vpon their damned soules

Come Lords, fight for your King, that fighthe for your good

*Phil.* And are they gone? Pandulph thy selfe shalt see

How Fraunce will fight for Rome and Romish rytes Nobles to armes, let him not passe the seas,

Lets take him captiue, and in triumph lead

The K of England to the gates of Rome

Arthur bestirre thee man, and thou shalt see

What Philip K of Fraunce will doo for thee

*Blanche* And will you Grace vpon your wedding day

Forsake your Bride, and follow dreadfull drums?

Nay, good my Lord, stay you at home with mee

*Lewis* Sweete heaite content thee, and we shall  
agree

*Phil* Follow me Lords, Lord Cardynall lead the  
way,

Drums shal be musicque to this wedding day

[Exeunt

*Excursions* The *Bastard* puisues *Austria*, and  
kils him

*Bast* Thus hath K. Richards sonne performde his  
vowes

And offred Austria's blood for sacrifice

Unto his fathers euerliuing soule

Braue Cordelion, now my heart doth say,

I haue deserude, though not to be thy heire,

Yet as I am, thy base begotten sonne,

A name as pleasing to thy Philips heart,

As to be cald the Duke of Normandie

Lie there a pray to euery rauening fowle

And as my father triumpht in thy spoyles,

And trode thine Ensignes vnderneath his feete,

So doo I tread vpon thy cursed selfe,

And leaue thy bodie to the fowles for food

[Exit

*Excursions* *Arthur, Constance, Lewis*, having taken  
*Q. Elianor* prisoner

*Cons* Thus hath the God of Kings with conquering  
arme

Dispeast the foes to true succession,

Proud, and disturder of thy Countreyes peace,

Constance doth liue to tame thine insolence,

And on thy head will now auenged be

For all the mischiefes hatched in thy braime

*Q. El* Contemptuous Dame, vnreuerent Dutches  
thou,

To braue so great a Queene as Elianor,

Base scolde, hast thou forgot, that I was wife  
 And mother to three mightie English Kings?  
 I charge thee then, and you forsooth sir Boy,  
 To set your Grandmother at libertie,  
 And yeeld to Iohn your Uncle and your King  
*Cons* 'Tis not thy words proud Queene shal carry it  
*Ehanor* Nor yet thy ithreates proud dame shal  
 daunt my mind  
*Arth* Sweete Grandame, and good Mother, leaue  
 these braules  
*Ehanor* Ile finde a time to triumph in thy fall  
*Cons* My time is now to triumph in thy fall  
 And thou shalt know that Constance will triumph  
*Arth* Good mother, weigh it is Queene Elianor  
 Though she be captiue, vse her like herselfe  
 Sweete Grandame, beare with what my Mother says,  
 Your highnes shal be vsed honourably

Enter a Messenger

*Mess* Lewis my Lord, Duke Arthur, and the rest,  
 To armes in hast, K. John relyes his men,  
 And ginnes the sight afresh and sweares withall  
 To lose his life, or set his Mother free.

*Lewis* Arthur away, tis time to looke about  
*Ehanor* Why how now dame, what is your courage  
 coold?

*Cons* No Elianor my courage gathers strength,  
 And hopes to lead both Iohn and thee as slaues  
 And in that hope, I hale thee to the field [Exeunt.  
 [Excursions *Ehanor* is rescued by *Iohn*, and *Arthur*  
 is taken prisoner. *Exeunt* Sound Victorie.

Enter *John*, *Elianor*, and *Arthur* prisoner, *Bastard*,  
*Pembroke*, *Salsbury*, and *Hubert de Burgh*.

*John*. Thus right triumphs, and Iohn triumphs in  
 right

Arthur thou seest, Fraunce cannot bolster thee  
 Thy Mothers pride hath brought thee to this fall  
 But if at last Nephew thou yeeld thy selfe  
 Into the gardance of thine Uncle Iohn,  
 Thou shalt be vsed as becomes a Prince

*Art* Uncle, my Grandame taught her Nephew this,  
 To beare captivitie with patience  
 Might hath preuayld, not right, for I am King  
 Of England, though thou weare the Diadem  
*Q El* Sonne Iohn, soone shall wee teach him to  
 forget

These proud presumptions, and to know himselfe

*Iohn* Mother, he never will forget his claime,  
 I would he liude not to remember it  
 But leauing this, we will to England now,  
 And take some order with our Popelings there,  
 That swell with pride and fat of lay mens lands  
 Philip, I make thee chiefe in this affaire,  
 Ransack the Abbeys, Cloysters, Priories,  
 Conquert then coyne vnto my souldiers vse  
 And whatsoere he be within my Land,  
 That goes to Rome for iustice and for law,  
 While he may haue his right within the Realme,  
 Let him be iudgde a traitor to the state,  
 And suffer as an enemie to England  
 Mother, we leaue you here beyond the seas,  
 As Regent of our Prouinces in Fraunce,  
 While we to England take a speedie course,  
 And thanke our God that gaue vs victorie  
 Hubert de Buigh take Arthur here to thee,  
 Be he thy prisoner Hubert keepe him safe,  
 For on his life doth hang thy Soueraignes Crowne  
 But in his death consists thy Soueraignes blisse  
 Then Hubeit, as thou shortly hearst from me,  
 So vse the prisoner I haue giuen in charge

*Hub* Frolick yong Prince, though I your keeper be,  
 Yet shall your keeper hue at your commaund

*Ayth* As please my God, so shall become of me  
*Q El* My Sonne, to England, I will see thee shipt,  
 And pray to God to send thee safe ashore

*Bast* Now warres are done, I long to be at home,  
 To due into the Monkes and Abbots bags,  
 To make some sport among the smooth skin Nunnes,  
 And keepe some reuell with the fanzen Friers

*John* To England Lords, each looke vnto your  
 charge,  
 And arme yourselves against the Romane pride  
 [Exeunt

Enter the King of France, *Lewes* his sonne, Cardinall  
*Pandolph*, Legate, and *Constance*

*Phil* What, euery man attacht with this mishap?  
 Why frowne you so, why droop ye Lords of Fraunce?  
 Me thinkes it differs from a warlike minde,  
 To lowre it for a checke or two of Chaunce  
 Had Lymoges escapt the bastards spight,  
 A little sorrow might haue serude our losse  
 Braue Austria, heauen ioyes to haue thee there

*Card* His sowle is safe and free from Purgatorie,  
 Our holy Father hath dispenst his sinnes,  
 The blessed Saints haue heard our Orisons,  
 And all are Mediators for his soule,  
 And in the right of these most holy warres,  
 His Holinese free pardon doth pronounce  
 To all that follow you aginst English heretiques,  
 Who stand accursed in our mother Church

Enter *Constance* alone

*Phil* To aggrauate the measure of our grieve,  
 All malecontent comes Constance for her Sonne  
 Be breefe good madame, for your face imports  
 A tragick tale behinde thaths yet vntolde,  
 Her passions stop the organ of her voyce,

Deepe sorrow thiobeth misbefalne euent,  
Out with it Ladie, that our Act may end  
A full Catastrophe of sad lament

*Cons* My tongue is tunde to storie forth mishap  
When did I breath to tell a pleasing tale?  
Must Constance speake? let teares preuent her talke  
Must I discourse? let Dido sigh and say,  
She weepes againe to heare the wracke of Troy  
'Two words will serue, and then my tale is done  
Elnors proud brat hath robd me of my Sonne

*Lewis* Haue patience Madame, this is chaunce of  
warre  
He may be ransomde, we reuenge his wrong  
*Cons* Be it ner so soone, I shall not liue so long  
*Phil* Despaire not yet, come Constance, goe with  
me,  
These clouds will fleet, the day will cleare againe.

[*Exeunt.*]

*Card* Now Lewes, thy fortune buds with happie  
spring,  
Our holy Fathers prayers effecteth this  
Arthur is safe, let Iohn alone with him,  
Thy title next is fairst to Englands crowne  
Now sturre thy Father to begin with Iohn,  
The Pope sayes I, and so is Albion thine

*Lewes* Thankes my Loid Legat for your good  
conceipt,  
'Tis best we follow now the game is faire,  
My Father wants to worke him your good words  
*Card* A few will serue to forward him in this,  
Those shal not want, but lets about it then [*Exeunt*

Enter *Philip* leading a Fuer, charging him shew  
where the Abbots golde lay.

*Phil.* Come on you fat Franciscan, dallie no longer,  
but shew me where the Abbots treasure lyes, or die.

*Frier* *Benedicamus Domini*, was euer such an iniurie?

Sweete S Withold of thy lenitie, defend vs from extremitie,

And heare vs for S Charitie, oppressed with austertie

*In nomine Domini*, make I my homilie,

Gentle gentilitie grieue not the cleargie

*Phil* Grey-gownd good face, coniure ye,

nere trust me for a groate

If this waste girdle hang thee not

that gudeth in thy coate

Now balde and barefoote Bungie buds,

when vp the gallowes climing,

Say Philip he had words inough,

to put you downe with ryming,

*Frier* O pardon, *O parce*, S Fiauncis for mercie,

Shall shield thee from nightspels, and dreaming of duells,

If thou wilt forgiue me, and neuer more grieue me,

With fasting and praying, and *Haile Marie* saying,

From black Purgatorie, a penance right sorie

*Frier* Thomas will warme you,

It shall neuer harme you

*Phil* Come leaue off your rabble,  
Sirs, hang vp this lozell

*2 Frier* For charitie I beg his life,

Saint Francis chiefest Frier,

The best in all our couent Sir,

to keepe a Winters fier

O strangle not the good olde man,

My hostesse oldest guest,

And I will bring you by and by

Vnto the Priors chest.

*Phil.* I, saist thou so, & if thou wilt the Frier is at libertie,

If not, as I am honest man, I hang you both for companie.

*Frier* Come hether, this is the chest, though simple  
to behold,  
That wanteth not a thousand pound in siluer and in  
gold  
My selfe will wairant full so much, I know the Abbots  
store,  
Ile pawne my life there is no lesse, to haue what ere  
is more

*Phil* I take thy word, the ouerplus vnto thy share  
shall come,  
But if there want of full so much, thy neck shall pay  
the sum

Breake vp the Coffer, Frier

*Frier* Oh I am vndun, faire Alice the Nun

Hath tooke vp her iest in the Abbots chest

*Sancte benedicte*, pardon my simplicitie

Fie Alice, confession will not salue this transgression.

*Phil* What haue wee here, a holy Nun? so keepe  
mee God in health,

A smooth facte Nunne (for ought I knowe) is all the  
Abbots wealth

Is this the Nonries chastitie?

Besrewre me but I thinke

They go as oft to Venery as niggards to their  
drinke,

Why paltry Frier and Pandar too, ye shamelesse shauen  
crowne,

Is this the chest that held a hoord,  
at least a thousand pound?

And is the hoord a holy whore?

Well, be the hangman nimble,

Hee'le take the paine to paye you home,  
and teach you to dissemble

*Nunne* O spare the Frier Anthony,  
a beggar neuer was

To sing a Dirige solemnly,  
or read a morning masse

If money be the meanes of this,  
 I know an ancient Nunne,  
 That hath a hoord these seuen yeares,  
     did neuer see the sunne,  
 And that is yours, and what is ours,  
     so fauour now be shown,  
 You shall commaund as commonly,  
     as if it were your owne

*Frier* Your honour excepted

*Nunne* I Thomas, I meane so

*Phil* From all saue from Friers

*Nunne* Good sir, doo not think so

*Phil* I thinke and see so

why how camst thou heire ?

*Frier* To hide here from lay men

*Nunne* Tis true sir, for feare

*Phil* For feare of the laytie a pitifull dred  
 When a Nunne flies for succour to a fat Friers  
 bed

But now for your ransome my Cloyster-bred Conney,  
 To the chest that you speake of where lyes so much  
 money

*Nunne*, Faue sir, within this presse, of plate &  
 money is  
 The valem of a thousand markes, and other things  
 by gis

Let vs alone, and take it all, tis yours sir, now you  
 know it

*Phil* Come on sū Frier, pick the locke, this geere  
 dooth cotton hansom,  
 That couetousnes so cunningly must pay y<sup>e</sup> letchers  
 ransom

What is in the hoord ?

*Frier* Frier Laurence my Lord, now holy water  
 help vs,  
 Some witch or some diuell is sent to delude vs  
*Haud credo Laurentius*, that thou shouldst be pend thus

In the presse of a Nun we are all vndone,  
 And brought to discredence if thou be Frier Laurence  
*Frier Amor vinit omnia*, so Cato affirmeth,  
 And therfore a Frier whose fancie soone burneth,  
 Because he is mortall and made of mould,  
 He omits what he ought, and doth more than he  
 should

*Phil* How goes this geere? the Friers chest filde  
 with a sausen Nunne  
 The Nunne again lockes Friar vp,  
 to keep him from the Sun  
 Belike the press is Purgatorie,  
 or penance passing grieuous  
 The Friers chest a hel for Nunnies!  
 how doo these dolts deceive us?

Is this the labour of their lues, to feede and liue at  
 ease?

To reuell so lasciuiously as often as they please?  
 Ile mend the fault or fault my ayme,

if I do misse amending,  
 Tis better burn the Cloisters down,  
 than leauue them for offending

But holy you, to you I speake,  
 to you religious diuell,

Is this the presse that holds the summe,  
 to quite you for your euill?

*Nunne* I crie *Peccavi, parce me*,  
 good Sir I was beguild

*Frier* Absolute Su for chartie,  
 she would bee reconcilde

*Phil* And so I shall, sirs binde them fast,  
 this is their absolution,  
 go hang them vp for hurting them,  
 haste them to execution

*Fr Lawrence* *O tempus edax serum*,  
 Gue children bookes they teare them  
*O vanitas vanitatis*, in this waning ætatis

At threescore wel-neere, to goe to this geere,  
 To my conscience a clog, to dye like a dog  
*Exaudi me Domine, si uis me parce*  
*Dabo pecuniam, si habeo veniam*  
 To goe and fetch it, I will dispatch it,  
 A hundred pounds sterlinc, for my lues sparing

Enter *Peter* a Prophet, with people

*Peter* Hoe, who is here? S Frauncis be your speed,  
 Come in my flock, and follow me,  
 your fortunes I will reed  
 Come hether boy, goe get thee home,  
 and clime not ouer hie,  
 For from aloft thy fortune stands, in hazard thou shalt  
 die

*Boy* God be with you Peter, I pray you come to  
 our house a Sunday

*Peter.* My boy show me thy hand, blesse thee my  
 boy,  
 For in thy palme I see a many troubles are ybent to  
 dwell,  
 But thou shalt scape them all, and doo full well

*Boy* I thanke you Peter, theres a cheese for your  
 labor my sister prayes ye to come home, & tell hei  
 how many husbands she shall haue, and shee'l gne  
 you a rib of bacon.

*Peter* My masters, stay at the towns end for me  
 Ile come to you all anon I must dispatch some  
 busines with a Frier, and then Ile read your fortunes

*Phil* How now, a Prophet! Sir prophet whence  
 are ye?

*Peter* I am of the world and in the world, but hue  
 not as others, by the world what I am I know, and  
 what thou wilt be I know If thou knowest me now,  
 be answered · if not, enquire no more what I am

*Phil*. Sir, I know you will be a dissembling knaue,

that deludes the people with blinde prophecies you  
are him I looke for, you shall away with me bring  
away all the rabble, and you Friar Laurence, remember  
your raunsome a hundred pound, and a pardon for  
your selfe, and the rest come on Sir Prophet, you  
shall with me, to receiue a Prophets rewarde [Exeunt]

Enter *Hubert de Burgh* with three men

*Hub* My masters, I haue shewed you what warrant I haue for this attempt, I perceiue by your heauie countenances, you had rather be otherwise employed, and for my owne part, I would the King had made choyce of some other executioner onely this is my comfoit, that a King commaunds, whose precepts neglected or omitted, threatneth torture for the default Therefore in briefe, leaue me, and be readie to attend the aduenture stay within that entry, and when you hear me crie, God save the King, issue sodamly foorth, lay handes on Arthur, set him in his chayre, wherein (once fast bound) leaue him with me to finish the rest

*Attendants* We goe, though loath [Exeunt

*Hub* My Lord, will it please your Honou to take the benefite of the faire euening?

Enter *Arthur* to *Hubert de Burgh*

*Arth* Gramercie Hubert for thy care of me,  
In or to whom restraint is newly knownen,  
The ioy of walking is small benefit,  
Yet will I take thy offer with small thankes,  
I would not loose the pleasure of the eye  
But tell me curteous Keeper if you can,  
How long the King will haue me tarrie here

*Hub* I know not Prince, but as I gesse, not long.  
God send you freedome, and God sauе the King  
[They issue forth.

*Arth* Why now sirs, what may this outrage meane?  
 O help me Hubert, gentle Keeper helpe,  
 God send this sodaine mutinous approach  
 Tend not to reave a wretched guiltless life

*Hub* So sirs, depart, and leauie the rest for me

*Arth* Then Arthur yeeld, death frowneth in thy face,  
 What meaneth this? Good Hubert plead the case

*Hub* Patience yong Lord, and listen words of woe,  
 Harmfull and harsh, hells horror to be heard  
 A dismall tale fit for a furies tongue  
 I faint to tell, deepe sorrow is the sound

*Arth* What, must I die?

*Hub* No newes of death, but tidings of more hate,  
 A wrathfull doome, and must vnluckie fate  
 Deaths dish were daintie at so fell a feast,  
 Be deafe, heare not, its hell to tell the rest

*Arth* Alas, thou wrongst my youth with words of  
 feare,  
 Tis hell, tis horior, not foy one to heare  
 What is it man if needes be don,  
 Act it, and end it, that the paine were gon

*Hub.* I will not chaunt such dolour with my tongue,  
 Yet must I act the outrage with my hand  
 My heart, my head, and all my powers beside,  
 To aide the office haue at once denide  
 Peruse this Letter, lines of treble woe,  
 Reade ore my charge, and pardon when you know

Hubert, these are to commaund thee, as thou tendrest  
 our quiet in minde, and the estate of our person,  
 that presently vpon the receipt of our commaund,  
 thou put out the eies of Arthur Plantaginet

*Arth.* Ah monstrous damned man! his very breath  
 infects the elements

Contagious venyme dwelleth in his heart,  
 Effecting meanes to poyson all the world.

Unreuerent may I be to blame the heauens  
 Of great iniustice, that the miscreant  
 Lues to oppresse the innocents with wrong  
 Ah Hubert ! makes he thee his instrument,  
 To sound the tromp that causeth hell triumph ?  
 Heaven weepes, the Saints do shed celestiall teares,  
 They feare thy fall, and cyte thee with remoise,  
 They knock thy conscience, moouing pitie there,  
 Willing to fence thee from the rage of hell  
 Hell, Hubert, trust me all the pligues of hell  
 Hangs on peiforance of this damned deede  
 This seale, the warrant of the bodies blisse,  
 Ensureth Satan chieftaine of thy soule  
 Subscribe not Hubert, glue not Gods part away,  
 I speake not only for eyes priuiledge,  
 The chiefe exterior that I would enjoy  
 But for thy perill, farre beyond my paine,  
 Thy sweete soules losse, more than my eyes vaine lack :  
 A cause internall, and eternall too  
 Aduide thee Hubert, for the case is hard,  
 To loose saluation for a Kings reward

*Hub* My Lord, a subiect dwelling in the land  
 Is tyed to execute the Kings commaund

*Arth* Yet God commands whose power reacheth  
 further,

That no commaund should stand in force to murther

*Hub* But that same Essence hath ordained a law,  
 A death for guilt, to keepe the world in awe

*Arth* I pleade, not guiltie, treasonlesse and free

*Hub* But that appeale, my Loid, concernes not  
 me

*Arth* Why thou art he that maist omit the perill

*Hub* I, if my Soueraigne would remit his quarrell.

*Arth* His quarrell is vnhalloved false and wrong

*Hub* Then be the blame to whom it doth belong

*Arth* Why thats to thee if thou as they proceede,  
 Conclude their iudgement with so vile a deede.

*Hub* Why then no execution can be lawfull,  
If Judges doomes must be reputed doubtfull  
*Arth.* Yes where in forme of Lawe in place and  
time,

The offender is conuicted of the crime

*Hub* My Lord, my Loid, this long expostula-  
tion,

Heapes vp more grieve, than promise of redresse ,  
For this I know, and so resolute I end,  
That subiects liues on Kings commaunds depend  
I must not reason why he is your foe,  
But doo his charge since he commaunds it so

*Arth* Then doo thy charge, and charged be thy  
soule

With wrongfull persecution done this day  
You rowling eyes, whose superficies yet  
I doo behold with eyes that Nature lent  
Send foorth the terror of your Moouers frowne,  
To wreake my wrong vpon the murtherers  
That rob me of your faire reflecting view  
Let hell to them (as earth they wish to mee)  
Be darke and direfull guerdon for their guylt,  
And let the black tormenters of deepe Tartary  
Upbraide them with this damned enterprise,  
Inflicting change of tortures on their soules.  
Delay not Hubert, my orisons are ended,  
Begin I pray thee, reauie me of my sight :  
But to performe a tragedie indeede,  
Conclude the period with a mortal stab.  
Constance farewell, tormenter come away,  
Make my dispatch the Tyrants feasting day

*Hub* I faint, I feare, my conscience bids desist  
Faint did I say? fear was it that I named  
My King commaunds, that warrant sets me free ,  
But God forbids, and he commaundeth Kings,  
That great Commaunder counterchecks my charge,  
He stayes my hand, he maketh soft my heart

Goe cursed tooles, your office is exempt,  
Cheere thee young Lord, thou shalt not loose an  
eye,

Though I should purchase it with losse of life  
Ile to the King, and say his will is done,  
And of the langor tell him thou art dead,  
Goe in with me, for Hubert was not borne  
To blinde those lampes that nature pollishit so

*Art* Hubert, if euer Arthur be in state,  
Looke for amends of this receuued gift,  
I tooke my eyesight by thy curtesie,  
Thou lentst them me, I will not be ingrate  
But now procrastination may offend  
The issue that thy kindness vndertakes  
Depart we, Hubert, to preuent the worst [Exeunt]

Enter *K John, Essex, Salisbury, Penbrooke*

*John* Now warlike followers, resteth ought vn-  
done

That may impeach vs of fond ouersight?  
The French haue felt the temper of our swordis,  
Cold tenor keepes possession in their sowles,  
Checking their ouerdaring arrogance  
For buckling with so great an ouermatch,  
The Arche proud titled Priest of Italy,  
That calls himselfe grand Vicar vnder God,  
Is busied now with trentall obsequies,  
Masse and months minde, dirge and I know not  
what,

To ease their sowles in painefull purgatory,  
That haue miscarried in these bloody warres  
Heard you not, Lords, when first his Holmes  
Had tidings of our small account of him,  
How with a taunt vaunting vpon his toes,  
He urgde a reason why the English asse  
Disdaignd the blessed ordinance of Rome?

The title (reuerently might I inferre)  
 Became the Kings that earst haue borne the load,  
 The slauish weieht of that controlling Priest  
 Who at his pleasurie temperd them like waxe  
 To carrie armes on danger of his curse,  
 Banding their sowles with warrants of his hand  
 I grieue to thinke how Kings in ages past  
 (Simply deuoted to the Sea of Rome)  
 Haue run into a thousand acts of shame  
 But now for confirmation of our State,  
 Sith we haue proynd the more than needfull braunch  
 That did oppresse the true wel-growing stock,  
 It resteth we throughout our Territories  
 Be reproclaimed and inuested King

*Pemb* My Liege, that were to busie men with  
 doubts,  
 Once were you crownd, proclaimd, and with ap-  
 plause

Your Citie streetes haue ecchoed to the eare,  
 God sauе the King, God sauе our Soueraigne Iohn,  
 Pardon my feare, my censure doth infer  
 Your Highnes not deposde from Regall State,  
 Would breed a mutinie in peoples mindes,  
 What it should meane to haue you crownd againe

*John.* Pembroke, performe what I haue bid thee  
 doo,  
 Thou knowst not what induceth me to this.  
 Essex goe in, and Lordings all begon  
 About this taske, I will be crownd anon

### Enter the Bastard

Philip what newes, how doo the Abbots chests?  
 Are Friers fatter than the Nunnes are faire?  
 What cheere with Churchmen, had they golde or  
 no?  
 Tell me, how hath thy office tooke effect?

*Phil* My Lord, I haue performd your Highnes  
charge

The ease bred Abbots, and the bare-foote Friers,  
The Monkes, the Priors, and holy cloystred Nunnes,  
Are all in health, and were my Lord in wealth  
Till I had thydhe and tolde their holy hoards  
I doubt not when your Highnes sees my prize,  
You may proportion all their former pride

*John* Why so, now sorts it Philip as it should  
This small intrusion into Abbey trunkes,  
Will make the Popelings excommunicate,  
Curse, ban, and breath out damned orisons,  
As thick as hailestones fore the Springs approach  
But yet as hameles and without effect,  
As is the echo of a Cannons crack  
Dischargd against the battlements of heauen  
But what newes else befell there Philip?

*Bast* Strange newes my Lord within your territories  
Nere Pomfret is a Prophet new spong vp,  
Whose diuination volleys wonders foorth  
To him the Commons throng with Countrey gifts,  
He sets a date vnto the Beldames death,  
Prescribes how long the Virgins state shall last,  
Distinguisbeth the moouing of the heauens,  
Giues limits vnto holy nuptiall rytes,  
Foretelleth famine, aboundeth plentie forth  
Of fate, of fortune, life and death he chats,  
With such assurance, scruples put apart,  
As if he knew the certaine doomes of heauen,  
Or kept a Register of all the Destinies

*John* Thou telst me meruailes, would thou hadst  
brought the man,  
We might haue questiond him of things to come

*Bast* My Lord, I tooke a care of had I wist,  
And brought the Prophet with me to the Court,  
He stayes my Lord but at the Presence doore  
Pleaseth your Highnes, I will call him in.

*John* Nay stay awhile, wee'l haue him here anon,  
A thing of weight is first to be performd

Enter the Nobles and crowne King *John*, and then  
cry God save the king

*John* Lordings and friends supporters of our State  
Admire not at this vnaccustomd course,  
Nor in your thoughts blame not this deede of yours  
Once ere this time was I inuested King,  
Your fealtie sworne as Liegmen to our state  
Once since that time ambitious weeds haue sprung  
To staine the beauty of our garden plot  
But heauens in our conduct rooting thence  
The false intruders, breakers of worlds peace,  
Haue to our ioy, made sunshine chase the storme  
After the which, to try your constancie,  
That now I see is worthie of your names,  
We craude once more your helps for to inuest us  
Into the right that envie sought to wrack  
Once was I not deposde, your former choyce ,  
Now twice been crowned and applauded King ?  
Your cheered action to install me so,  
Infers assured witnes of your loues,  
And binds me ouer in a Kingly care  
To render loue with loue, rewards of worth  
To ballance downe requitall to the full  
But thankes the while, thankes Lordings to you all  
Aske me and vse me, try me and finde me yours.

*Essex* A boon my Lord, at vaantage of your  
words

We ask to guerdon all our loyalties

*Pemb* We take the time your Highnes bids vs  
ask

Please it you graunt, you make your promise good,  
With lesser losse than one superfluous haire  
That not remembred falleth from your head.

*John* My word is past, receiue your boone my  
Lords,

What may it be? Aske it, and it is yours

*Essex* We craue my Lord to please the Commons  
with

The liberty of Lady Constance Sonne  
Whose durance darkeneth your Highnes right,  
As if you kept him prisoner, to the end  
Your selfe were doubtfull of the thing you haue  
Dismissed him hence, your Highnes needes not  
feare,

Twice by consent you are proclaimed our King

*Pemb* This if you graunt, were all vnto your good  
For simple people muse you keepe him close

*John* Your words haue searcht the center of my  
thoughts,

Confirming wariant of your loyalties,  
Dismissed your counsell, sway my state,  
Let John doo nothing, but by your consents  
Why how now Philip, what extasie is this?  
Why casts thou vp thy eyes to heauen so?

[There the five Moones appeare

*Bast* See, my Lord, strange apparitions,  
Glauncing mine eye to see the Diadem  
Plaecte by the Bishops on your Highnes head,  
From foorth a gloomie cloude, which courtainelike  
Displaide it selfe, I sodainly espied  
Fiu Moones reflecting, as you see them now  
Euen in the moment that the Crowne was plaecte  
Gan they appeare, holding the course you see

*John* What might portend these apparitions,  
Unvsuall signes, forerunners of euent,  
Presagers of strange terror to the world  
Beleeue me Lords, the obiect feares me much  
Philip thou toldst me of me of wizzard late,  
Fetch in the man to descant of this show.

*Pemb* The heauens frowne vpon the sinfull earth,

When with prodigious vnaccustomd signes  
They spot their superficies with such wonder

*Essex* Before the ruines of Ierusalem,  
Such Meteors were the Ensignes of his wrath,  
That hastned to destroy the faultfull Towne

Enter the Bastard with the prophet

*John* Is this the man ?

*Bast* It is my Lord

*John* Prophet of Pomfret, for so I heare thou art,  
That calculatst of many things to come  
Who by a power replete with heauenly gifte,  
Canst blab the counsell of thy Makers will  
If fame be true, or truth be wrongd by thee,  
Decide in cyphering, what these fие Moones  
Portend this Clyme, if they presage at all  
Breath out thy gift, and if I lieue to see  
Thy diuination take a true effect,  
Ile honour thee aboue all earthly men

*Peter* The Skies wherein these Moones have  
residence,  
Presenteth Rome the great Metropolis,  
Where sits the Pope in all his holy pompe  
Fowre of the Moones present fowre Provinces,  
To wit, Spaine, Denmarke, Germanie, and France,  
That beare the yoke of proud commaunding Rome,  
And stand in feare to tempt the Prelates curse.  
The smallest Moone that whirles about the rest,  
Impatient of the place he holds with them,  
Doth figure foorth this Island Albion,  
Who gins to scorne the See and State of Rome,  
And seekes to shun the Edicts of the Pope  
This showes the heauen, and this I doo auerre  
Is figured in the apparitions

*John.* Why then it seemes the heauens smile on us,  
Giving applause for leauing of the Pope

But for they chaunce in ou Meridian,  
 Doo they effect no priuate growing ill  
 To be inflicted on vs in this clyme?

*Peter* The Moones effect no more than what I said

But on some other knowledge that I haue  
 By my prescience, ere Ascension day  
 Haue brought the Sunne vnto his vsuall height,  
 Of Crowne, Estate, and Royall dignitie,  
 Thou shalt be cleane dispoyld and dispossest

*John* False Dreamer, perish with thy wretched newes,

Villaine thou woundst me with thy fallacies  
 If it be true, die for thy tidings price ,  
 If false, for fearing me with vaine suppose  
 Hence with the witch, hells damned secretarie  
 Lock him vp sure , for by my faith I sweare,  
 True or not true, the Wizzard shall not lue  
 Before Ascension day . who shall be cause hereof?  
 Cut off the cause, and then the effect will dye  
 Tut, tut, my mercie serves to maime my selfe,  
 The roote doth lue, from whence these thornes  
 spring vp,

I and my promise past for his deliuery  
 Frowne friends, faile faith, the duell goe withall,  
 The brat shall dye, that terrifies me thus  
 Pembroke and Essex, I recall my graunt,  
 I will not buy your fauours with my feare  
 Nay murmur not, my will is law enough,  
 I love you well, but if I lou'de you better,  
 I would not buy it with my discontent

Enter *Hubert*

How now, what newes with thee ?

*Hub* According to your Highnes strict commaund,  
 Young Arthurs eyes are blinded and extinct.

*John* Why so, then he may feele the crowne, but  
never see it

*Hub.* Nor see nor feele, for of the extreame paine,  
Within one hower gaue he vp the ghost

*John* What is he dead?

*Hub.* He is my Lord

*John* Then with him dyes my cares

*Essex* Now roij betide thy soule

*Pemb* And heauens reuenge thy death

*Essex* What haue you done my Lord? was euer  
heard

A deede of more inhumane consequence?  
Your foes will curse, your friends will crie reuenge  
Unkindly rage, more rough than Northern winde,  
To chip the beautie of so sweete a flower  
What hope in vs for mercie on a fault,  
When kinsman dyes without impeach of cause,  
As you haue done, so come to cheere you with,  
The guilt shall neuer be cast in my teeth [Exeunt

*John* And are you gone? the diuell be your guide.  
Proud Rebels as ye are, to braue me so

Saucie, vnciuill, checkers of my will  
Your tongues glue edge vnto the fatall knife,  
That shall haue passage through your traitious throats  
But husht, breathe not buggs words too soone abroad,  
Least time preuent the issue of thy reach.

Arthur is dead, I there the corzie growes.  
But while he liude, the danger was the more,  
His death hath freed me from a thousand feares,  
But it hath purchast me ten times ten thousand foes.  
Why all is one, such luck shall haunt his game,  
To whome the diuell owes an open shame  
His life a foe that leueld at my Crowne,  
His death a frame to pull my building downe  
My thoughts harpt still on quiet by his end,  
Who liuing aymed shrowdly at my roome  
But to preuent that plea, twice was I crownd,

Twice did my subiects sweare me fealtie,  
 And in my conscience lou'de me as their liege,  
 In whose defence they would haue pawnd their hues.  
 But now they shun me as a Serpents sting,  
 A tragick Tyrant, sterne and pitiles,  
 And not a title followes after Iohn,  
 But Butcher, blood-sucker, and murtherer  
 What Planet gouernde my nativitie,  
 To bode me soueraigne types of high estate,  
 So interlachte with hellish discontent,  
 Wherein fell furie hath no interest?  
 Curst be the Crowne, chiefe author of my care,  
 Nay curst my will, that made the Crowne my care  
 Curst be my birthday, curst ten times the wombe  
 That yeelded me alue into the world.  
 Art thou there villaine, Furies haunt thee still,  
 For killing him whom all the world laments

*Hub* Why heres my Lord your Highnes hand & seale,  
 Charging on huses regard to doo the deede

*Iohn* Ah dull conceipted peasant, knowst thou not  
 It was a damned execrable deede?  
 Showst me a seale? Oh villaine, both our soules  
 Haue sold their freedome to the thrall of hell  
 Under the warrant of that cursed Seale  
 Hence villaine, hang thy selfe, and say in hell  
 That I am comming for a kingdome there

*Hub* My Lord, attend the happie tale I tell,  
 For heauens health send Sathan packing hence  
 That instigates your Highnes to despaire  
 If Arthurs death be dismall to be heard,  
 Bandie the newes for rumors of vntruth  
 He huses my Lord, the sweetest youth alue,  
 In health, with eysight, not a hair amisse.  
 This hart tooke vigor from this foward hand,  
 Making it weake to execute your charge.

*Iohn* What, huses he! Then sweete hope come  
 home agen,

Chase hence despaire, the purveyor for hell  
Hye Hubert, tell these tidings to my Lords  
That throb in passions for yong Arthurs death  
Hence Hubert, stay not till thou hast reueald  
The wished newes of Arthurs happy health  
I go my selfe, the ioyfulst man alue  
To stonne out this new supposed crime. [Exeunt.

THE ENDE OF THE FIRST PART

The  
Second part of the  
troublesome Raigne of King  
*John, conteining the death*  
of Arthur Plantaginet,  
the landing of Lewes, and  
the poysoning of King  
John at Swinstead  
*Abbey*  
*As it was (sundry times) publilkely acted by the*  
*Queenes Maesties Players, in the ho-*  
*nourable Cittie of*  
LONDON

TO THE GENTLEMEN READERS.

---

*The changeles purpose of determinunde Fate  
Giues period to our care, or harts content  
When heauens fixt time for this or that hath end  
Nor can earths pomp or policie preuent  
The doome ordarned in their secret will*

*Gentles we left King John replete with blisse  
That Arthur liude, whom he supposed slaine,  
And Hubert postig to returne those Lords,  
Who deemd him dead, and parted discontent  
Arthur himselfe begins our latter Act  
Our Act of outrage, desperate furie, death,  
Wherein fond rashness murdereth first a Prince,  
And Monkes falsnes poysoneth last a King  
First Scene shews Arthurs death in infancie,  
And last concludes Johns fatall tragedie*



## *The Troublesome Raigne of King John.*

### THE SECOND PART

—o—

Enter yong *Arthur* on the walls

NOW helpe good hap to further mine entent,  
Crosse not my youth with any more extreames  
I venter life to gaine my libertie,  
And if I die, worlds troubles haue an end  
Feare gins diss Wade the strength of my resolute,  
My holde will faile, and then alas I fall,  
And if I fall, no question death is next  
Better desist, and liue in prison still  
Prison said I? nay, rather death than so  
Comfort and courage come againe to me,  
Ile venter sure . tis but a leape for life

He leapes, and brusing his bones, after he was from  
his traunce, speakes thus

Hoe, who is nigh? some bodie take me vp  
Where is my mother? let me speake with her.  
Who hurts me thus? speake hoe, where are you gone?  
Ay me poore Arthur, I am here alone  
Why cald I mother, how did I forget?

My fall, my fall, hath kilde my Motheis sonne  
 How will she weepe at tidings of my death ?  
 My death indeed, O God, my bones are burst  
 Sweet Jesu sauе my soule, foigine my rash attempt,  
 Comfort my Mother, shield her from despaire,  
 When she shall heare my tragick ouerthrowe  
 My heart controules the office of my toonge,  
 My vitall powers forsake my brused trunck,  
 I dye I dye, heauen take my fleeting soule,  
 And Lady Mother all good hap to thee. [He dies

Enter *Penbrooke, Salsburie, Essex*

*Essex.* My Loids of Pembroke and of Salsbury,  
 We must be carefull in our policie,  
 To vndermine the kepers of this place,  
 Else shall we neuer find the princes graue

*Penb* My Loid of Essex, take no care for that,  
 I warrant you it was not closely done  
 But who is this? lo Lords the withered flowre,  
 Who in his life shin'de like the Mornings blush,  
 Cast out a doore, denide his buriall right,  
 A pray for birds and beasts to gorge vpon

*Sals* O ruthfull spectacle ! O damned deede !  
 My sinewes shake, my very heart doth bleede.

*Essex* Leauē childish teares brave Lords of England,  
 If waterfloods could fetch his life againe,  
 My eyes should conduit foorth a sea of teares  
 If sobbs would helpe, or sorrowes serue the turne,  
 My heaſt should vollie out deepe piercing plaints.  
 But bootlesſe were't to breath as many sighes  
 As might ecclipse the brightest Sommers sunne,  
 Heere rests the helpe, a seruice to his ghost.  
 Let not the tyrant causer of this dole,  
 Lieue to triumph in ruthfull massacres,  
 Giue hand and hart, and Englishmen to armes,  
 Tis Gods decree to wreake ys of these harmes

*Pemb* The best aduice. But who commes posting  
heere?

Enter *Hughbert*

Right noble Lords, I speake vnto you all,  
The King entreates your soonest speed  
To visit him, who on your present want,  
Did ban and cursse his birth, himselfe and me,  
For executing of his strict commaund  
I saw his passion, and at fittest time,  
Assuide him of his cousins being safe,  
Whome pitie would not let me doo to death  
He craues your company my Lords in haste,  
To whome I will conduct young Arthur streight,  
Who is in health vnder my custodie

*Essex* In health base villaine, wert not I leauue the  
crime  
To Gods reuenge, to whome reuenge belongs,  
Heere shouldst thou perish on my Rapires point  
Cal'st thou this health? such health betide thy friends,  
And all that are of thy condition

*Hugh* My Lords, but heare me speake, & kil me  
then,  
If heere I left not this yong Prince aliue,  
Maugre the hastie Edict of the King,  
Who gaue me charge to put out both his eyes  
That God that gaue me liuing to this howre,  
Thunder reuenge vpon me in this place  
And as I tended him with earnest loue,  
So God loue me, and then I shall be well

*Sals* Hence traytor hence, thy counesel is hereein  
[Exit Hughbert  
Some in this place appoynted by the King,  
Haue throwne him from this lodging here aboue,  
And sure the murther hath bin newly done,  
For yet the body is not fully colde

*Essex* How say you Lords, shal we with speed  
dispatch

Vnder our hands a packet into Fraunce,  
To bid the Dolphin enter with his force,  
To claime the Kingdome for his proper right,  
His title maketh lawfull strength thereto  
Besides, the Pope, on perill of his cursse,  
Hath bard vs of obedience vnto Iohn,  
This hatefull murder, Lewis his true descent,  
The holy charge that we receiu'd from Rome,  
Are weightie reasons, if you like my reede,  
To make vs all perseuer in this deede

*Pemb* My lord of Essex, well haue you aduis'de,  
I will accord to further you in this

*Sals* And Salsbury will not gainsay the same  
But aid that course as far foorth as he can

*Essex* Then each of vs send straight to his allyes  
To winne them to this famous enterprise  
And let vs all yclad in Palmers weede,  
The tenth of April at Saint Edmonds Bury  
Meete to confer, and on the Altar there  
Sweare secrecie and aid to this aduse  
Meane while, let vs conueigh this body hence,  
And gue him buriall, as befits his state,  
Keeping his months minde, and his obsequies  
With solemne intercession for his soule  
How say you Lordings, are you all agreed?

*Pemb* The tenth of Aprill at Saint Edmunds Bury,  
God letting not, I will not faile the time.

*Essex* Then let vs all conuey the body hence

[Exeunt]

Enter *King John*, with two or three, and the Prophet

*John* Disturbed thoughts, foredoomers of mine ill,  
Distracted passions, signes of growing harmes,  
Strange Prophecies of imminent mishaps,

Confound my wits, and dull my senses so,  
 That euery object these mine eyes behold,  
 Seeme instruments to bring me to my end  
 Ascension day is come, Iohn feare not then  
 The prodiges this pratling Prophet threatens.  
 Tis come indeede ah were it fully past,  
 Then were I careles of a thousand feares  
 The Diall tells me, it is twelue at noone  
 Were twelue at midnight past, then might I vaunt,  
 False seers prophecies of no import  
 Could I as well with this right hand of mine  
 Remove the Sunne from our Meridian,  
 Unto the moonsted circle of th' antipodes,  
 As turne this steele from twelue to twelue agen,  
 Then Iohn, the date of fatall prophecies,  
 Should with the Prophets life together end  
 But *Multa cadunt inter calicem supremaque labra*  
 Peter, vnsay thy foolish doting dreame,  
 And by the Crowne of *England* heere I sweare,  
 To make thee great, and greatest of thy kin

*Peter* King Iohn, although the time I haue pre-scribed

Be but twelue houres remayning yet behinde,  
 Yet do I know by inspiration,  
 Ere that fixt time be fully come about,  
 King Iohn shall not be King as heeretofore

*John* Uain buzzard, what mischaunce can chaunce  
 so soone,

To set a King beside his regall Seate ?  
 My heart is good, my body passing strong,  
 My Land in peace, my enemies subdew'd,  
 Only my Barons storme at Arthurs death,  
 But Arthur liues, I there the challenge growes,  
 Were he dispatcht vnto his longest home,  
 Then were the King secure of thousand foes  
 Hubert, what news with thee, where are my Lords ?

*Hub.* Hard newes my Lord, Arthur the louely Prince,

Seeking to escape ouer the Castle walles,  
 Fell headlong downe, and in the cursed fall  
 He brake his bones, and there before the gate  
 Your Barons found him dead, and breathlesse quite

*John* Is Arthur dead? then Hubert without more  
 words hang the Prophet

Away with Peter, villem out of my sight,  
 I am deafe, be gone, let him not speake a word  
 Now Iohn, thy feares are vanisht into smoake,  
 Arthur is dead, thou guiltlesse of his death  
 Sweet Youth, but that I striued for a Crowne,  
 I could haue well affoorded to thine age,  
 Long life, and happines to thy content

### Enter the Bastard

*John* Philip what newes with thee?

*Bas* The newes I heard was Peters prayers,  
 Who wisht like fortune to befall vs all  
 And with that word, the rope his latest friend,  
 Kept him from falling headlong to the ground

*John* There let him hang, and be the Rauens food,  
 While Iohn triumphs in spight of Prophecies  
 But whats the tidings from the Popelings now?  
 What say the Monkes and Priests to our proceedings?  
 Or where's the Barons that so sodainly  
 Did leaue the King vpon a false surmize?

*Bas* The Prelates storme & thirst for sharpe  
 reuenge

But please your Majestie, were that the worst,  
 Is little skild a greater danger growes,  
 Which must be weeded out by carefull speede,  
 Or all is lost, for all is leueld at

*John.* More frights and feares! what ere thy tid-  
 ings be,  
 I am preparede: then Philip, quickly say,  
 Meane they to murder, or imprison me,

To glue my Cowne away to Rome or Fraunce,  
Or will they each of them become a King?  
Worse than I thinke it is, it cannot be

*East* Not worse my Lord, but euerie whit as bad  
The nobles have elected Lewis King,  
In right of Ladie Blanch, your Neece, his Wife  
His landing is expected euery hower  
The Nobles, Commons, Cleigie, all Estates,  
Incited chieefly by the *Cardinall*,  
Pandulph that lies here Legate for the Pope,  
Thinks long to see their new elected King  
And for vndoubted proofe, see here my Liege,  
Letters to me from your Nobilitie,  
To be a partie in this action  
Who vnder shew of fained holines,  
Appoyn特 their meeting at S Edmonds Bury  
There to consult, conspire, and conclude  
The ouerthrow and downfall of your State

*John* Why so it must be one hower of content,  
Matcht with a month of passionate effects  
Why shines the Sunne to favour this consort?  
Why doo the windes not breake their brazen gates,  
And scatter all these periured complices,  
With all their counsell, and their damned drifts?  
But see the welkin rolleth gently on,  
Theres not a lowring clowde to frowne on them,  
The heauen, the earth, the sunne, the moone and all,  
Conspire with those confederates my decay  
Then hell for me, if any power be there,  
Forsake that place, and guide me step by step,  
To poyson, strangle, murder in their steps  
These traitors oh that name is too good for them,  
And death is easie is there nothing worse,  
To wreake me on this proud peace-breaking crew?  
What saist thou Philip? why assists thou not?

*East* These curses (good my Lord) fit not the season  
Help must descend from heauen against this treason?

*John* Nay thou wilt proove a traitor with the rest,  
Goe get thee to them, shame come to you all

*Bast* I would be loath to leaue your Highnes  
thus,

Yet you command, and I, though grieu'd, will goe

*John* Ah Philip, whither goest thou? come againe

*Bast* My Lord, these motions are as passions of a  
mad man

*John* A mad man Philip, I am mad indeed,  
My hart is mazd, my senses all foredone

And Iohn of *England* now is quite vndone  
Was euer King as I opprest with cares?

Dame Ehanor my noble Mother Queene,  
My onely hope and comfort in distresse,

Is dead, and *England* excommunicate,  
And I am interdicted by the Pope,

All churches curst, their doores are sealed vp,  
And for the pleasure of the Romish Priest,

The seruice of the Highest is neglected,  
The multitude (a beast of many heads)

Doo with confusion to their Soueraigne.  
The Nobles blinded with ambitions fumes,

Assemble powers to beat mine Empire downe,  
And more than this, elect a forren King

O *England*, wert thou euer miserable,  
King Iohn of *England* sees thee miserable

Iohn, tis thy sinnes that makes it miserable,  
*Quis quid delirunt Reges, plectuntur Achius*

Philip, as thou hast euer loude thy King,  
So show it now post to S Edmonds Bury,

Dissemble with the Nobles, know their drifts,  
Confound their diuellish plots, and damned deuises

Though Iohn be faultie, yet let subiects beare,  
He will amend, and right the peoples wrongs

A Mother though she were vnnaturall,  
Is better than the kindest Stepdame is

Let neuer Englishman trust foriane rule

Then Philip shew thy fealtie to thy King,  
And mongst the Nobles plead thou for the King

*Bast* I goe my lord see how he is distraught,  
This is the cursed Priest of Italy

Hath heapt these mischieves on this haplesse Land

Now, Philip, hadst thou Tullyes eloquence,

Then mightst thou hope to plead with good successe

[Exit]

*John* And ait thou gone? successe may follow  
thee

Thus hast thou shewd thy kindnes to thy King

Sirra, in hast goe greete the Cardinall,

Pandulph I meane, the Legate from the Pope

Say that the King desires to speake with him

Now Iohn bethinke thee how thou maist resolute

And if thou wilt continue Englands King,

Then cast about to keep thy Diadem,

For life and land, and all is leueld at

The Pope of Rome, tis he that is the cause,

He curseth thee, he sets thy subiects free

From due obedience to their Soueraigne

He animates the Nobles in their warres,

He gues away the Crowne to Philips Sonne,

And pardons all that seeke to murther thee

And thus blind zeale is still predominant

Then Iohn there is no way to keepe thy Crowne,

But finely to dissemble with the Pope

That hand that gaue the wound must giue the salue

To cure the hurt, els quite incurable

Thy sinnes are faire too great to be the man

T'abolish Pope, and Poperie from thy Realme

But in thy seate, if I may gesse at all,

A King shall raigne that shall suppresse them all

Peace Iohn, here comes the Legate of the Pope,

Dissemble thou, and whatsoe're thou saist,

Yet with thy heart wish their confusion.

Enter *Pandulph*

*Pand* Now Iohn, vnworthie man to breath on earth,  
That dost oppugne against thy Mother Church  
Why am I sent foy to thy cursed selfe?

*John* Thou man of God, Vicegerent for the Pope,  
The holy Vicar of S Peters Churc,  
Upon my knees, I pardon craue of thee,  
And doo submit me to the Sea of Rome,  
And vow for penaunce of my high offence,  
To take on me the holy Crosse of Christ,  
And carry Armes in holy Christian warres

*Pand* No Iohn, thy crowching and dissembling thus  
Cannot deceiue the Legate of the Pope,  
Say what thou wilt, I will not credit thee  
Thy Crowne and Kingdome both are tane away,  
And thou art curst without redemption

*John* Accurst indeed to kneele to such a drudge,  
And get no help with thy submission,  
Unsheath thy sword, and sley the misprowd Priest,  
That thus triumphs ore thee a mighty King  
No Iohn, submit againe, dissemble yet,  
For Priests and Women must be flattered  
Yet holy Father thou thy selfe dost know,  
No time to late for sinners to repent,  
Absolute me then, and Iohn doth sweare to doo  
The vttermost what euer thou demaudnst

*Pand* Iohn, now I see thy harty penitence,  
I rew and pitty thy distrest estate,  
One way is left to reconcile thy selfe,  
And only one which I shall shew to thee  
Thou must surrender to the sea of Rome  
Thy Crowne and Diademe, then shall the Pope  
Defend thee from th' inuasion of thy foes  
And where his Holinesse hath kindled Fraunce,

And set thy subiects hearts at warre with thee,  
Then shall he curse thy foes, and beate them downe,  
That seeke the discontentment of the King

*John* From bad to worse, or I must loose my  
realme,  
Or give my Crowne for penance vnto Rome  
A miserie more piercing than the darts  
That breake from burning exhalations power  
What? shall I give my Crowne with this right hand?  
No with this hand defend thy Crowne and thee  
What newes with thee?

### Enter Messenger.

Please it your maiestie, there is discried on the  
Coast of Kent an hundred Sayle of Ships, which of  
all men is thought to be the French fleete, vnder the  
conduct of the Dolphin, so that it puts the Countrie  
in a mutinie, so they send to your Grace for succour

*K John* How now Lord Cardinall, whats your  
best aduise?  
These mutinies must be allayd in time,  
By policy or headstrong rage at least  
O John, these troubles tyre thy wcaried soule,  
And like to Luna in a sad Eclipse,  
So are thy thoughts and passions for this newes  
Well may it be, when Kings are grieued so,  
The vulgar sort worke Princes ouerthow

*Card* K John, for not effecting of thy plighted  
vow,  
This strange annoyance happens to thy land  
But yet be reconcild vnto the Church,  
And nothing shall be grieuous to thy state

*John* Oh Pandulph, be it as thou hast decreed,  
John will not spurne against thy sound aduise,  
Come lets away, and with thy helpe I trow,  
My Realme shall florish, and my Crowne in peace

Enter the Nobles, *Pembroke, Essex, Chester, Bewchampe, Clarence*, with others

*Pemb* Now sweet S Edmond holy Saint in heauen,  
Whose Shrine is sacied, high esteemd on earth,  
Infuse a constant zeale in all our hearts  
To prosecute this act of mickle waight,  
Lord Bewchampe say, what fiends have you procurde

*Bewch* The L Fitz Water, L Percy, and L Rosse,  
Uowd meeting heere this day the leuenth houre

*Essex* Under the cloke of holie Pilgrimage,  
By that same houre on warrant of their faith,  
Philip Plantagenet, a bird of swiftest wing,  
Lord Eustace, Vescy, Lord Cressy, and Lord  
Mowbrey,

Appointed meeting at S Edmonds Shrine

*Pemb* Untill their presence, ile conceale my tale,  
Sweete complices in holie Christian acts,  
That venturie for the purchase of renowne,  
Thrice welcome to the league of high resolute,  
That pawne their bodies for their soules regard

*Essex* Now wanteth but the rest to end this worke,  
In Pilgrims habit comes our holie troupe  
A furlong hence, with swift vnwonted pace,  
May be they are the persons you expect

*Pemb* With swift vnwonted gate, see what a thing  
is zeale,  
That spurrs them on with feruence to this Shrine,  
Now ioy come to them for their true intent  
And in good time, heere come the warmen all,  
That sweate in body by the minds disease  
Hap and heartsease braue Lordings be your lot

Enter the Bastard *Philip, &c*

Amen my Lords, the like betide your lucke,  
And all that trauell in a Christian cause

*Essex* Cheerely replied braue braunch of kingly stock,  
A right Plantaginet should reason so  
But silence Lords, attend our commings cause  
The seiule yoke that payned vs with toyle,  
On strong instinct hath framed this conuentickle,  
To ease our necks of seruitudes contempt.  
Should I not name the foeman of our rest,  
Which of you all so barraine in conceipt  
As cannot leuell at the man I meane?  
But least Enigma's shadow shining truth,  
Plainely to paint, as truth requires no arte  
Th' effect of this resoit importeth this,  
To roote and cleane extirpate tirant Iohn,  
Tirant, I say, appealing to the man,  
If any heere that loues him, and I aske,  
What kindship, lenitie, or christian raigne,  
Rules in the man, to barre this foule impeach?  
First I inferre the Chesters bannishment  
For reprehending him in most vnchristian crimes,  
Was speciall notice of a tyrants will  
But were this all, the diuill should be saud,  
But this the least of many thousand faults,  
That circumstance with leisure might display  
Our priuate wrongs, no parcell of my tale  
Which now in presence, but for some great cause  
Might wish to him as to a mortall foe  
But shall I close the period with an acte  
Abhorring in the eales of Christian men,  
His Cosens death, that sweet vngulty childe,  
Untimely butcherd by the tyrants meanes,  
Heere is my proofes, as cleere as grauell brooke,  
And on the same I further must inferre,  
That who vpholds a tyrant in his course,  
Is culpable of all his damned guilt  
To show the which, is yet to be describd  
My Lord of Penbrooke, shew what is behinde,

Only I say, that were there nothing else  
To mooue us, but the Popes most dreadfull curse,  
Whereof we are assured, if we fayle,  
It were inough to instigate vs all,  
With earnestnesse of spirit, to seeke a meane  
To dispossess Iohn of his regiment

*Penb.* Well hath my Lord of Essex tolde his tale,  
Which I auer for most substanciall truth,  
And more to make the mattei to our minde,  
I say that Lewis in chalenge of his wife,  
Hath title of an vncontrouled plea,  
To all that longeth to an English crowne  
Short tale to make, the Sea Apostolick,  
Hath offerd dispensation for the fault  
If any be, as trust me none I know,  
By planting Lewis in the vsurpers roome  
This is the cause of all our presence heere  
That on the holy Altar we protest,  
To ayde the right of Lewis with goods and life,  
Who on our knowledge is in Armes for England  
What say you Lords?

*Sals.* As Pembrooke sayth, affirmeth Salsburie  
Faire Lewis of Fraunce that spoused Lady Blanch,  
Hath title of an vncontrouled strength  
To England, and what longeth to the Crowne,  
In right whereof, as we are true informd,  
The Prince is marching hitherward in Armes  
Our purpose, to conclude that with a word,  
Is to inuest him as we may deuise,  
King of our Countrey, in the tyrants stead  
And so the warrant on the Altar sworne,  
And so the intent for which we hither came.

*Bast.* My Lord of Salsbury, I cannot couch  
My speeches with the needfull words of arte,  
As doth beseeme in such a waigtinge work,  
But what my conscience and my dutie will,  
I purpose to impart.

For Chesteis exile, blame his busie wit,  
 That medled where his dutie quite forbade  
 For any priuate causes that you haue,  
 Me thinke they should not mount to such a height,  
 As to depose a King in their reuenge  
 For Arthurs death, King Iohn was innocent,  
 He desperat was the deathsman to himselfe,  
 With you, to make a colour to your cime, iniustly do  
     impute to his default,  
 But where fell traytorisme hath residence,  
 There wants no words to set despight on worke  
 I say tis shame, and worthy all reproofe,  
 To wrest such pettie wrongs in tearmes of iight,  
 Against a King annoynted by the Lord  
 Why Salsburie, admit the wrongs are true,  
 Yet subiects may not take in hand reuenge,  
 And rob the heauens of their proper power,  
 Where sitteth he to whom reuenge belongs  
 And doth a Pope, a Priest, a man of pride,  
 Giue charters for the liues of lawfull Kings ?  
 What can he blesse, or who regards his cursse,  
 But such as giue to man, and takes from God ?  
 I speake it in the sight of God aboue,  
 Theres not a man that dyes in your belief,  
 But selis his soule perpetually to payne  
 Ayd Lewis, leave God, kill Iohn, please hell,  
 Make havock of the welfare of your soules,  
 For heere I leaue you in the sight of heauen,  
 A troupe of traytors, foode for hellish feends ,  
 If you desist, then follow me as friends,  
 If not, then doo your worst as hatefull traytors  
 For Lewis his right, alas tis too too lame,  
 A senslesse clayme, if truth be titles friend  
 In briefe, if this be cause of our resort,  
 Our Pilgrimage is to the Druils Shrine  
 I came not Lords to troupe as traytors doo,  
 Nor will I counsaile in so bad a cause

Please you returme, wee goe againe as friends,  
If not, I too my King, and you where traytors please  
[Exit]

*Per.* A hote yong man, and so my Lords proceed,  
I let him go, and better lost than found

*Penb.* What say you Lords, will all the rest proceed,  
Will you all with me sweare vpon the Altar,  
That you wil to the death, be ayd to Lewis & enemy  
to Iohn?

Euery man lay his hand by mine, in witnes of his  
harts accord,  
Well then, euery man to armes to meeete the King,  
Who is alreadie before London

### Enter Messenger

*Penb.* What newes Hariold?

The right Christian Prince my Master, Lewis of  
Fraunce, is at hand, comming to visit your honors,  
duected hether by the right honorable Richard Earle  
of Bigot, to conferre with your Honors

*Penb.* How neere is his Highnesse?

*Mess.* Ready to enteir you presence

### Enter Lewis, Earle Bigot, with his troupe.

*Lewis.* Faire Lords of England, Lewis salutes you  
all

As friends, and firme welwillers of his weale  
At whose request, from plenty flowing Fraunce,  
Crossing the Ocean with a Southern gale,  
He is in Person come at your commaunds,  
To vndertake and gratifie withall,  
The fulnesse of your fauours proffred him  
But worlds braue men, omitting promises,  
Till time be minister of more amends,

I must acquaint you with our fortunes course  
 The heauens dewing fauours on my head,  
 Haue in their conduct safe with victorie,  
 Brought me along your well manured bounds,  
 With small iepulse, and little crosse of chaunce  
 Your Cite Rochester, with great applause,  
 By some diuine instinct layd armes aside  
 And from the hollow holes of Thamesis,  
 Eccho apace replide, *Vive la roy*  
 From thence, along the wanton rowling glade  
 To Troynouant, your fayre Metropolis,  
 With luck came Lewes, to shew his troupes of Fiaunce,  
 Wauing our Eusignes with the dallyng windes,  
 The fearefull obiect of fell frowning waire ,  
 Where after some assault, and small defence,  
 Heauens may I say, and not my warlike troupe,  
 Temperd their hearts to take a friendly foe  
 Within the compasse of their high built walles,  
 Giuing me title, as it seemd they wish  
 Thus fortune (Lords) acts to your forwardnes,  
 Meanes of content, in lieu of former griefe  
 And may I liue but to requite you all,  
 Worlds wish were mine, in dying noted yours

*Sahs* Welcome the balme that closeth vp our  
 wounds,

The soueraigne medicine for our quick iecure,  
 The anchor of our hope, the onely prop,  
 Whereon depends our liues, our lands, our weale,  
 Without the which, as sheep without their heaid,  
 (Except a shepheard winking at the wolfe)  
 We stray, we pine, we run to thousand harmes  
 No meuaile then, though with vnwonted ioy,  
 We welcome him that beateth woes away

*Lewes* Thanks to you all of this ieligious league,  
 A holy knot of Catholique consent  
 I cannot name you Lordings, man by man,  
 But like a stranger vnacquainted yet,

In generall I promise faithfull loue  
Lord Bigot brought me to S Edmonds shrine,  
Giuing me wariant of a Chüstian oath,  
That this assembly came deuoted heere,  
To sweare accoding as your packets showd,  
Homage and loyall seruice to our selfe,  
I neede not doubt the suretie of your wills,  
Since well I know, for many of your sakes,  
The townes haue yeelded on their owne accords  
Yet for a fashion, not for misbelieve,  
My eyes must witnes, and these eares must heare  
Your oath vpon the holy Altar sworne,  
And after march, to end our commings cause

*Sals* That we intend no other than good truth,  
All that are present of this holy League,  
For confirmation of ouer better trust,  
In presence of his Highnes, sweare with me,  
The sequel that my selfe shall vtter heere

I Thomas Plantaginet, Earle of Salisbury, sweare  
vpon the Altar, and by the holy Armie of Saints,  
homage and allegiance to the right Christian Prince  
Lewes of France, as true and rightfull King to Eng-  
land, Cornwall, & Wales, and to their Territories in  
the defence whereof, I vpon the holy Altars sweare  
all forwardnes [All the Eng Lords sweare

As the noble Earle hath sworne, so sweare we  
all

*Lewes* I rest assuied on your holy oath  
And on this Altar in like sort I sweare  
Loue to you all, and Princely recompence  
To guerdon your good wills vnto the full  
And since I am at this religious Shrine,  
My good welwillers glue us leaue awhile,  
To vse some orisons our selues apart,  
To all the holy companie of heauen,  
That they will smile vpon our purposes,  
And bring them to a fortunate event

*Sals* We leaue your Highnes to your good intent  
[Exeunt Lords of England

*Lewes* Now Uicount Meloun, what remaines behinde?

Trust me these traitors to their Soueraigne State,  
Are not to be beleeuide in any soiſt

*Meloun* Indeed my Lord, they that infringe them oths,

And play the Rebels gaſt their natuie King,  
Will for as little cauſe reuolt from you,  
If euer opportunitie incite them ſo  
For once forſworne, and neuer after found,  
Theres no affiance after periury

*Lewes* Well Meloun, well, lets ſmooth with them awhile,  
Untill we haue as much as they can doo  
And when their vertue is exhaled drie,  
Ii hang them for the guerdon of their help  
Meane while wee'l vſe them as a precious poyſon,  
To vndeitake the iſſue of our hope

*Fr Lord* Tis poſtice (my Lord) to bait our hookeſ  
With merry ſmiles, and poimice of muſch waignt  
But when your Highnes needeth them no more,  
Tis good make ſure worke with them, leſt indeede  
They prooue to you as to then naturall King

*Meloun* Tiuſt me my Lord, right well haue you aduiſde,  
Venyme for vſe, but neuer for a ſport  
Is to be dallyed with, leaſt it infect  
Were you instald, as ſoone I hope you ſhall  
Be free from traitors, and diſpatch them all

*Lewes* That ſo I meane, I ſweare before you all  
On this ſame altar, and by heauens power,  
Theres not an English traytor of them all,  
Iohn once diſpatcht, and I faire Englands King,  
Shall on his ſhoulders beare his head one day,  
But I will crop it for their guilts deſert

Nor shall their heires injoy their Signories,  
 But perish by their parents fowle amisse  
 This haue I sworne, and this will I performe,  
 If ere I come vnto the height I hope  
 Lay downe your hands, and sweare the same with me  
 [The French Lords swear  
 Why so, now call them in, and speake them faire,  
 A smile of France will feed an English foole  
 Beare them in hand as friends, for so they be  
 But in the hart like traitors as they are

Enter the *English* Lords

Now famous followers, chieftaines of the world,  
 Haue we solicited with heartie prayer  
 The heauen in fauour of our high attempt  
 Leauwe we this place, and march we with our power  
 To rowse the Tyrant from his chiefest hold  
 And when our labours haue a prosperous end,  
 Each man shall reapre the fruite of his desert  
 And so resolute, braue followers let vs hence

Enter K *John, Bastard, Pandulph*, and a many  
 Priests with them

Thus Iohn, thou art absolude from all thy sinnes,  
 And freed by ordei from our Fathers curse  
 Receiue thy Crowne againe, with this prouiso,  
 That thou remaine true liegeman to the Pope,  
 And carry armes in right of holy Rome

*John* I holde the same as tenaunt to the Pope,  
 And thanke your Holines for your kindnes showne

*Phil.* A proper iest, when Kings must stoop to  
 Friers,  
 Neede hath no law, when Frier must be Kings

## Enter a Messenger

*Mess* Please it your Maiestie, the Prince of Fraunce,  
 With all the Nobles of your Graces Land  
 Are marching hetherward in good aray  
 Where ere they set their foote, all places yeeld  
 Thy Land is theirs, and not a foote holds out  
 But Dover Castle, which is hard besiegd

*Pand* Feare not king Iohn, thy kingdome is y<sup>e</sup>  
 Popes,  
 And they shall know his Holines hath powe,  
 To beate them soone from whence he hath to doo

Drums and Trumpets Enter *Lewes, Melun, Salisbury, Essex, Pembroke*, and all the Nobles from  
*Fraunce and England*

*Lewes* Pandulph, as gaue his Holines in charge,  
 So hath the Dolphin mustred vp his troupes,  
 And wonne the greatest part of all this Land  
 But ill becomes you Grace Lord Cardinall,  
 Thus to conuerse with Iohn that is accurst

*Pand* Lewes of France, victorious Conqueror,  
 Whose sword hath made this Iland quake for fear,  
 Thy forwardnes to fight for holy Rome,  
 Shall be remunerated to the full  
 But know my Lord, K Iohn is now absolude,  
 The Pope is please, the Land is blest agen,  
 And thou hast brought each thing to good effect  
 It resteth then that thou withdraw thy powers,  
 And quietly retuine to Fiaunce againe  
 For all is done the Pope would wish thee doo

*Lewes* But al's not done that Lewes came to do  
 Why Pandulph, hath K Philip sent his sonne  
 And been at such excessiue charge in warres,  
 To be dismist with words? king Iohn shall know,  
 England is mine, and he vsurps my right.

*Pand* Lewes, I charge thee and thy complices  
 Upon the paine of Pandulphis holy curse,  
 That thou withdraw thy powers to Fraunce againe,  
 And yeeld vp London and the neighbour Townes  
 That thou hast tane in England by the sword

*Melun* Lord Cardinall by Lewes princely leauie,  
 It can be nought but vsurpation  
 In thee, the Pope, and all the Church of Ronie,  
 Thus to insult on Kings of Christendome,  
 Now with a word to make them carie armes,  
 Then with a word to make them leauie their armes  
 This must not be Prince Lewes keepe thine owne,  
 Let Pope and Popelings curse their bellyes full

*Bast* My Lord of Melun, what title had the Prince  
 To England and the Crowne of Albion,  
 But such a title as the Pope confirmde  
 The Prelate now lets fall his fained claime  
 Lewes is but the agent for the Pope,  
 Then must the Dolphin cease, sith he hath ceast  
 But cease or no, it greatly matters not,  
 If you my Lords and Barons of the Land  
 Will leave the French, and cleave vnto our King  
 For shame yee Peeres of England suffer not  
 Your selues, your honours, and your land to fall  
 But with resolued thoughts beate backe the French,  
 And free the Land from yoke of seruitude.

*Salis* Philip, not so, Lord Lewes is our King,  
 And we will follow him vnto the death

*Pand* Then in the name of Innocent the Pope,  
 I curse the Prince and all that take his part,  
 And excommunicate the rebell Peeres  
 As traytors to the King and to the Pope

*Lewes.* Pandolph, our swords shall blesse our selues  
 agen  
 Prepare thee Iohn, Lords follow me your King.

*[Exeunt*  
*John* Accursed Iohn, the Diuell owes thee shame,

Resisting Rome, or yeelding to the Pope, alls one  
 The duell take the Pope, the Peeres, and Fraunce  
 Shame be my share for yeelding to the Priest

*Pand* Comfort thy selfe K. Iohn, the Cardnall  
 goes

Upon his curse to make them leaue their armes

[Exit]

*Bast* Comfort my Lord, and curse the Cardnall,  
 Betake your self to armes, my troupes are prest  
 To answere Lewes with a lustie shocke  
 The English archers haue their quiuers full,  
 Their bowes are bent, the pykes are prest to push  
 God cheere my Lord, K. Richards fortune hangs  
 Upon the plume of warlike Philips helme  
 Then let them know his brother and his sonne  
 Are leaders of the Englishmen at armes

*John* Philip, I know not how to answer thee  
 But let vs hence, to answere Lewes pride

#### Excursions Enter *Meloun* with English Lords

*Mel* O I am slaine, Nobles, Salsbury, Pembrooke,  
 My soule is charged, heare me for what I say  
 Concernes the Peeres of England, and their State  
 Listen, brave Lords, a fearfull mourning tale  
 To be deliuered by a man of death  
 Behold these scarres, the dole of bloudie Mars  
 Are haibingers from natures common foe,  
 Cyting this trunke to Tellus prison house?  
 Lifes charter (Lordings) lasteth not an hower  
 And fearfull thoughts, forerunners of my end,  
 Bids me giue Phisicke to a sickly soule.

O Peeres of England, know you what you doo?  
 There's but a haire that sunders you from harme,  
 The hooke is bayted, and the traine is made,  
 And simply you runne doating to your deaths  
 But least I dye, and leaue my tale vntolde,  
 With silence slaughtering so braue a crew,

This I auerre, if Lewes win the day,  
There's not an Englishman that lifts his hand  
Against King Iohn to plant the heire of Fraunce,  
But is already damnd to cruell death  
I heard it vowd , my selfe amongst the rest  
Swore on the Altar aid to this Edict  
Two causes Lords, makes me display this drift,  
The greatest for the freedome of my soule,  
That longs to leauue this mansion free from guilt .  
The other on a naturall instinct,  
For that my Grandsire was an Englishman  
Misdoubt not Lords the truth of my discourse,  
No frenzie, noi no brainsick idle fit,  
But well aduisde, and wotting what I say,  
Pronounce I here before the face of heauen,  
That nothing is discouered but a truth  
Tis time to flie, submit your selues to Iohn,  
The smiles of Fraunce shade in the frownes of death,  
Lift vp your swords, turne face against the French,  
Expell the yoke thats framed for your necks.  
Back warmen, back, imbowell not the clyme,  
Your seate, your nurse, your birth days breathing  
place,  
That bred you, beares you, brought you vp in armes.  
Ah' be not so ingrate to digge your Mothers grāte,  
Preserue your lambes and beate away the Wolfe  
My soule hath said, contritions penitence  
Layes hold on mans redemption for my sinne.  
Farewell my Lords , witnes my faith when we are met  
in heauen,  
And for my kindnes giue me graue roome heere  
My soule doth fleete, worlds vanities farewell  
*Sals* Now ioy betide thy soule wel-meaning man,  
How now my Lords, what cooling card is this?  
A greater grieve growes now than earst hath been.  
What counsell giue you, shall we stay and dye?  
Or shall we home, and kneele vnto the King

*Pemb.* My hart misgaue this sad accursed newes  
 What haue we done? fie Lords, what frenzie moued  
 Our hearts to yeeld vnto the pride of Fraunce?  
 If we perseuer, we are sure to dye  
 If we desist, small hope againe of life

*Sals.* Beate hence the bodie of this wretched man,  
 That made vs wretched with his dying tale,  
 And stand not wayling on our present harmes,  
 As women wont but seeke our harmes redresse  
 As soi my selfe, I will in haste be gon  
 And kneele for pardon to our Souereign Iohn

*Pemb.* I, theres the way, lets rather kneele to him,  
 Than to the French that would confound vs all

[Exeunt]

Enter king *John* carried betweene 2 Lords.

*John.* Set downe, set downe the load not woorth  
 your pain,  
 For done I am with deadly wounding griefe  
 Sickly and succourles, hopeles of any good,  
 The world hath wearied me, and I haue wearied it  
 It loaths I liue, I liue and loath my selfe  
 Who pities me? to whom haue I been kinde?  
 But to a few, a few will pitie me  
 Why dye I not? Death scornes so vilde a pray  
 Why liue I not, life hates so sad a prize  
 I sue to both to be retaynd of either,  
 But both are deafe, I can be heard of neither  
 Nor death nor life, yet life and neare the neare,  
 Ymixt with death, biding I wot not where.

*Phil.* How fares my Lord, that he is caryed thus?  
 Not all the aukward fortunes yet befallne,  
 Made such impression of lament in me  
 Nor euer did my eye attaynt my heart  
 With any object mouing more remorse,  
 Than now beholding of a mighty King,  
 Borne by his Lords in such distressed state

*John* What news with thee? If bad, report it  
strait

If good, be mute, it doth but flatter me

*Phil.* Such as it is, and heauy though it be,  
To glut the world with tragick elegies,  
Once will I breath to agrauate the rest,  
Another moane to make the measure full  
The brauest bowman had not yet sent forth  
Two arrowes from the quuer at his side,  
But that a rumor went throughout our Campe,  
That John had fled, the King had left the field  
At last the rumor scald these eaires of mine,  
Who rather chose as sacrifice for Mars,  
Than ignominious scandall by retye  
I cheeid the troupes, as did the prince of Troy  
His weery followers gaist the Mermidons,  
Crying alowde, S George, the day is ours  
But feare had captiuated courage quite,  
And like the Lamb before the greedie Wolfe,  
So hartlesse fled our warmen from the feeld  
Short tale to make, my selfe amongst the rest,  
Was faine to flie before the eager foe  
By this time night had shadowed all the earth  
With sable curteines of the blackest hue,  
And fenct vs from the fury of the French,  
As Io from the iealous Junoes eye,  
When in the morning our troupes did gather head,  
Passing the washes with our carriages,  
The impartiall tyde deadly and inexorable,  
Came raging in with billowes threatening death,  
And swallowed up the most of all our men,  
My selfe vpon a Galloway right free, well paced,  
Out stript the flouds that followed wawe by wawe,  
I so escapt to tell this tragick tale.

*John.* Griefe vpon griefe, yet none so great a griefe  
To end this life, and thereby rid my griefe  
Was euer any so infortunate,

The ight Idea of a curssed man,  
 As I, poore I, a triumph for despight,  
 My feuer growes, what ague shakes me so?  
 How farre to Sminsteed, tell me, do you know?  
 Present vnto the Abbot word of my repaire  
 My sicknesse rages, to tirannize vpon me,  
 I cannot liue unlesse this feuer leauue me

*Phil* Good cheare my Lord, the Abbey is at hand,  
 Behold my Lord, the Churchmen come to meete you

Enter the Abbot and certayne Monkes

*Abb* All health & happines to our soueraigne Lord  
 the King

*John* Nor health nor happines hath John at all  
 Say Abbot, am I welcome to thy house?

*Abb* Such welcome as our Abbey can afford,  
 Your maestie shal be assured of

*Phil* The King thou seest is weake and very faint,  
 What victuals hast thou to refresh his Grace?

*Abb* Good store my Lord, of that you neede not  
 feare,  
 For Lincolnshire, and these our Abbey grounds  
 Were neuer fatter, noi in better plight

*John* P'lip, thou neuer needst to doubt of cates,  
 Nor King nor Lord is seated halfe so well,  
 As are the Abbeis throughout all the land,  
 If any plot of ground do passe another,  
 The Friers fasten on it streight  
 But let vs in to taste of their repast,  
 It goes against my heart to feed with them,  
 Or be behoden to such Abbey gromes [Exeunt]

*Manet the Monk.*

*Monk* Is this the King that neuer lou'd a Frier?  
 Is this the man that doth contemne the Pope?  
 Is this the man that robd the holy Church?  
 And yet will flye vnto a Friory?

Is this the King that aymes at Abbeys lands?  
 Is this the man whom all the world abhories,  
 And yet will flie vnto a Frierie?  
 Accurst be Swinsted Abbey, Abbot, Friers,  
 Monks, Nuns, and Clarks, and all that dwells therien,  
 If wicked Iohn escape alue away  
 Now if that thou wilt looke to meut heauen,  
 And be canonized for a holy Saint  
 To please the world with a deseruing wroke,  
 Be thou the man to set thy cuntrey free,  
 And murder him that seeks to murder thee

Enter the Abbot

*Abb* Why are not you within to cheere the King?  
 He now begins to mend, and will to meate

*Monk* What if I say to strangle him in his sleepe?

*Abb* What, at thy Mumpsimus? away,  
 And seeke some meanes for to pastime the King

*Monk* Ile set a dudgeon dagger at his heart,  
 And with a mallet knock him on the head

*Abb* Alas, what meanes this Monke to murder me?  
 Dare lay my life heel kill me for my place

*Monk* Ile poysone him, and it shall neere be knowne,  
 And then shall I be chiefest of my house

*Abb* If I were dead indeed he is the next  
 But Ile away, for why the Monke is mad,  
 And in his madnesse he will murder me.

*Monk* My L I cry your Lordship mercy, I saw you  
 not

*Abb* Alas good Thomas, do not murther me, and  
 thou shalt haue my place with thousand thanks

*Monk* I murther you! God sheeld from such a  
 thought

*Abb.* If thou wilt needs, yet let me say my prayers

*Monk* I will not hurt your Lordship good my Lord  
 but if you please,  
 I will impart a thing that shall be beneficall to vs all

*Abb* Wilt thou not hurt me holy Monke? say on  
*Monk* You know, my Lord, the King is in our  
 house

*Abb* True

*Monk* You know likewise the King abhois a  
 Frier

*Abb* True

*Monk* And he that loues not a Frier is our enemy

*Abb* Thou saist true

*Monk* Then the King is our enemy

*Abb* True

*Monk* Why then should we not kil our enemy, &  
 the King being our enemy, why then should we not  
 kil the King

*Abb* O blessed Monke! I see God moues thy  
 minde to free this land from tyrants slauery.  
 But who dare venter for to do this deede?

*Monk* Who dare? why I my Lord dare do the  
 deede,

Ile free my Country and the Church from foes,  
 And merit heauen by killing of a King

*Abb* Thomas kneel downe, and if thou art re-  
 solu'd,

I will absolute thee heere from all thy sinnes,  
 For why the deede is meritorious

Forward, and feare not man for euery month,  
 Our Friers shall sing a Masse for Thomas soule.

*Monk* God and S Francis prosper my attempt,  
 For now my Lord I goe about my worke [Exeunt

Enter Lewes and his armie

*Lewes* Thus victory in bloudy Lawrell clad,  
 Followes the fortune of young Lodowike,  
 The Englishmen as daunted at our sight,  
 Fall as the fowle before the Eagles eyes,  
 Only two crosses of contrary change  
 Do nip my heart, and vexe me with vnrest.

Lord Melons death, the one part of my soule,  
 A brauer man did neuer liue in Fraunce  
 The other grieve, I thats a gall indeede  
 To thinke that Douer Castile should hold out  
 Gainst all assaults, and rest impregnable  
 Yee warlike race of Francus Hectors sonne,  
 Triumph in conquest of that tyrant Iohn,  
 The better halfe of England is our owne  
 And towards the conquest of the othei part,  
 We haue the face of all the English lords,  
 What then remaines but ouerrunne the land ?  
 Be resolute my wailike followers,  
 And if good fortune serue as she begins,  
 The poorest pesant of the realme of Fraunce  
 Shall be a maister ore an English Lord

Enter a Messenger

*Lewes* Fellow, what newes ?

*Mess* Pleaseth your Grace, the Earle of Salsbury,  
 Penbroke, Essex, Clare, and Arundell, with all the  
 Barons that did fight for thee, are on a sodeine fled  
 with all their powers, to loyne with Iohn to drive thee  
 back againe

Enter another Messenger.

*Mess* Lewes my Lord, why standst thou in a maze ?  
 Gather thy troupes, hope not of help from Fraunce,  
 For all thy forces being fiftie sayle,  
 Conteyning twenty thousand souldiers,  
 With victuall and munition for the warre,  
 Putting them from Callis in vnluckie time,  
 Did crosse the seas, and on the Goodwin sands,  
 The men, munition, and the ships are lost

Enter another Messenger

*Lewes* More newes ? say on

*Mess* Iohn (my Lord) with all his scattered troupes,

Flying the fury of your conquering sword,  
 As Phaiaoh earst within the bloody sea,  
 So he and his enuironed with the tyde,  
 On Lincolne washes all were ouerwhelmed,  
 The Barons fled, our forces cast away

*Lewes* Was euer heard such vnxpected newes ?

*Mess* Yet Lodowike reuue thy dying heart,  
 King Iohn and all his forces are consumde  
 The lesse thou needst the ayd of English Earles,  
 The lesse thou needst to grieue thy Nauies wracke,  
 And follow tymes aduantage with successe

*Lewes* Braue Frenchmen armde with magnanimite,

March after Lewes, who will leade you on  
 To chase the Barons power that wants a head,  
 For Iohn is drownd, and I am Englands King  
 Though our munition and our men be lost,  
 Philip of Fraunce will send vs fresh supplyes

[Exeunt

Enter two Friers laying a Cloth.

*Frier* Dispatch, dispatch, the King desires to eate,  
 Would a might eate his last for the loue hee bears to  
 Churchmen

*Frier* I am of thy minde too, and so it should be  
 and we might be our owne caruers

I meuaile why they dine here in the Orchard

*Frier* I know not, nor I care not The King comes

*John* Come on Lord Abbot, shall we sit together ?

*Abb* Pleaseth your Grace sit downe

*John.* Take your places sirs, no pomp in penury,  
 all beggers and friends may come, where Necessitie  
 keepes the house, curtesie is bard the table, sit downe,

*Philip*

*Bast* My Lord, I am loth to allude so much to  
 y<sup>e</sup> prouerb, honors change manners a King is a  
 King, though Fortune do her worst, & we as dutifull

in despite of her frowne, as if your highnesse were now in the highest type of dignitie

*John* Come, no more ado, and you will tell me much of dignitie, youle mar my appetite in a surfe of sorrow

What cheere Lord Abbot, me thinks ye frowne like an host that knowes his guest hath no money to pay the reckning?

*Abb* No my Liege, if I frowne at all, it is for I feare this cheere too homely to entertaine so mighty a guest as your Maiestie

*Bast* I thinke, rather, my Lord Abbot, you remember my last being heere, when I went in piongresse for powtches, and the iancor of his heart breakes out in his countenance, to shew he hath not forgot me

*Abb* Not so my Lord, you, and the meanest follower of his maiesty, are hartily welcome to me

*Monk* Wassell my Liege, and as a poore Monke may say, welcome to Swinsted

*John* Begin Monke, and report hereafter thou wast taster to a King.

*Monk* As much helth to your Highnes as to my own hart.

*John* I pledge thee kunde Monke

*Monk* The meriest draught y<sup>t</sup> euer was dronk in England

Am I not too bold with your Highnesse?

*John* Not a whit, all friendes and fellowes for a time

*Monk* If the inwards of a Toad be a compound of any prooфе why so it workes

*John* Stay Philip, wheres the Monke?

*Bast* He is dead my Lord

*John* Then drinke not Philip for a world of wealth

*Bast* What cheere my liege? your cullor begins to change.

*John* So doth my lfe O Philip, I am poysond  
 The Monke, the Divill, the poyson gins to rage,  
 It will depose my selfe a King from raigne

*Bast* This Abbot hath an interest in this act  
 At all aduentures take thou that from me  
 There lye the Abbot, Abbey, Lubber, Diuill  
 March with the Monke vnto the gates of hell  
 How fares my Lord ?

*John* Philip, some drinke, oh for the frozen Alpes,  
 To tumble on and coole this inward heate,  
 That rageth as the fornace seuenfold hote  
 To burne the holy tree in Babylon,  
 Power after power forsake their proper power,  
 Only the hart impugnes with faint resist  
 The fierce inuade of him that conquers Kings,  
 Help God, O payne ! dye Iohn, O plague  
 Inflicted on thee for thy grieuous sinnes  
 Philip, a chayre, and by and by a graue,  
 My leggs disdame the carriage of a King

*Bast* A good my Liege, with patience conquer  
 guefe,

And beare this paine with kingly foytitude

*John* Me thinkes I see a cattalogue of sinne,  
 Wrote by a fiend in Marble characters,  
 The least enough to loose my part in heauen  
 Me thinkes the Diuill whispers in mine eares,  
 And tels me, tis in vayne to hope for grace,  
 I must be damned for Arthurs sodaine death,  
 I see I see a thousand thousand men  
 Come to accuse me for my wrong on earth,  
 And there is none so mercifull a God  
 That will forgiue the number of my sinnes  
 How haue I liu'd, but by anothers losse ?  
 What haue I loud, but wracke of others weale ?  
 Where haue I vowd, and not infring'd mine oath ?  
 Where haue I done a deede deseruing well ?  
 How what, when, and where, haue I bestow'd a day,

That tended not to some notorious ill?  
 My life repleat with rage and tyranie,  
 Craues little pittie for so strange a death,  
 Or, who will say that Iohn deceasd too sonne?  
 Who will not say, he rather liud too long?  
 Dishonor did attaynt me in my life,  
 And shame attendeth Iohn vnto his death  
 Why did I scape the fury of the French,  
 And dyde not by the temper of their swounds?  
 Shamelesse my life, and shamefully it ends,  
 Scornd by my foes, disdained of my friends

*Bast* Forgiue the world and all your earthly foes,  
 And call on Christ, who is your latest friend

*John* My tongue doth falter Philip, I tell thee  
 man

Since Iohn did yeeld vnto the Priest of Rome,  
 Nor he nor his haue prospred on the earth  
 Curst are his blessings, and his curse is blisse  
 But in the spilit I cry vnto my God,  
 As did the Kingly Prophet Dauid cry,  
 (Whose hands, as mine, with murder were attaint)  
 I am not he shall build the Lord a house,  
 Or roote these Locusts from the face of earth  
 But if my dying heart deceiue me not,  
 From out these loynes shall spring a Kingly braunch  
 Whose armes shall reach vnto the gates of Rome,  
 And with his feete treads downe the Strumpets  
 pride,  
 That sits vpon the chaire of Babylon  
 Philip, my heart strings breake, the poysons flame  
 Hath ouercome in me weake Natures power,  
 And in the faith of Iesu Iohn doth dye

*Bast* See how he stiuies for life, vnhappy Lord,  
 Whose bowels are diuided in themselues  
 This is the fruite of Poperie, when true Kings  
 Are slaine and shouldred out by Monkes and  
 Friars

## Enter a Messenger

*Mess* Please it your Grace, the Barons of the Land,  
 Which all this while bare armes against the King,  
 Conducted by the Legate of the Pope,  
 Together with the Prince his highnes Sonne,  
 Do craue to be admitted to the presence of the King

*Bast* Your Sonne, my Lord, yong Henry craves to  
 see

Your Majestie, and brings with him beside  
 The Barons that reuolted from your Grace  
 O piercing sight, he fumbleth in the mouth,  
 His speech doth faile lift vp your selfe my Lord,  
 And see the Prince to comfort you in death

Enter *Pandulph*, yong *Henry*, the Barons with daggers  
 in their hands

*Prince* O let me see my Father ere he dye  
 O Uncle, were you here, and sufferd him  
 To be thus poysned by a damned Monke ?  
 Ah, he is dead, Father, sweet Father speake

*Bast* His speech doth faile, he hasteth to his end

*Pan* Lords, giue me leau to joy the dying King,  
 With sight of these his Nobles kneeling here  
 With daggers in their hands, who offer vp  
 Their liues for ransome of their foule offence  
 Then good my Lord, if you forgiue them all,  
 Lift vp your hand in token you forgiue

*Salis.* We humbly thanke your royll Majestie,  
 And vow to fight for England and her King  
 And in the sight of Iohn our soueraigne Lord,  
 In spite of Lewes and the power of Fraunce,  
 Who hetherward are marching in all hast,  
 We crowne yong Henry in his fathers sted.

*Hen* Help, help, he dyes, ah Father ! looke on  
 mee

*Legat* K. Iohn, fairewell · in token of thy faith,

And signe thou dyest the seruant of the Lord,  
 Lift vp thy hand, that we may witnes here,  
 Thou dyedst the seruant of our Sauiour Christ.  
 Now ioy betide thy soule what noyse is this?

Enter a Messenger

*Mess.* Help Lords, the Dolphin maketh hetherward  
 With Ensignes of defiance in the winde,  
 And all our armie standeth at a gaze,  
 Expecting what their Leaders will commaund

*Bast.* Lets arme our selues in yong K. Henries  
 right,  
 And beate the power of Fraunce to sea againe

*Legat.* Philip not so, but I will to the Prince,  
 And bring him face to face to parl with you

*Bast.* Lord Salsbury, your selfe shall march with  
 me,  
 So shall we bring these troubles to an ende

*King.* Sweete Uncle, if thou loue thy Soueraigne,  
 Let not a stone of Swinsted Abbey stand,  
 But pull the house about the Friers eares  
 For they haue killde my Father and my King

{*Exeunt*

A parle sounded, *Lewes, Pandulph, Salsbury, &c*

*Pan.* Lewes of Fraunce, yong Henry. Englands  
 King

Requires to know the reason of the claime  
 That thou canst make to any thing of his,  
 King Iohn that did offend, is dead and gone,  
 See where his breathles trunke in presence lyes,  
 And he as heire apparant to the crowne  
 Is now succeeded to his Fathers roome

*Hen.* Lewes, what law of Armes doth lead thee  
 thus,  
 To keepe possession of my lawfull right?

Answe're, in fine, if thou wilt take a peace,  
 And make surrender of my right againe,  
 Or trie thy title with the dint of sword  
 I tell thee Dolphin, Henry feares thee not,  
 For now the Barons cleave vnto thei King,  
 And what thou hast in England they did get

*Lewes* Henry of England, now that John is dead,  
 That was the chiefest enemie to Fraunce,  
 I may the rather be inducde to peace  
 But Salsbury, and you Barons of the Realme,  
 This strange reuolt agrees not with the oath  
 That you on Bury Altare lately sware

*Sals.* Nor did the oath your Highnes there did take  
 Agree with honoui of the Prince of Fraunce

*Bast* My Lord, what answe're make you to the  
 King?

*Dol* Faith Philip this I say it bootes not me,  
 Nor any Prince nor power of Christendome,  
 To seeke to win this Island Albion,  
 Vnlesse he haue a partie in the Realme  
 By treason for to help him in his warres  
 The Peeres which were the partie on my side,  
 Are fled from me then bootes not me to fight,  
 But on conditions, as mine honour wills,  
 I am contented to depart the realme

*Hen* On what conditions will your Highnes yeeld?

*Lewes*. That shall we thinke vpon by more aduice

*Bast* Then Kings & Princes, let these broils haue  
 end,

And at more leasure talke vpon the League  
 Meanwhile to Wörster let vs beare the King,  
 And there interre his bodie, as beseemes  
 But first, in sight of Lewes, heire of Fraunce,  
 Lords take the crowne and set it on his head,  
 That by succession is our lawfull King

They cown yong *Henry*

Thus Englands peace begins in Henryes Rainne,  
And bloody warres aie cloode with happie league  
Let England hue but true within it selfe,  
And all the world can neuer wrong her State  
Lewes, thou shalt be brauely shipt to France,  
For neuer Frenchman got of English ground  
The twentith part that thou hast conquered  
Dolphin, thy hand , to Woister we will march  
Lords all, lay hands to beare your Soueraigne  
With obsequies of honor to his graue  
If Englands Peeres and people ioyne in one,  
Nor Pope, nor Fiaunce, nor Spaine can doo them  
wrong

FINIS

KING HENRY V

*EDITION*

*The Famous Victories of Henry the fifth Containing the Honourable Battell of Agincourt As it was plaide by the Queenes maiesties Players London Printed by Thomas Creede, 1598 4° Black letter*

THERE was a second edition in 1617, and the drama was licensed in 1594. The Malone copy of 1598 here reprinted is, however, the earliest impression known, as well as the only copy of that impression which has yet been found.

The second 4° was included in "Six Old Plays," 1779.



*The Famous Victories of Henry the Fifth,  
Conterning the Honorable Battell of Agincourt*

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*Enter the yoong Prince, Ned, and Tom*

*Henry V* COME away Ned and Tom  
Both, Here my Lord

*Hen V* Come away my Lads

Tell me sirs, how much gold haue you got?

*Ned* Faith my Lord, I haue got fие hundred  
pound

*Hen V* But tell me Tom, how much hast thou  
got?

*Tom* Faith my Lord, some foure hundred pound

*Hen. V* Foure hundred pounds, brauely spoken  
Lads

But tell me sirs, thinke you not that it was a villainous  
part of me to rob my fathers Receueis?

*Ned* Why no my Lord, it was but a tricke of  
youth

*Hen V* Faith Ned, thou sayest true.

But tell me sirs, whereabouts are we?

*Tom* My Lord, we aie now about a mile off  
London

*Hen. V* But sirs, I maruell that sir Iohn Old-Castle  
Comes not away. Sounds see where he comes

*Enters Jockey*

*Jockey* How now Lockey, what newes with thee?

*Jockey* Faith my Lord, such newes as passeth,  
For the Towne of Detfort is risen,  
With hue and crie after your man,  
Which parted from vs the last night,  
And has set vpon, and hath robd a poore Carrier

*Hen V* Sownes, the vilaine that was wont to spie  
Out our booties

*Jock* I my Lord, euen the very same

*Hen V* Now baseminded rascal to rob a poore  
carrier,

Wel it skils not, ile sauе the base vilaines life  
I, I may but tel me Lockey, wherabout be the  
Receiuers?

*Jock* Faith my Lord, they are hard by,  
But the best is, we are a horse backe and they be a  
foote,

So we may escape them

*Hen V* Wel, I the vilaines come, let me alone  
with them.

But tel me Lockey, how much gots thou from the  
knaues?

For I am sure I got something, for one of the  
vilaines

So beland me about the shoulders,  
As I shal feele it this moneth

*Jock* Faith my Lord, I haue got a hundred  
pound

*Hen V* A hundred pound, now bravely spoken  
Lockey

But come sirs, laie al your money before me,  
Now by heauen here is a braue shewe  
But as I am true Gentleman, I wil haue the halfe  
Of this spent to night, but sirs take vp your bags,  
Here comes the Receiuers, let me alone

*Enters two Receiuers*

- One* Alas good fellow, what shal we do?  
 I dare neuer go home to the Court, for I shall be  
     hangd  
 But looke, here is the yong Prince, what shal we doo?  
*Hen V* How now you vilaines, what aie you?  
*One Recer* Speake you to him  
*Other* No I pray, speake you to him  
*Hen V* Why how now you rascals, why speak you  
     not?  
*One* Forsooth we be Pray speake you to him  
*Hen V* Sowns, vilaines speak, or il cut off your  
     heads  
*Other* Forsooth he can tel the tale better than I  
*One* Forsooth we be your fathers Receiuers  
*Hen V* Are you my fathers Receiuers?  
 Then I hope ye haue brought me some money  
*One* Money, Alas sir wee be rob'd  
*Hen. V* Robd, how many were there of them?  
*One* Marry sir, there were foure of them  
 And one of them had sir Iohn Old-Castles bay Hobbie,  
 And your blacke Nag  
*Hen V* Gogs wounds how like you this Iockey?  
 Blood you vilaines my father rob'd of his money  
     abroad,  
 And we rob'd in our stables  
 But tell me, how many were therel<sup>1</sup> of them?  
*One Recer* If it please you, there were foure of them,  
 And there was one about the bignesse of you  
 But I am sure I so belambd him about the shoulders,  
 That he wil feele it this month  
*Hen V* Gogs wounds you lamd them faiery,  
 So that they haue carried away your money  
 But come sirs, what shall we do with the vilaines?

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<sup>1</sup> [This word is omitted in first 4<sup>o</sup>]

*Both Recer* I beseech your gracie, be good to vs

*Ned* I pray you my Lord forgiue them this once  
Well stand vp and get you gone,  
And looke that you speake not a word of it,  
For if theire be, sownes ile hang you and all your kin

[Exit Purseuant

*Hen V* Now sirs, how like you this?  
Was not this brauely done?  
For now the vilaines daie not speake a word of it,  
I haue so feared them with words  
Now whither shall we goe?

*All* Why my Loid, you know our old hostes at  
Feuersham

*Hen V* Our hostes at Feuersham, blood what shal  
we do there?

We haue a thousand pound about vs,  
And we shall go to a pettie Ale-house  
No, no you know the olde Tauerne in Eastcheape,  
There is good wine besides, theire is a prettie wench  
That can talke well, for I delight as much in then  
tongies,

As any part about them

*All* We are readie to waite vpon your grace

*Hen. V* Gogs wounds wait, we will go altogether,  
We are all fellowes, I tell you sirs, and the King  
My father were dead, we would be all Kings,  
Theirefore come away

*Ned* Gogs wounds, brauely spoken Hairy

*Enter John Cobler, Robin Pewterer, Lawrence Costermonger*

*John Cob* All is well here, all is well maisters

*Law* How say you neighbour John Cobler?  
I thinke it best that my neighbour  
Robin Pewterer went to Pudding lane end,  
And we will watch here at Billingsgate ward  
How say you neighbour Robin, how like you this?

*Rob* Marry well neighbours  
 I care not much if I goe to Pudding lanes end  
 But neighbors, and you heare any adoe about me,  
 Make haste and if I heare any adoe about you,  
 I will come to you

*Exit Robin*

*Law* Neighboi, what newes heare you of y<sup>e</sup> young  
 Prince

*John* Marry neighbour, I heare say, he is a toward  
 yoong Prince,  
 For if he met any by the hie way,  
 He will not let to talke with him,  
 I dare not call him théefe, but sure he is one of these  
 taking fellowes

*Law* Indéed neighbour, I heare say he is as liuely  
 A young Prince as euer was

*John* I, and I heare say, if he vse it long,  
 His father will cut him off from the Cowne  
 But neighbour say nothing of that

*Law* No, no, neighbour, I warrant you

*John* Neighbour, me thinkes you begin to sléepe,  
 If you will, we will sit down,  
 For I thinke it is about midnight

*Law* Mairy content neighbour, let vs sléepe

*Enter Dericke rousing*

*Der* Who, who there, who there? *Exit Dericke*

*Enter Robin*

*Rob* O neighbours, what meane you to sléepe,  
 And such ado in the streeetes?!

*Ambo* How now neighbor, whats the matter?

*Enter Dericke againe*

*Der* Who there, who there, who there?

*Cob* Why, what alst thou? here is no horses.

*Der* O alas man, I am rob'd, who there, who there?

*Rob* Hold him neighbor Cobler.

*Cob* Why I see thou art a plaine Clowne

*Der* Am I a Clowne, sownes maisters,

Do Clownes goe in silke apparell?

I am sure all we gentlemen Clownes in Kent scant  
goe so

Well sownes you know clownes very well

Heale you, are you Master Constable, and you be  
speake?

For I will not take it at his hands

*John* Faith I am maister Constable,

But I am one of his bad officeis, for he is not here

*Der* Is not maister Constable here?

Well it is no matter, ile haue the law at his hands

*John* Nay I pray you do not take the law of  
vs

*Der* Well, you are one of his beastly officers

*John* I am one of his bad officers

*Der* Why then I charge thee looke to him

*Cob* Nay but heare ye sir, you seeme to be an  
honest

Fellow, and we aie poore men, and now tis night

And we would be loth to haue any thing adoo,

Therefore I pray thee put it vp.

*Der* First, thou saiest true, I am an honest  
fellow,

And a proper hansome fellow too,

And you seeme to be poore men, therfore I care not  
greatly,

Nay, I am quickly pacified

But and you chance to spie the theefe,

I pray you laie hold on him

*Rob* Yes that we wil, I warrant you

*Der* Tis a wonderfull thing to see how glad the  
knaue

Is, now I haue forgiuen him.

*John* Neighbors, do ye looke about you?

How now, who's there?

*Enter the Theefe*

*Theefe* Here is a good fellow, I pray you which  
is the  
Way to the old Tauerne in Eastcheape?

*Der* Whoope hollo, now Gads Hill, knowest thou  
me?

*Theefe* I know thee for an Asse

*Der* And I know thee for a taking fellow,  
Vpon Gads Hill in Kent

A bote light vpon ye

*Theefe* The whorson vilaine would be knockt

*Der* Maisters, vilaine, and ye men stand to him,  
And take his weapon from him, let him not passe you

*John* My friend, what make you abroad now?

It is too late to walke now

*Theefe* It is not too late for true men to walke

*Law* We know thee not to be a true man

*Theefe* Why what do you meane to do with me?

Sownes I am one of the kings liege people

*Der* Heare you sir, are you one of the kings liege  
people?

*Theefe* I marry am I sir, what say you to it?

*Der* Marry sir, I say you are one of the kings  
filching people

*Cob* Come, come, lets haue him away

*Theefe* Why what haue I done?

*Rob* Thou hast robd a poore fellow,  
And taken away his goods from him,

*Theefe* I neuer sawe him before

*Der.* Maisters who comes here?

*Enter the Vintners boy*

*Boy* How now good man Coble?

*Cob* How now Robin, what makes thou abroad  
At this time of night?

*Boy.* Marrie I haue beeene at the Counter,

I can tell such newes as neuer you haue heard the like

*Cob* What is that *Robin*, what is the mattei?

*Boy* Why this night about two houres ago, there came the young Prince, and threē or foue more of his companions, and called for wine good store, and then they sent for a noyse of Musitians, and were very merry for the space of an houre, then whether their Musicke liked them not, or whether they had diunke too much Wine or no, I cannot tell, but our pots flue against the wals, and then they diew their swordes, and went into the streete and fought, and some tooke one part, & some tooke another, but for the space of halfe an houre, there was such a bloodie fray as passeth, and none coulde part them vntil such time as the Maior and Sheriffe were sent for, and then at last with much adoo, they tooke them, and so the yong Prince was carried to the Counter, and then about one houre after, there came a Messenger from the Court in all haste, from the King, for my Lord Maior and the Sheriffe, but for what cause I know not

*Cob.* Here is newes indēede *Robert*

*Law* Marry neighbour, this newes is strange indēede, I thinke it best neighbour, to rid our hands of this fellowe first

*Theefe* What meane you to do with me?

*Cob* We mean to carry you to the prison, and there to remaine till the Sessions day

*Theefe* Then I pray you let me go to the prison where my maister is

*Cob* Nay thou must go to y<sup>e</sup> country prison, to newgate, Therefore come away

*Theefe* I prethie be good to me honest fellow

*Der* I marry will I, ile be verie chaitable to thēe, For I wil neuer leaue thēe, til I sée thēe on the Gallowes

*Enter Henry the fourth, with the Earle of Exeter  
and the Lord of Oxford*

*Oxf* And please your Maiestie, heere is my Lord Maior, and the Sheriffe of London, to speak with your Maiestie

*K Hen IV* Admit them to our presence

*Enter the Maior and the Sheriffe*

Now my good Lord Maior of London,  
The cause of my sending for you at this time, is to tel you of a mattei which I haue learned of my Counsell Heirein I vnderstand, that you haue committed my sonne to prison without our leauue and license What althogh he be a iude youth, and likely to gue occasion, yet you might haue considered that he is a Prince, and my sonne, and not to be halled to prison by euery subiect

*Maior* May it please your Maiestie to gue vs leauue to tell our tale?

*K Hen IV* Or else God forbid, otherwise you might thinke me an vneqall Iudge, hauing more affection to my sonne, then to any rightfull iudgement

*Maior* Then I do not doubt but we shal rather deserue commendations at your Maiesties hands, then any anger

*K Hen IV* Go too, say on

*Maior* Then if it please your Maiestie, this night betwixt two and three of the clocke in the morning, my Lord the yong Prince with a very disordred compانie, came to the old Taueine in Eastcheape, and whether it was that their musicke liked them not, or whether they were ouercom with wine, I know not, but they drew their swords, and into the stréete they went, and some tooke my Lord the yong Princes part, and some tooke the other, but betwixt them there was such a bloodie fray for the space of halfe an

houre, that nevther watchmen, nor any other could stay them, till my brother the Sheriffe of London & I were sent for, and at the last with much adoo we staied them, but it was long first, which was a great disquieting to all your louing subiects theieabouts and then my good Lord, we knew not whether your grace had sent them to trie vs, whether we would do iustice, or whether it were of their owne voluntarie will or not, we cannot tell and therefore in such a case we knew not what to do, but for our own safegard we sent him to ward, where he wanteth nothing that is fit for his grace, and your Majesties sonne And thus most humbly beseeching your Majestie to thinke of our answe

*Hen IV* Stand aside vntill we haue further dehberated on your answe [Exit Major]

Ah Harry, Harry, now thrice accursed Harry,  
That hath gotten a sonne, which with gréefe  
Will end his fathers dayes

Oh my sonne, a Prince thou art, I a Prince in déed,  
And to deserue imprisonment,  
And well haue they done, and like faithfull sub-  
iects

Discharge them and let them go

*L Exe* I beseech your Grace, be good to my Lord  
the yong Prince

*Hen JV.* Nay, nay, tis no matter, let him alone

*L Oxf* Perchance the Major and the Sheiffie  
haue bene too precise in this matter

*Hen IV* No they haue done like faithfull sub-  
iects

I will go my selfe to discharge them, and let them go  
[Exit omnes]

*Enter Lord chiefe Justice, Clarke of the Office, Tayler,  
John Cobler, Dericke, and the Theefe*

*Judge.* Tayler bring the prisoner to the barre

*Der* Heare you my Lord, I pray you bring the bar  
to the prisoner

*Judge* Hold thy hand vp at the baire

*Theefe* Here it is my Lord

*Judge* Clearke of the office, reade his inditement

*Clarke* What is thy name?

*Theefe* My name was knowne before I came  
here

And shall be when I am gone, I warrant you

*Judge* I, I thinke so, but we will know it better  
befoie thou go

*Der* Sownes and you do but send to the next Taile,  
We are sure to know his name,  
For this is not the first prison he hath bene in, ile  
warrant you

*Clarke* What is thy name?

*Theefe* What need you to aske, and haue it in  
writing

*Clarke* Is not thy name Cutbert Cutter?

*Theefe* What the Duell needed you to ask, and know  
it so well

*Clarke* Why then Cutbert Cutter, I indite thee  
by the name of Cutbert Cutter, for robbing a poore  
carrier the 20 day of May last past, in the fourteeen  
yeare of the raigne of our soueraigne Lord King  
Henry the fourth, for setting vpon a poore Carrier  
vpon Gads hill in Kent, and hauing beaten and  
wounded the said Carrier, and taken his goods from  
him

*Der* Oh maisters stay there, nay lets neuer belie  
the man, for he hath not beaten and wounded me  
also, but hee hath beaten and wounded my packe,  
and hath taken the great rase of Ginger, that bounc-  
ing Bess with the iolly buttocks should haue had, that  
gréeues me most

*Judge* Well, what sayest thou, art thou guiltie, or  
not guiltie?

*Theefe* Not guiltie, my Lord

*Judge* By whom wilt thou be triu'd?

*Theefe* By my Lord the young Prince, or by my selfe whether you will

*Enter the young Prince, with Ned and Tom*

*Hen V* Come away my lads, Gogs wounds ye villain, what make you héere? I must goe about my businesse my selfe, and you must stand loytering here

*Theefe* Why my Lord, they haue bound me, and will not let me goe

*Hen V* Haue they bound théé villain, why how now my Lord

*Judge* I am glad to sée your Grace in good health

*Hen V* Why, my Loid, this is my man,  
Tis maruell you knew him not long before this,  
I tell you he is a man of his hands

*Theefe* I Gogs wounds that I am, try me who dare

*Judge* Your Grace shal finde small credit by acknowledging him to be your man

*Hen V* Why my Lord, what hath he done?

*Judge* And it please your Maiestie, he hath robbed a poore Carrier

*Der* Heare you sir, marry it was one Dericke,  
Goodman Hoblings man of Kent

*Hen V* What wast thou button-breech?  
Of my word my Lord, he did it but in jest

*Der* Heare you sir, is it your mans qualtie to rob  
folks in iest?

In faith, he shall be hangd in earnest

*Hen V* Well my Lord, what do you meane to do  
with my man?

*Judge* And please your grace the law must passe  
on him,  
According to iustice then he must be executed.

*Der* Heare you sir, I pray you, is it your mans quality to rob folkes in iest? In faith he shall be hangd in iest

*Hen V* Well my Lord, what meane you to do with my man?

*Judge* And please your grace the law must passe on him, According to iustice, then he must be executed

*Hen V* Why then belike you meane to hang my man?

*Judge* I am sorie that it falles out so

*Hen V* Why my Lord, I pray ye who am I?

*Judge* And please your Grace, you are my Lord the yong Prince, our King that shall be after the decease of our soueraigne Lord King Henry the fourth, whom God graunt long to raigne

*Hen V* You say true my Lord  
And you will hang my man

*Judge* And like your grace, I must needs do iustice

*Hen V* Tell me my Lord, shall I haue my man?

*Judge* I cannot my Lord

*Hen V* But will you not let him go?

*Judge* I am sone that his case is so ill

*Hen V* Tush, case me no casings, shal I haue my man?

*Judge* I cannot, nor I may not my Lord

*Hen V* Nay, and I shal not say, & then I am answered?

*Judge* No

*Hen V* No then I will haue him

*He giveth him a boxe on the eare*

*Ned* Gogs wounds my Lord, shal I cut off his head?

*Hen V* No, I charge you draw not your swords,  
But get you hence, prouide a noyse of Musitians,  
Away, be gone

[*Exeunt the Theefe*

*Judge* Well my Lord, I am content to take it at your hands

*Hen V* Nay and you be not, you shall haue more

*Judge* Why I pray you my Lord, who am I?

*Hen V* You, who knowes not you?

Why man, you are Lord chiefe Iustice of England

*Judge* Your Grace hath said truth, therefore in striking me in this place, you greatly abuse me, and not me onely but also your father whose liuely person here in this place I doo represent And therefore to teach you what prerogatiues meane, I commit you to the Fléete, vntill wee haue spoken with your father

*Hen V* Why then belike you meane to send me to the Fléete?

*Judge* I indeed, and therefore carry him away

*Exeunt Henry V with the Officers*

*Judge* Tayler, cairy the prisoner to Newgate againe, vntil the next Sises

*Tayler* At your commandement my Lord, it shalbe done

*Enter Dericke and John Cobler*

*Der* Sownds maisters, heres adoo,  
When Princes must go to prison  
Why Iohn, didst euer sée the like?

*John* O Dericke, trust me, I neuer saw the like

*Der* Why Iohn thou maist sée what princes be in cholle,

A Judge a boxe on the eare, Ile tel thée Iohn, O Iohn,  
I would not haue done it for twentie shillings

*John.* No nor I, there had bene no way but one  
for vs,

We should haue been hangde

*Der* Faith Iohn, Ile tel thée what, thou shalt be my Lord chiefe Iustice, and thou shalt sit in the chaire,  
And ile be the yong Prince, and hit thée a box on the eare,

And then thou shalt say, to teach you what prerogatiues meane, I commit you to the Fléete

*John* Come on, Ile be your Judge,  
But thou shalt not hit me hard

*Der* No, no

*John* What hath he done?

*Der* Marly he hath robd Dericke

*John* Why then I cannot let him goe

*Der* I must needs haue my man

*John* You shall not haue him

*Der* Shall I not haue my man, say no and you dare

How say you, shall I not haue my man?

*John* No marry shall you not

*Der* Shall I not John?

*John* No Dericke

*Der* Why then take you that till more come,  
Sownes, shall I not haue him?

*John* Well I am content to take this at your hand,  
But I pray you who am I?

*Der* Who art thou, Sownds, doost not know thy selfe?

*John* No

*Der* Now away simple fellow,  
Why man, thou ait John the Cobler

*John* No, I am my Lord chiefe Iustice of England

*Der* Oh Iohn, Masse thou saist true, thou art indeed

*John* Why then to teach you what prerogatiues mean I commit you to the Fléete

*Der* Wel I wl go, but yfaith you gray beard knaue,  
Ile course you. *Exit And straight enters again*  
Oh Iohn, Come, come out of thy chaire, why what a clown weart thou, to let me hit thée a box on the eare,  
and now thou seest they will not take me to the Fléete, I thinke that thou art one of these Worenday  
Clownes.

*John* But I maruell what will become of thée?

*Der* Faith, ile be no more a Carrier

*John* What wilt thou doo then?

*Der* Ile dwell with théé and be a Cobler

*John* With me, alasse, I am not able to kéepe théé,  
Why thou wilt eate me out of doores

*Der* Oh Iohn, no Iohn, I am none of these great  
slouching fellowes, that deuoure these great péeces of  
béefe and brewes, alasse a trifle serues me, a Wood-  
cocke, a Chicken, or a Capons legge, or any such  
little thing serues me

*John* A Capon, why man, I cannot get a Capon  
once a yeare, except it be at Christmas, at some  
other mans house, for we Coblers be glad of a dish of  
rootes

*Der* Rootes, why aie you so good at 10oting?  
Nay Cobler, wéele haue you ringde

*John* But Dericke, though we be so poore,  
Yet wil we haue in store a crab in the fíe,  
With nut-brown Ale, that is full stale,  
Which wil a man quaile, and laie in the mire

*Der* A bote on you, and be but for your Ale,  
Ile dwel with you, come lets away as fast as we can

*Exeunt*

*Enter the yong Prince, with Ned and Tom*

*Hen V* Come away surs, Gogs wounds Ned,  
Didst thou not see what a boxe on the eare  
I tooke my Lord chiefe Justice

*Tom* By gogs blood it did me good to see it,  
It made his téeth iaire in his head

*Enter sir John Old-Castle*

*Hen V* How now sir Iohn Old-Castle?  
What newes with you?

*Ioh. Old* I am glad to see your grace at libertie,  
I was come I, to visit you in prison

*Hen V* To visit me, didst thou not know that I

am a Princes son, why tis enough for me to looke  
into a prison, though I come not in my selfe, but  
heres such adoo now adayes, heres prisoning, heres  
hanging, whipping, and the diuell and all but I tel  
you sirs, when I am King, we will haue no such things,  
but my lads, if the old king my father were dead, we  
would be all kings

*Ioh Old Hée* is a good olde man, God take him  
to his mercy the sooner

*Hen V* But Ned, so soone as I am King, the first  
thing I wil do, shal be to put my Lord chiefe Iustice  
out of office And thou shalt be my Lord chiefe  
Iustice of England

*Ned* Shall I be Lord chiefe Iustice?  
By gogs wounds Ile be the brauest Lord chiefe Iustice  
That euer was in England

*Hen V* Then Ned, Ile turne all these prisons into  
Fence Schooles, and I will endue thee with them,  
with landes to maintaine them withall then I wil  
haue a bout with my Loïd chiefe Iustice, thou shalt  
hang none but picke purses, and horse stealers, and  
such base minded villaines, but that fellow that wil  
stand by the highway side couragiously with his  
sword and buckler and take a purse, that fellow  
glue him commendations, beside that, send him to  
me, and I will glue him an anuall pension out of my  
Exchequer, to maintaine him all the dayes of his  
life

*Ioh* Nobly spoken Harry, we shall neuer haue a  
mery world til the old king be dead

*Ned* But whither are ye going now?

*Hen V* To the Court, for I heare say, my father  
lies verie sick

*Tom* But I doubt he wil not die

*Hen V* Yet will I goe thither, for the breath shal  
be no sooner out of his mouth, but I wil clap the  
Crowne on my head

*Iock* Wil you goe to the Court with that cloake so ful of needles?

*Hen V* Cloake, ilat-holes, needles, and all was of mine owne devising, and therefore I wil weare it

*Tom* I pray you my Lord, what may be the meaning thereof?

*Hen V* Why man, tis a signe that I stand vpon thorns, til the Crowne be on my head

*Iock* Or that euery needle might be a prick to their harts that repine at your doings

*Hen V* Thou saist true Iockey, but thers some wil say, the yoong Prince will bee a well toward yoong man and all this geare, that I had as leeue they would breake my head with a pot, as to say any such thing, but we stand prating here too long, I must needs speake with my father, therfore come away

*Por* What a rapping keēp you at the Kings Courte gate?

*Hen V* Heres one that must speake with the King

*Por* The King is verie sicke, and none must speak with him

*Hen V* No you rascall, do you not know me?

*Por* You are my lord the yong Prince

*Hen V.* Then goe and tell my father, that I must and will speake with him

*Ned* Shall I cut off his head?

*Hen V* No, no, though I would helpe you in other places, yet I haue nothing to doo here, what you are in my father's Court.

*Ned* I will write him in my Tables, soi so soone as I am made Lord chiefe Iustice, I wil put him out of his Office

*The Trumpet sounds*

*Hen V* Gogs wounds sirs, the King comes, Lets all stand aside

*Enter the King, with the Lord of Exeter*

*Hen IV.* And is it tue my Lord, that my sonne

is already sent to the Fléete? Now truly that man  
is more fitter to rule the Realme then I, for by no  
meanes could I rule my sonne, and he by one word  
hath caused him to be ruled Oh my sonne, my  
sonne, no sooner out of one prison, but into an other,  
I had thought once whiles I had liued, to haue séene  
this noble Realme of England flourish by thée my  
soone, but now I see it goes to iuine and decaie

*He wepeth*

*Enter Lord of Oxford*

*Oxf* And please you grace, here is my Lord your  
sonne,

That commeth to speake with you,  
He saith, he must and wil speake with you,

*Hen IV* Who my sonne Harry?

*Oxf* I and please your Majestie

*Hen IV* I know wherefore he commeth,  
But looke that none come with him

*Oxf* A verie disordered companie, and such as  
make

Verie ill rule in your Majesties house

*Hen IV* Well let him come,  
But looke that none come with him

*He goeth*

*Oxf* And please your grace,  
My lord the King, sends for you

*Hen V* Come away sirs, lets go all togither

*Oxf* And please your grace, none must go with  
you

*Hen V* Why, I must needs have them with me,  
Otherwise I can do my father no countenance,  
Therefore come away

*Oxf* The King your father commaunds  
There should none come

*Hen* Well sirs then be gone,  
And prouide me thrée Noyse of Musitians.

*Exeunt knights*

*Enters the Prince with a dagger in his hand*

*Hen IV* Come my sonne, come on a God's name,  
I know wherefore thy comming is,  
Oh my sonne, my sonne, what cause hath euer bene,  
That thou shouldst forsake me, and follow this vilde  
and

Reprobate company, which abuseth youth so mani-  
festly

Oh my sonne, thou knowest that these thy doings  
Wil end thy fathers dayes *He weepes*  
I so, so, my sonne, thou fearest not to approach the  
presence of thy sick father, in that disguised soit, I  
tel thee my sonne, that there is neuēr a needle in thy  
cloke, but it is a prick to my heart, & neuer an ilit-  
hole, but it is a hole to my soule, and wherfore  
thou bringest that dagger in thy hande I know not,  
but by conjecture *He weepes*

*Hen V* My conscience accuseth me, most soue-  
aign Lord, and welbeloued father, to answeare first to  
the last point, That is, whereas you conjecture that  
this hand and this dagger shall be armide against your  
life no, know my beloued father, far be the thoughts  
of your sonne, sonne said I, an vnworthie sonne for  
so good a father but farre be the thoughts of any  
such pretended mischiefe . and I most humbly render  
it to your Maiesties hand, and lue my Lord and  
soueraigne for euer and with your dagger arme show  
like vengeance vpon the bodie of your sonne, I was  
about say and dare not, ah woe is me therefore, that  
your wilde slaye, tis not the Crowne that I come for,  
sweet father, because I am vnworthie, and those wilde  
& reprobate company I abandon, & vtterly abolish  
their company for euer Pardon sweete father,  
pardon the least thing and most desire and this  
ruffianly cloake, I here teare from my backe, and  
sacrifice it to the diuel, which is maister of al mis-

chiefe Pardon me, sweet fathei, pardō me good  
 my Lord of Exeter, speak for me pardon me,  
 pardō good father, not a word ah he wil not speak  
 one word A Harry, now thuce vnhappy Hariy  
 But what shal I do? I wil go take me into some  
 solitarie place, and there lament my sinfull life, and  
 when I haue done, I wil lay me downe and die

*Exit*

*Hen. IV* Call him againe, call my sonne againe

*Hen. V* And doth my father call me againe? now  
 Harry,

Happie be the time that thy father calleth thee againe

*Hen. IV* Stand vp my son, and do not think thy  
 father,

But at the request of thee my sonne, I wil pardon  
 thee,

And God blesse thee, and make thee his seruant

*Hen. V* Thanks good my Lord, & no doubt but  
 this day,

Euen this day, I am borne new againe

*Hen. IV* Come my son and Lords, take me by the  
 hands

*Exeunt omnes*

*Enter Derike*

*Der* Thou art a stinking whore, & a whorson  
 stinking whore,  
 Doest thinke ile take it at thy hands

*Enter John Cobler running*

*John* Derick, D D Hearesta,  
 Do D neuer while thou liuest vse that,  
 Why what wil my neighbors say, and thou go  
 away so?

*Der* Shées an arrant whore, and Ile haue the lawe  
 on you Iohn

*John* Why what hath she done?

*Der* Manly marke thou Iohn,  
I wil proue it that I wil

*John* What wilt thou proue?

*Der* That she cald me in to dinner  
Iohn, marke the tale wel Iohn, and when I was set,  
She brought me a dish of rootes, and a p  ece of barrel  
butter therin and she is a verie knaue,  
And thou a drab if thou take her part

*John* Hearesta Dericke, is this the matter?  
Nay, and it be no worse, we wil go home againe,  
And all shall be amended

*Der* Oh Iohn, hearesta Iohn, is all well?

*John* I, all is wel

*Der* Then ile go home before, and breake all the  
glass windowes

*Enter the King with his Lords*

*Hen IV* Come my Lords, I see it bootes me not  
to take any phisick, for all the Phisitians in the world  
cannot cure me, no not one But good my Lords,  
remember my last wil and Testament concerning my  
sonne, for truly my Lordes, I doo not thinke but he  
wil proue as valiant and victorious a King, as euer  
raigned in England.

*Both* Let heauen and earth be witnesse betw  ene  
us, if we accomplish not thy wil to the vttermost

*Hen IV* I glue you most vnfained thanks, good  
my lords,  
Draw the Curtaines and depart my chamber a while,  
And cause some Musick to rocke me a sleape.

*He sleepeth* *Exeunt Lords*

*Enter the Prince.*

*Hen. V.* Ah Harry, thrice vnhappy that hath  
neglect so long from visiting of thy sicke father, I wil  
goe, nay but why doo I not go to the Chamber of my  
sick father, to comfort the melancholy soule of his

bodie, his soule said I, here is his bodie indeed, but his soule is, whereas it needs no bodie Now thrice accursed Harry, that hath offended thy father so much, and could not I craue pardon for all Oh my dying father, curst be the day wherin I was borne, and accursed be the houre wherin I was begotten, but what shal I do? if weeping teares which come too late, may suffice the negligence neglected to some, I wil weepe day and night vntil the fountaine be due with weeping *I vii*

*Enter Lord of Exeter and Oxford*

*Exe* Come easily my Lord, for waking of the King  
*Hen IV* Now my Lords

*Oxf* How doth your Grace feele your selfe

*Hen IV* Somewhat better after my sleepe,  
 But good my Lords take off my Crowne,  
 Remoue my chaire a litle backe, and set me right

*Ambo* And please your grace, the crown is takē  
 away

*Hen IV* The Crowne taken away,  
 Good my Lord of Oxford, go see who hath done this  
 deed

No doubt tis some vilde traitor that hath done it,  
 To deprue my sonne, they that would do it now,  
 Would seeke to scrape and scrawle for it after my  
 death

*Enter Lord of Oxford with the Prince*

*Oxf* Here and please your Grace,  
 Is my Lord the yong Prince with the Crowne,

*Hen IV* Why how now my sonne?

I had thought the last time I had you in schoolding,  
 I had giuen you a lesson for all,  
 And do you now begin againe?  
 Why tel me my sonne,  
 Doest thou thinke the time so long,

That thou wouldest haue it before the  
Breath be out of my mouth?

*Hen V* Most soueraign Lord, and welbeloved  
father,  
I came into your Chamber to comfort the melancholy  
Soule of your bodie, and finding you at that time  
Past all recovery, and dead to my thinking,  
God is my witnesse and what should I doo,  
But with weeping tears lament y<sup>e</sup> death of you my  
father,

And after that, seeing the Crowne, I tooke it  
And tel me my father, who might better take it  
then I,

After your death? but seeing you liue,  
I most humbly 1ender it into your Maesties hands,  
And the happiest man aliuē, that my father liue  
And liue my Lord and Father, for euer

*Hen IV* Stand vp my sonne,  
Thine answere hath sounded wel in mine eares,  
For I must need confesse that I was in a very sound  
sleep,

And altogether vnmindful of thy comming  
But come neare my sonne,  
And let me put thee in possession whilst I liue,  
That none deprive thee of it after my death

*Hen V* Well may I take it at your maesties hands,  
But it shal neuer touch my head, so long as my father  
liues

*He taketh the Crowne*

*Hen IV* God giue thee ioy my sonne,  
God blesse thee, and make thee his seruant,  
And send thee a prosperous raigne  
For God knowes my sonne, how hardly I came by it,  
And how hardly I haue maintained it

*Hen V* Howsoeuer you came by it, I know not,  
And now I haue it from you, and from you I wil  
keepe it

And he that seekes to take the Cowne from my head,

Let him looke that his armour be thicker then mine,  
Or I will pearce him to the heart,  
Were it harder than brasse or bollion

*Hen IV* Nobly spoken, and like a King  
Now trust me my Lords, I feare not but my sonne  
Will be as warlike and victorious a Prince,  
As euer raigned in England

*L Ambo* His former life shewes no lesse  
*Hen IV* Wel my lords I know not whether it be  
for sléep,

Or drawing neare of drowsie summer of death,  
But I am verie much giuen to sléep,  
Therefore good my Lords and my sonne,  
Diaw the Curtaines, depart my chamber,  
And cause some Musicke to rocke me a sléep

*Exeunt omnes*   *The King duth*

*Enter the Theefe*

*Theefe* Ah God, I am now much like to a Bird  
Which hath escaped out of the Cage,  
For so soone as my Lord chief iustice it heard  
That the old King was dead, he was glad to let me go,  
For feare of my Lord the yong Prince  
But here comes some of his companions,  
I wil sée and I can get any thing of them,  
For old acquaintance

*Enter Knights raunging*

*Tom* Gogs wounds the King is dead  
*Iock* Dead, then gogs blood, we shall be all kings  
*Ned* Gogs wounds, I shall be Lord chiefe Justice  
Of England

*Tom* Why how, are you broken out of prison?  
*Ned* Gogs wounds, how the villaine stinkes

*Jock* Why what wil become of thee now?  
Fye vpon him, how the rascall stinkes

*Theefe* Marry I wil go and seue my maister againe  
*Tom* Gogs blood, doost think that he wil haue any such

Scab'd knaue as thou art? what man he is a king now.

*Ned* Hold thee, heres a couple of Angels for thee,  
And get thee gone, for the King wil not be long  
Before he come this way

And hereafter I wil tel the king of thee *Exit Theefe*

*Jock* Oh how it did me good, to see the king  
When he was crowned

Me thought his seate was like the figure of heauen,  
And his person like vnto a God

*Ned* But who would haue thought,  
That the king would haue changde his countenance  
so?

*Jock* Did you not see with what grace  
He sent his embassage into France? to tel the French  
king

That Harry of England hath sent for the Crowne,  
And Harry of England wil haue it

*Tom* But twas but a litle to make the people belieue,  
That he was sorie for his fathers death

*The Trumpet sounds*

*Ned* Gogs wounds, the king comes,  
Let all stand aside

*Enter the King with the Archbishop, and the Lord of Oxford*

*Jock*. How do you my Lord?

*Ned* How now Harry?

Tut my Lord, put away these dumpes,  
You are a king, and all the realme is yours:  
What man, do you not remember the old sayings,  
You know I must be Lord chiefe Iustice of England,

Tiust me my loid, me thinks you are very much  
changed,  
And tis but with a litle sorrowing, to make folkes be-  
léue  
The death of your father gréueus you,  
And tis nothing so

*Hen V* I prethée Ned, mend thy manneis,  
And be more modester in thy teaimes,  
For my vnfeined gréefe is not to be ruled by thy flat-  
tering

And dissembling talke, thou saist I am changed,  
So I am indeed, and so must thou be, and that  
quickly,

Or else I must cause thée to be chaunged

*Jock* Gogs wounds how like you this?  
Sownds tis not so swéete as Musicke

*Tom* I trust we haue not offended your grace no  
way

*Hen V* Ah Tom, your former life gréueus me,  
And makes me to abandō & abolish your company  
for euer

And therfore not vpō pain of death to approch my  
presence

By ten miles space, then if I heaie wel of you,  
It may be I wil do somewhat for you,  
Otherwise looke for no moie fauour at my hands,  
Then at any other mans And therefore be gone,  
We haue no othei matters to talke on

*Exeunt Knights*

Now my good Lord Archbishop of Canterbury,  
What say you to our Embassage into France?

*Archb* Your right to the French Crowne of France,  
Came by your great grandmother Izabel,  
Wife to King Edward the third,  
And sister to Charles the Fiench King  
Now if the French king deny it, as likely inough he  
wil,

Then must you take your sword in hand,  
 And conquer the right  
 Let the vsurped Frenchman know,  
 Although your predecessors haue let it passe, you wil  
     not  
 For your Countrymen are wilng with purse and  
     men,  
 To aide you  
 Then my good Lord, as it hath bene alwaies knowne,  
 That Scotland hath bene in league with Fiance,  
 By a sort of pensions which yearly come from thence,  
 I thinke it therefore best to conquere Scotland,  
 And thē I think that you may go more easily into  
     France

And this is all that I can say, My good Lord

*Hen V* I thanke you, my good lord Archbisshop of  
     Canterbury

What say you my good Lord of Oxford?

*Oxf* And, And please your Majestie,  
 I agree to my Lord Archbisshop, sauing in this,  
 He that wil Scotland win, must first with France  
     begin.

According to the old saying

Therefore my good Lord, I think it best to inuade  
     France,

For in conquering Scotland, you conquer but one,  
 And conquere France, and conquere both.

*Enter Lord of Exeter*

*Exe* And please your Majestie,  
 My Lord Embassador is come out of France

*Hen V* Now trust me my Lord,  
 He was the last man that we talked of,  
 I am glad that he is come to resolute vs of our an-  
     swere,  
 Commit him to our presence.

*Enter Duke of Yorke*

*Yorke* God sauе the life of my soueraign Lord the king

*Hen V* Now my good Lord the Duke of York,  
What newes from our brother the French King?

*Yorke* And please your Maiestie,  
I delueied him my Embassage,  
Whereof I tooke some deliberation,  
But for the answere he hath sent,  
My Lord Embassador of Burges, the Duke of Burgony,  
Monsieur le Cole, with two hundred and fiftie horse-  
men,  
To bring the Embassage

*Hen V* Commit my Lord Archbishop of Burges  
Into our presence

*Enter Archbishop of Burges*

Now my Lord Archbishop of Burges,  
We do leaine by our Lord Embassador,  
That you haue our message to do  
From our brother the French King  
Here my good Lord, according to our accustomed  
order,  
We giue you frēe libertie and license to speake,  
With good audience

*Achb* God sauе the mightie King of England,  
My Lord and maister, the most Christian king,  
Charles the seventh, the greate & mightie king of  
France,  
As a most noble and Christian king,  
Not minding to shed innocent blood, is rather con-  
tent  
To yēeld somewhat to your vnireasonable demaunds,  
That if fiftie thousand crownes a yeare with his  
daughter

The said Ladie Katheren, in mariage,  
And some crownes which he may wel spare,  
Not hurting of his kingdome,  
He is content to yéeld so far to your vnireasonable  
desire

*Hen V* Why then behike your Lord and maister,  
Thinks to pufse me vp with fifty thousand crowns a  
yere,

No tell thy Lord and maister,  
That all the crownes in France shall not serue me,  
Except the Crowne and kingdome it selfe  
And perchance hereafter I wil haue his daughter

*Archb* And may it please your maestie,  
My Lord Prince Dolphin greets you well,  
With this present

*He deliuereþ a Tunne of Tennis Balles*

*Hen V* What a gilded Tunne?  
I pray you my Lord of Yorke, looke what is in it?

*Yorke* And it please your Giace,  
Here is a Carpet and a Tunne of Tennis balles

*Hen V* A Tunne of Tennis balles?  
I pray you good my Lord Archbishop,  
What might the meaning thereof be?

*Archb* And it please you my Lord,  
A messenger you know, ought to kéepe close his  
message,  
And specially an Embassado:

*Hen V*. But I know that you may declare your  
message  
To a king, the law of Armes allowes no lesse

*Archb* My Lord, hearing of your wildnesse before  
you  
Fathers death, sent you this my good Lord,  
Meaning that you are more fitter for a Tennis  
Court

Then a field, and more fitter for a Carpet then the  
Camp

*Hen V* My lord Prince Dolphin is very pleasant<sup>1</sup>  
with me

But tel him, that in stéed of balles of leather,  
We wil tosse him balles of brasse and yron,  
Yea such balles as neuer were tost in France,  
The proudest Tennis Court shall rue it  
I and thou Prince of Burges shall rue it  
Therefore get thée hence, and tel him thy massage  
quickly,

Least I be there before thee Away priest, be gone

*Archb* I beséech your grace, to deluer me your safe  
Conduct vnder your broad seale Emanuel

*Hen V* Priest of Burges, know,  
That the hand and seale of a King, and his word is  
all one,  
And in stead of my hand and seale,  
I will bring him my hand and sword  
And tel thy lord and maister, that I Harry of Eng-  
land said it,  
And I Harry of England, wil performe it  
My Lord of Yorke, deluei him our safe conduct,  
Vnder our broad seale Emanuel

. *Exeunt Archbishop, and the Duke of Yorke*  
Now my Lords, to Armes, to Armes,  
For I vow by heauen and earth, that the proudest  
French man in all Fiance, shall rue the time that euer  
These Tennis balles were sent into England  
My Lord, I wil<sup>y</sup> there be prouided a great Nauy of ships,  
With all spedé, at South-Hampton  
For there I meane to ship my men,  
For I would be there before him, if it<sup>2</sup> were possible,  
Therefore come, but staie,  
I had almost forgot the chiefest thing of all, with chafing  
With this French Embassador  
Call in my Lord chiefe Iustice of England.

<sup>1</sup> [Old copy, *pleasant*.]

<sup>2</sup> [Old copy, *it it*.]

*Enter s Lord chiefe Justice of England*

- Exe* Here is the King my Lord  
*Just* God preserue your Maiestie  
*Hen V* Why how now my lord, what is the matter?  
*Just* I would it were vnuowne to your Maiestie  
*Hen V* Why what aile you?  
*Just* Your Maiestie knoweth my grieve well  
*Hen V* Oh my Lord, your remember you sent me to the Fléete, did you not?  
*Just* I trust your grace haue forgotten that  
*Hen V* I truly my Lord, and for reuengement,  
 I haue chosen you to be my Protector ouer my Realme,  
 Vntil it shall please God to giue me spedie returne  
 Out of France  
*Just* And if it please your Maiestie, I am far vnworthie  
 Of so high a dignitie  
*Hen V* Tut my Lord, you are not vnworthie,  
 Because I thinke you worthie  
 For you that would not spare me,  
 I thinke wil not spare another,  
 It must needs be so, and therefore come,  
 Let vs be gone, and get our men in a readinesse

*Exeunt omnes*

*Enter a Captaine, John Cobler and his wife*

- Cap* Come, come, there's no remedie,  
 Thou must needs serue the King  
*John* Good maister Captaine let me go,  
 I am not able to go so farre.  
*Wife* I pray you good maister Captaine,  
 Be good to my husband  
*Cap* Why I am sure he is not too good to serue  
 y<sup>e</sup> king?

*John* Alasse no but a great deale too bad,  
Therefore I pray you let me go

*Cap* No, no, thou shalt go

*John* Oh sir, I haue a great many shooes at home  
to Cobble

*Wife* I pray you let him go home againe

*Cap* Tush I care not, thou shalt go

*John* Oh wife, and you had been a louing wife to  
me,

This had not bene, for I haue said many times,  
That I would go away, and now I must go

Against my will *He weepeth*

*Enter s Der icke*

*Der* How now ho, Basillus Manus, for an old cod-  
peece,

Maister Captaine shall we away?

Sowndes how now John, what a crying?

What make you and my dame there?

I maruell whose head you will throw the stooles at,  
Now we are gone

*Wife* Ile tell you, come ye cloghead,  
What doe you with my potlid? heare you,  
Will you haue it rapt about your pate?

*She beateth him with her potlid*

*Der* Oh good dame, here he shakes her  
And I had my dagger here, I wold worie you all to  
peeces

That I would

*Wife* Would you so, Ile trie that *She beateth him*

*Der* Maister Captaine will ye suffer her?

Go too dame, I will go backe as far as I can,  
But and you come againe,

Ile clap the law on your backe that flat.

Ile tell you maister Captaine what you shall dom?

Presse her for a souldier, I warrant you,

She will do as much good as her husband and I too

*Enters the Theefe*

Sownes, who comes yonder?

*Cap* How now good fellow, doest thou want a maister

*Theefe* I truly sir

*Cap* Hold thee then, I presse thee for a souldier,  
To serue the King in Fiance

*Der* How now Gads, what doest knowes thinkest?

*Theefe* I, I knew thee long ago

*Der* Heare you maister Captaine?

*Cap* What saist thou?

*Der* I pray you let me go home againe

*Cap* Why what wouldest thou do at home?

*Der* Marry I haue brought two shirts with me,  
And I would carry one of them home againe,  
For I am sure heele steale it from me,  
He is such a filching fellow

*Cap* I warrant thee he wil not steale it from thee,  
Come lets away

*Der* Come maister Captaine lets away,  
Come follow me

*John* Come wife, lets paist lovingly

*Wife* Farewell good husband

*Der* Fie what a kissing and crying is here?  
Sownes, do ye thinke he wil neuer come againe?  
Why Iohn come away, doest thinke that we are so base  
Minded to die among French men?  
Sownes, we know not whether they will laie  
Vs in their Church or no Come M Captain, lets away

*Cap* I cannot staie no longer, therefore come away.  
*Exeunt omnes*

*Enter the King, Prince Dolphin, and Lord  
high Constable of France*

*King.* Now my Lord high Constable,  
What say you to our Embassage into England?

*Con* And it please your Maiestie, I can say nothing,  
 Vntil my Lords Embassadois be come home,  
 But yet me thinkes your gracie hath done well,  
 To get your men in so good a readinesse,  
 For feare of the worst

*King* I my Lord we haue some in a readinesse,  
 But if the King of England make against vs,  
 We must haue thrice so many moe

*Dol* Tut my Lord, although the King of England  
 Be yoong and wild headed, yet neuer think he will  
 be so

Vnwise to make battell against the mightie King  
 of Fiance

*King* Oh my sonne, although the King of Eng-  
 land be

Yoong and wilde headed, yet neuer thinke but he is  
 rulde

By his wise Councillors

*Enter Archbyshop of Burges*

*Archb* God sauе the life of my soueraign lord the  
 king

*King* Now my good Lord Archbishop of Burges,  
 What news from our brother the English King?

*Archb* And please your Maiestie,  
 He is so fai from your expectation,  
 That nothing wil serue him but the Crowne  
 And kingdome it selfe, besides, he bad me haste  
 quickly,

Least he be there before me, and so far as I heare,  
 He hath kept promise, for they say, he is alreadie  
 landed

At Kidcocks in Normandie, vpon the Riuier of Sene,  
 And laid his siege to the Garrison Towne of Harflew

*King* You have made great haste in the meane  
 time,  
 Haue you not?

*Dol* I pray you my Lord, how did the King of England take my presents?

*Aichb* Truly my Lord, in very ill part,  
For these you balles of leather,  
He will tosse you balles of brass and yron  
Trust me my Loid, I was verie affraide of him,  
He is such a hautie and high minded Prince,  
He is as fierce as a Lyon

*Con* Tush, we wil make him as tame as a Lambe,  
I warant you

*Enters a Messenger*

*Mess* God sauе the mightie King of Fiance

*King* Now Messenger, what newes?

*Mess* And it please you Maestie,  
I come from your poore distressed Towne of Harflew,  
Which is so beset on euery side,  
If your Maestie do not send present aide,  
The Towne will be yeelded to the English King

*King* Come my Lords, come, shall we stand still  
Till our Country be spoyled vnder our noses?  
My Lords, let the Normanes, Brabants, Pickardies,  
And Danes, be sent for with all spéede  
And you my Lord high Constable, I make Generall  
Ouer all my whole Aymie  
Monsieur le Colle, Maister of the Boas,  
Signior Deuens, and all the rest, at your appointment

*Dol* I trust your Maestie will bestow,  
Some part of the Battell on me,  
I hope not to present any otherwise then well

*King* I tell thée my sonne,  
Although I shoule get the victoiy, and thou lose thy life,  
I shoule thinke my selfe quite conquered,  
And the English men to haue the victoie  
*Dol* Why my Lord and father,

I would haue the pette king of England to know,  
That I dare encounter him in any ground of the world

*King* I know well my sonne,  
But at this time I will haue it thus  
Therefore come away

*Euenct omnes*

*Enters Henry the fifth, with his Lords*

*Hen V* Come my Lords of England,  
No doubt this good lucke of winning this Towne,  
Is a signe of an honourable victorie to come  
But good my Lord, go and speake to the Captaines  
With all sped, to number the hoast of the Fiench  
men,  
And by that meanes we may the better know  
How to appoint the battell

*Yorke* And it please your Majestie,  
There are many of your men sick and diseased,  
And many of them die for want of victuals

*Hen V* And why did you not tell me of it before?  
If we cannot haue it for money,  
We will haue it by dint of sword,  
.The lawe of Armes allow no lesse

*Oxf* I beseech your grace, to graunt me a boone

*Hen V* What is that my good Lord?

*Oxf* That your grace would give me the  
Euantgard in the battell

*Hen V* Trust me my Lord of Oxford, I cannot  
For I haue alreadie giuen it to my vnc[le] y<sup>e</sup> Duke of  
Yorke,  
Yet I thanke you for your good will.

*A Trumpet soundes*

How now, what is that?

*Yorke* I thinke it be some Herald of Armes

*Enters a Herald*

*Her* King of England, my Lord high Constable,

And others of the Noble men of Fiance,  
Sends me to defie thee, as open enemy to God,  
Our Countrey, and vs, and heireupon,  
They presently bid thee battell

*Hen V* Herald tell them, that I defie them,  
As open enemies to God, my Countrey, and me,  
And as wion[g]full vsurpers of my ight  
And whereas thou saist they presently bid me battell  
Tell them that I thinke they knowe how to please me  
But I pray thee what place hath my lord Prince Dol-  
phin

Here in battell

*Her* And it please your grace,  
My Lord and King his father,  
Will not let him come into the field

*Hen V* Why then he doth me great iniurie,  
I thought that he & I shuld haue plaide at tennis  
together,  
Therefore I haue brought tennis balles for him,  
But other maner of ones then he sent me  
And Herald, tell my Lord Prince Dolphyn,  
That I haue inured my hāds with other kind of  
weapons

Then tennis balles, ere this tyme a day,  
And that he shall finde it, ere it be long,  
And so adue my friend  
And tell my Lord that I am readie when he will

*Exit Herald*  
Come my Lords, I care not and I go to our Captaines,  
And ile sée the number of the French army my selfe  
Strike up the Drumme

*Exeunt omnes*

*Enter French Souldiers*

1. *Soul* Come away Jack Drummer, come away  
all,  
And me will tel you, what me wil doo,

Me wil tro one chance on the dice,  
 Who shall haue the king of England and his lords  
 2. Soul Come away Iacke Dummer,  
 And tro your chance, and lay downe your Drumme

*Enter Drummier*

*Drum* Oh the braue apparel that the English mans  
 Hay broth ouer, I will tel you what

Me ha donne, me ha prouided a hundredth trunkes,  
 And all to put the fine parel of the English mans in

1. Soul What do thou meane by trunkea (*sic*)?

2. Soul A shest man, a hundred shests

1. Soul Awee, awee, awee, Me wil tel you what,  
 Me ha put fие children out of my house,  
 And all too litle to put the fine apparel of the  
 English mans in

*Drum* Oh the braue, the braue apparel that we  
 Haue anon, but come, and you shall see what we wil  
 tro

At the kings Drummer and Fife,  
 Ha, me ha no good lucke, tro you

3. Soul Faith me wil tro at y<sup>e</sup> Earle of Northum  
 berland

And my Lord a Willowby, with his great horse,  
 Snorting, fainting, oh braue horse

1. Soul Ha, bui Ladie you ha reasonable good  
 lucke,

Now I wil tro at the king himselfe,  
 Ha, me haue no good lucke

*Enters a Capteine*

*Cap* How now what make you here,  
 So farre from the Campe?

2. Soul Shal me tel our captain, what we haue done  
 here?

*Drum.* Awée, awée

*Exeunt Drum and one Souldier*

*2 Soul* I wil tel you what whe haue doune,  
We haue bene troing on shance on the Dice,  
But none can win the king

*Cap* I thinke so, why he is left behind for me,  
And I haue set thiée or fourie chaire-makers a worke,  
To make a new disguised chaire to set that womanly  
King of England in, that all the people may laugh  
And scoffe at him

*2 Soul* Oh braue Captaine

*Cap* I am glad, and yet with a kindle of pitie,  
To see the poore king

Why, who euer saw a more flourishing armie in France  
In one day, then here is? Are not here all the Péées  
of France?

Are not here the Normans with their ffe hand-  
Gunnes, and slaunching Curtleaxes?

Are not here the Barbaians with their bard hoises,  
And lanching speares?

Are not here Pickardes with their ciosbowes & pierc-  
ing Dartes

The Henues with their cutting Glaues, and sharpe  
Carbuckles

Are not here the Lance knights of Burgondie?  
And on the other side, a site of poore English scabs?  
Why take an English man out of his warme bed  
And his stale drinke, but one moneth,  
And alas what wil become of him?  
But gue the Frenchman a Reddish roote,  
And he wil hue with it all the dayes of his life

*Exit*

*2 Soul* Oh the braue apparel that we shall haue of  
the English mans *Exit*

*Enters the king of England, and his Lords*

*Hen. V* Come my Lords and fellows of armes,  
What company is there of the French men?

*Oxf.* And if please your Maiestie,

Our Captaines haue numbled them,  
And so neare as they can iudge,  
They are about threescore thousand horsemen,  
And fotie thousand footemen

*Hen V* They threescore thousand,  
And we but two thousand  
They threescore thousand footemen,  
And we twelue thousand  
They are a hundred thousand,  
And we fortie thousand, ten to one  
My Loids and louing Countrey men,  
Though we be fewer, and they many,  
Feare not, your quanel is good, and God wil defend  
you

Plucke vp your hearts, for this day we shall either  
haue  
A valiant victorie, or a honourable death  
Now my Loids, I wil that my vncle the Duke of  
Yorke,

Haue the auantgard in the battell  
The Earle of Darby, the Earle of Oxford,  
The Earle of Kent, the Earle of Nottingham,  
The Earle of Huntington, I wil haue beside the army,  
That they may come fresh vpon them  
And I my selfe with the Duke of Bedfورد,  
The Duke of Clarence and the Duke of Gloster,  
Wil be in the midst of the battell  
Furthermore, I wil that my Lord of Willowby,  
And the Earle of Northumberland,  
With their troupes of horsemen, be cōtinually running  
like Wings on both sides of the army  
My Lord of Northumberland, on the left wing  
Then I wil that euery archer prouide him a stake of  
A trée, and sharpe it at both endes,  
And at the first encounter of the horsemen,  
To pitch their stakes downe into the ground before  
them,

That they may gore themselues vpon them,  
And then to recoyle backe, and shoote wholly alto  
gither,

And so discomfit them

*Oxf* And it please your Majestie,  
I wil take that in charge, if your grace be therewith  
cōtent

*Hen V* With all my heart, my good Lord of  
Oxford

And go and prouide quickly

*Oxf* I thanke your highnesse *Exit*

*Hen V* Well my Lords, our battels are ordeined,  
And the Fiench making of bonfires, and at their  
bankets,  
But let them looke, for I meane to set vpon them

*The Trumpet soundes*  
Soft, here comes some other French message

*Enters Her auld*

*Her* King of England, my Lord high Constable,  
And other of my Lords, considering the poore estate  
of thee

And thy poore Countrey men,  
Sends me to know what thou wilt glue for thy ran-  
some?

Perhaps thou maist agrée better cheape now,  
Then when thou art conquered

*Hen V* Why then belike your high Constable,  
Sends to know what I wil glue for my ransom?  
Now trust me Herald, not so much as a tun of ten-  
nis-bals

No not so much as one poore tennis-ball,  
Rather shall my bodie lie dead in the field to feed  
crowes,

Then euer England shall pay one penny ransom  
For my bodie

*Her* A kingly resolution.

*Hen V* No Herald, tis a kingly resolution,  
 And the resolution of a king  
 Here take this for thy paines                           *Exit Herald*  
 But stay my Lords, what time is it?

*All* P'rime my Lord

*Hen V* Then is it good time no doubt,  
 For all England praieth for vs  
 What my Lords, me thinks you looke cheerfully  
 vpon me?

Why then with one voice and like true English hearts,  
 With me throw vp your caps, and for England,  
 Cry S George, and God and S George helpe vs

*Strike Drummer, Exeunt omnes*

*The Frenchmen criue within, S Dennis, S Dennis,*  
*Mount Joy, S Dennis*

*The Battell*

*Enters King of England, and his Lords*

*Hen V* Come my Lords come, by this time our  
 Swords are almost drunke with French blood,  
 But my Lords, which of you can tell me how many  
 of our

Army be slaine in the battell?

*Oxf* And it please your Majestie,  
 There are of the French armie slaine  
 Aboue ten thousand, twentie sixe hundred  
 Whereof are Princes and Nobles bearing banners  
 Besides, all the Nobilitie of France are taken prisoners  
 Of your Majesties Armie, are slaine none but the  
 good

Duke of Yorke, and not aboue ffe or six and twentie  
 Common souldiers

*Hen. V* For the good Duke of Yorke my vnckle,  
 I am heartily sorie, and greatly lament his misfortune,  
 Yet the honourable victorie which the Lord hath  
 giuen vs,

Doth make me much ieloyce    But staie,  
Here comes another French message

[Sound Trumpet]

*Enters a Herald and kneeleth*

*Her* God sauе the life of the most mightie Con-  
queror,

The honourable king of England

*Hen V* Now Herald, me thinks the world is  
changed

With you now, what I am sure it is a great disgrace  
for a

Herald to kneele to the king of England,  
What is thy message?

*Her* My Lord & maister, the conquered king of  
Fiance,

Sends thee long health, with heartie greeting

*Hen V* Herald, his greetings are welcome,  
But I thanke God for my health

Well Herald, say on

*Her* He hath sent me to desire your Maiestie,  
To glie him leauе to go into the field to view his  
poore

Countrymen, that they may all be honourably buried

*Hen V* Why Herald, doth thy Lord and maister  
Send to me to burie the dead?

Let him bury them a Gods name.

But I pray thee Herald, where is my Lord hie Con-  
stable,

And those that would haue had my ransome?

*Her.* And it please your maiestie,  
He was slaine in the battell

*Hen V* Why you may sée, you will make your  
selues

Sure before the victorie be wonne, but Herald,  
What Castle is this so néere adioyning to oue Campe?

*Her* And it please your Maiestie,  
Tis cald the Castle of Agincourt

*Hen V* Well then my lords of England,  
For the more honouer of our English men,  
I will that this be for euer cald the battell of Agin-  
court

*Her* And it please you! Maiestie,  
I haue a further message to deliuer to your Maiestie

*Hen V* What is that Heiald? say on

*Her* And it please your Maiestie, my Lord and  
maister,  
Craues to parley with your Maiestie

*Hen V* With a good will, so some of my Nobles  
View the place for feare of trecherie and treason

*Her* Your grace needs not to doubt that

*Hen V* Well, tell him then, I will come

*Exit Herald*

Now my lords, I will go into the field my selfe,  
'To view my country men, and to haue them honourably  
Buried, for the French King shall neuer surpassee me in  
Curtesie, while I am Harry King of England  
Come on my lords

*Exeunt omnes*

*Enters John Cobler and Robbin Pewter*

*Robin* Now Iohn Cobler,  
Didst thou see how the King did behaue himselfe?

*John* But Robin, didst thou see what a pollicie  
The King had, to see how the French men were kild  
With the stakes of the trées

*Robin* I Iohn, there was a braue pollicie

*Enters an English Souldier roming*

*Soul* What are you my maisters?

*Both* Why we be English men

*Soul* Are you English men, then change your lan-  
guage

For all the Kings Tents are set a fire,  
And all they that speake English will be kild

*John* What shall we do Robin? faith ile shifft,  
For I can speake broken French

*Robin* Faith so can I, lets heare how thou canst  
speak

*John* Commodeuales Monsieu!

*John* Thats well, come lets be gone.

*Drum and Trumpet sounds*

*Enter's Derick roming After him a Frenchman, and takes him prisoner*

*Der* O good Mounseir

*French* Come, come, you villeaco

*Der* O I will sii, I will

*French* Come quickly you pesant

*Der* I will sir, what shall I gue you?

*French* Mariy, thou shalt gue me,  
One, to, tre, foure, hundred Crownes

*Der* Nay sir, I will gue you more,  
I will gue you as many crowns as will lie on your sword

*French* Wilt thou gue me as many crowns  
As will lie on my sword?

*Der* I marnie will I, but you must lay downe your Sword, or else they will not lie on your sword.

*Here the Frenchman layes downe his sword, and the clowne takes it vp, and hurles him downe*

*Der* Thou villaine, darest thou looke vp?

*French* O good Mounsier comparteue  
Monsieur pardon me

*Der* O you villaine, now you lie at my mercie,  
Doest thou remember since thou lambst me in thy short el?

O villaine, now I will strike off thy head

*Here whiles he turnes his back, the Frenchman runnes his wayes.*

*Der* What is he gone, masse I am glad of it,  
 For if he had staid, I was afraid he wold haue sturd  
 again,  
 And then I should haue bēene spilt,  
 But I will away, to kill more Frenchmen

*Enters King of France, King of England, and  
 attendants*

*Hen V.* Now my good brother of France,  
 My comming into this land was not to shead blood,  
 But for the right of my Countrey, which if you can  
 deny,

I am content peaceably to leaue my siege,  
 And to depart out of your land.

*Char.* What is it you demand,  
 My louing brother of England

*Hen V.* My Secretary hath it written, read it

*Sec.* Item, that immediately Henry of England  
 Be crowned King of France

*Char.* A very hard sentence,  
 My good brother of England

*Hen V.* No more but right, my good brother of  
 France

*Fr King* Well, read on

*Sec.* Item, that after the death of the said Henry,  
 The Crowne remaine to him and his heires for euer

*Fr King* Why then you do not onely meane to  
 Dispossesse me, but also my sonne

*Hen V.* Why my good brother of France,  
 You haue had it long inough  
 And as for Prince Dolphin,  
 It skils not though he sit beside the saddle  
 Thus I haue set it downe, and thus it shall be

*Fr. King* You are very peremptorie,  
 My good brother of England

*Hen V.* And you as peruerse, my good brother of  
 France.

*Char* Why then belike, all that I haue here is  
yours

*Hen V* I euen as far as the kingdom of France  
reaches

*Char* I for by this hote beginning,  
We shall scarce bring it to a calme ending

*Hen V* It is as you please, here is my resolution

*Char* Well my brother of England,  
If you will, gue me a copie,  
We will meet you againe to-morow

*Exit King of France, and all their attendants*

*Hen V* With a good will my good brother of  
France

Secretary deliuier him a coppie  
My lords of England goe before,  
And I will follow you

*Exeunt Lords Speaks to himselfe*

*Hen V* Ah Harry, thrice vnhappy Hairy  
Hast thou now conquered the French King,  
And begins a flesh supply with his daughter,  
But with what face canst thou seeke to gaine her loue,  
Which hast sought to win her fathers Cowne?  
Her fathers Cowne said I, no it is mine owne  
I but I loue hei, and must craue her,  
Nay I loue her and will haue her.

*Enters Lady Katheren and her Ladies.*

But here she comes.

How now faire Ladie Katheren of France,  
What newes?

*Katheren* And it please your Maiestie,  
My father sent me to know if you will debate any of  
these

Vnreasonable demands which you require

*Hen V* Now trust me Kate,  
I command thy fathers wit greatly in this,

For none in the world could sooner haue made me  
debate it

If it were possible

But tell me swēete Kate, canst thou tell how to loue?

*Kate* I cannot hate my good Lord,  
Therefore far vnfit were it for me to loue

*Hen V* Tush Kate, but tell me in plaine termes,  
Canst thou loue the King of England?  
I cannot do as these Countries do,  
That spend halfe their time in wroing  
Tush wench, I am none such,  
But wilt thou go ouer to England?

*Kate* I would to God, that I had your Maiestie,  
As fast in loue, as you haue my father in warres,  
I would not vouchsafe so much as one looke,  
Vntill you had related all these vnonreasonable de-  
mands

*Hen V* Tush Kate, I know thou wouldest not vse  
me so hardily

But tell me, canst thou loue the King of England?

*Kate* How should I loue him, that hath dealt so  
hardly

With my father?

*Hen V* But ile deale as easily with thee,  
As thy heart can imagine, or tongue can require,  
How saist thou, what will it be?

*Kate* If I were of my owne direction,  
I could giue you answere.  
But sēeing I stand at my fathers direction,  
I must first know his will.

*Hen V* But shal I haue thy good wil in the mean  
season?

*Kate*. Whereas I can put your grace in no assur-  
ance,

I would be loth to put you in any dispaire

*Hen V* Now before God, it is a sweete wench.

*She goes aside, and speaks as followeth*

*Kat* I may thinke my selfe the happiest in the world,

That is beloued of the mighty King of England

*Hen V* Well Kate, are you at haost with me?  
Swéete Kate, tel thy father from me,

That none in the world could sooner haue perswaded  
me to

It then thou, and so tel thy father from me

*Kate* God kéepe your Maiestie in good health

*Exit Kat*

*Hen V* Farwel swéet Kate, in faith it is a swéet  
wench,

But if I knew I could not haue her fathers good wil,  
I would so rowse the Towers ouer his eales,  
That I would make him be glad to bring hei me,  
Vpon his hands and knées

*Exit King*

*Enters Dericke with his girdle full of shooes*

*Der* How now? Sownes it did me good to see how  
I did triumph ouer the French men

*Enters John Cobler rousing, with a packe full  
of apparell*

*John* Whoope Dericke, how doest thou?

*Der.* What Iohn, Comedeuales, aliue yet

*John.* I promise thée Dericke, I scapte hardly,  
For I was within halfe a mile when one was kild

*Der* Were you so?

*John* I trust me, I had like bene slaine

*Der* But once kild, why it is nothing,

I was foure or fife times slaine

*John* Foure or fife times slaine

Why how couldst thou haue béene aliue now?

*Der.* O Iohn, neuer say so,

For I was cald the bloodie souldier amongst them all

*John.* Why what didst thou?

*Der* Why, I will tell thée Iohn,

Euery day when I went into the field,  
 I would take a straw, and thrust it into my nose,  
 And make my nose bléed, and then I wold go into  
 the field,  
 And when the Captaine saw me, he would say,  
 Peace a bloodie souldier, and bid me stand aside,  
 Whereof I was glad  
 But marke the chance Iohn  
 I went and stood behinde a tree, but marke then  
 Iohn,  
 I thought I had béne safe, but on a sodaine,  
 There steps to me a lustie tall Frenchman,  
 Now he drew, and I diew,  
 Now I lay here, and he lay there,  
 Now I set this leg before, and turned this backward,  
 And skipped quite ouer a hedge,  
 And he saw me no more there that day,  
 And was not this well done Iohn?  
*Iohn* Masse Dericke, thou hast a wittie head  
*Der* I Iohn, thou maist sée, if thou hadst taken my  
 couſel,  
 But what hast thou there?  
 I thinke thou hast bene robbing the Frenchmen  
*Iohn* I faith Dericke, I haue gotten some reparrell,  
 To carry home to my wife  
*Der* And I haue got some shooes,  
 For ile tel thee what I did, when they were dead,  
 I would go take off all theyr shooes  
*Iohn* I, but Dericke, how shall we get home?  
*Der* Nay sownds and they take thée,  
 They wil hang thée,  
 O Iohn, neuer do so, if it be thy fortune to be  
 hangd,  
 Be hangd in thy owne language whatsoeuer thou  
 doest  
*Iohn* Why Dericke the warres is done,  
 We may go home now

*Der* I but you may not go before you aske the  
king leauue,  
But I know a way to go home, and aske the king no  
leauue

*John* How is that Dericke?

*Der* Why Iohn, thou knowest the Duke of Yorke's  
Funerall must be carried into England, doest thou  
not?

*John* I that I do

*Der* Why then thou knowest wéele go with it

*John* I but Dericke, how shall we do for to méet  
them?

*Der* Sownds if I make not shift to méet them,  
hang me

Sirra, thou knowst that in euery Towne there wil  
Be ringing, and there wil be cakes and drinke,  
Now I wil go to the Claike and Sexton  
And kéepe a talking, and say, O this fellow ıngs  
well,  
And thou shalt go and take a péece of cake, then ile  
ring,  
And thou shalt say, oh this fellow kéepe a good  
stint,  
And then I will go drinke to théé all the way  
But I maruel what my dame wil say when we come  
home,  
Because we haue not a French word to cast at a  
Dog

By the way?

*John* Why what shall we do Dericke?

*Der* Why Iohn, ile go before and call my dame  
whore,

And thou shalt come after and set fire on the house,  
We may do it Iohn, for ile proue it,

Because we be souldiers      *The Trumpets sound*

*John* Dericke helpe me to carry my shooes and  
bootes

*Enters King of England, Lord of Oxford and Exeter, then the King of France, Prince Dolphin, and the Duke of Burgondie, and attendants*

*Hen V* Now my good brother of France,  
I hope by this time you haue deliberated of your  
answeire?

*Fr King* I my welbeloued brother of England,  
We haue viewed it ouer with our learned Councell,  
But cannot finde that you should be crowned  
King of France

*Hen V* What not King of France, then nothing,  
I must be King but my louing brother of France,  
I can hardly forget the late iniurie offered me,  
When I came last to pailey,  
The French men had better a raked  
The bowels out of their fathereis carkasses,  
Then to haue fiered my Tentes,  
And if I knew thy sonne Prince Dolphin for one,  
I would so rowse him, as he was neuer so rowsed

*Fr King* I dare sweare for my sonnes innocencie  
In this matter  
But if this please you, that immediately you be  
Proclaimed and crowned heire and Regent of France,  
Not King, because I my selfe was once crowned King

*Hen V* Heire and Regent of France, that is well,  
But that is not all that I must haue

*Fr King* The 1est my Secretary hath in writing  
*Sec Item,* that Henry King of England,  
Be Crowned heire and Regent of France,  
During the life of King Charles, and after his death,  
The Crowne with all lights to remaine to King Henry  
Of England, and to his heires for euer

*Hen V* Well my good brother of France,  
There is one thing I must needs desire

*Fr King* What is that my good brother of England?

*Hen V* That all your Nobles must be sworne to be  
true to me

*Fr King* Whereas they haue not stucke with  
greater

Matters, I know they wil not sticke with such a trifle,  
Begin you my Lord Duke of Burgondie

*Hen V* Come my Lord of Burgondie,  
Take your oath vpon my sword

*Bugon* I Philip Duke of Burgondie,  
Sweare to Henry King of England,  
To be true to him, and to become his league-man,  
And that if I Philip, heare of any forraigne power  
Comming to inuade the said Henry or his heires,  
'Then I the said Philip to send him word,  
And aide him with all the power I can make,  
And thereunto I take my oath *He kisseth the sword*

*Hen V* Come Prince Dolphin, you must sweare too  
*He kisseth the sword*

*Hen V* Well my brother of France,  
There is one thing more I must needs require of you,

*Fr King* Wherin is it that we may satisfie your  
Majestie?

*Hen V* A trifle my good brother of France  
I meane to make your daughter Quéene of England,  
If she be willing, and you therewith content  
How saist thou Kate, canst thou loue the King of  
England?

*Kate* How should I loue thee, which is my fathers  
enemy?

*Hen V* Tut stand not vpon these points,  
Tis you must make vs friends  
I know Kate, thou art not a litle proud, that I loue  
thée  
What wench, the King of England?

*Fr King* Daughter let nothing stand betwixt the  
King of England and thée, agrée to it

*Kate* I had best while he is willing,

Least when I would, he will not  
I rest at your Majesties commaund

*Hen V* Welcome swéet Kate, but my brother of  
France

What say you to it?

*Fr King* With all my heart I like it,  
But when shall be our wedding day?

*Hen V* The first Sunday of the next moneth,  
God willing              *Sound Trumpets*    *Exeunt omnes*



THE SECOND PART OF KING  
HENRY VI

*EDITION*

*The First Part of the Contentions betwixt the Two Famous Houses  
of Yorke and Lancaster, with the Death of the good Duke  
Humphrey And the banishment and death of the Duke of Suf-  
folke, and the Tragical end of the p[ro]oud Cardinall of Winches-  
ter, with the notable Rebellion of Iacke Cade And the Duke of  
Yorke's first claime vnto the Crowne London Printed by  
Thomas Creed, for Thomas Millington, and are to be sold at  
his shop vnder Saint Peters Church in Cornwall 1594. 4°*

## *MR HALLIWELL'S INTRODUCTION<sup>1</sup>*

—o—

ON the 2nd of April, 1798, Messrs Leigh and Sotheby, the well-known booksellers and auctioneers, were selling by auction the fourth day's division of the "curious and valuable" library of Dr Samuel Pegge, prebendary of Lichfield, and a distinguished antiquary. There was one particular lot in that day's sale which has rendered the auction an era in Shakespearean bibliography—a very small octavo volume, without covers, purchased by the author of "Caledonia" for £5, 15s 6d, and described in the sale catalogue, No 938, as "Shakespeare's true Tragedie of Richard Duke of Yorke, and the Death of good King Henrie the Sixt, Lond by P S, 1595." This little tract, so unpretendingly exhibited to competition, was no less than the *unique* copy of the play upon which the Third Part of Henry VI was founded, which fetched the enormous sum of one hundred and thirty pounds at Chalmers's sale in 1842, and concern-

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<sup>1</sup> [To the Shakespeare Society's edition, 8°, 1843. This introduction applies to the First Sketches of the Third, as well as Second, Part of Henry VI.]

ing the nature of which so much was said in the public prints at the time of its producing the above sum, at the rate of more than thiee guineas for each leaf. This inestimable treasure was acquired by the Bodleian Library, and is one of the greatest rarities of the kind in that repository. It is the second tract presented to the reader in the following pages, who is indebted to the Shakespeare Society for this attempt to make it easily and generally accessible.

This celebrated "True Tragedie" was the Second Part of the play called "The Contention between the two famous Houses of York and Lancaster," on the First Part of which is founded the Second Part of Henry VI, which is now, for the first time, reprinted from an *unique* copy of the edition of 1594, also preserved in the Bodleian Library. Thus the possessor of the present volume will have the two plays upon which are founded the Second and Third Parts of Henry VI, both printed from *unique* copies—one a small octavo, the marketable value of which is one hundred and fifty pounds, the other, a very thin, small quarto, which produced £64 several years ago, and would now probably realise more than twice that sum.

These early editions of 1594 and 1595 vary very considerably from the later impression of 1619, when they were published collectively. The amended play, in the form in which we have received it as Shakespeare's, appeared for the first time in the folio of 1623. All the various editions of the earlier drama have been collated for the notes, and will be found of some importance in a question to which I shall presently draw the reader's attention. This may be considered a part of the external evidence in the dispute concerning the exact portions of the Second and Third Parts of Henry VI, which may be attributed with safety to Shakespeare.

## I THE FIRST PART

1 "The first part of the Contention betwixt the two famous Houses of Yorke and Lancaster, with the death of the good Duke Humphrey And the banishment and death of the Duke of Suffolke, and the Tragical end of the proud Cardinall of Winchesteſ, with the notable Rebellion of Iacke Cade And the Duke of Yorkes first claime vnto the Crowne London Printed by Thomas Creed, for Thomas Millington, and aie to be sold at his shop vnder Saint Peters Chuich in Cornwall 1594"

A small quarto, containing 32 leaves, A to H in fours The present copy, which is in the Bodleian Library, belonged to Heber, and is the only one known See "Bibl Heber," vol ii, No 5479. Malone had a copy of it, and he has collated it with the second edition, marking the variations in his inlaid copy of the latter Why Malone's copy was not inlaid with the rest of his early editions does not any where appear, and Dr Bandinel, who is an excellent authority, says it was obtained improperly from Malone's possessions, and that the very one he used is that now in the Bodleian At p 33, l 19, however, occurs the word "honouring," as in the Bodleian copy, which according to Malone's collation, was "thinking" in the exemplar that belonged to him Unless, therefore, Malone made a mistaken alteration, these must have been different books, and an instance of the curious differences which sometimes occurs in various copies of the same edition See p 92 It was entered at Stationers' Hall on March 12th

2 "The First Part of the Contention betwixt the two famous houses of Yorke and Lancaster, with the death of the good Duke Humphrey And the banishment and death of the Duke of Suffolke, and the tra-

gicall end of the proud Cardinall of Winchester, with  
the notable rebellion of Iacke Cade And the Duke  
of Yorke's first clayme to the crowne London  
Printed by W W for Thomas Millington, and are to  
be sold at his shoppe vnder Saint Peters Church in  
Cornewall 1600"

A small quarto, containing 32 leaves, A to H in  
fours It was reprinted from the first edition, but  
carelessly, omitting about two dozen words necessary  
for the sense It possesses, however, a few important  
corrections This edition is very rare, and I have un-  
willingly used the Bodleian copy, which has a manu-  
script title

3 "The First Part of the Contention betwixt the  
two famous houses of Yorke and Lancaster, with the  
death of the good Duke Humphrey And the banish-  
ment and death of the Duke of Suffolke, and the  
Tragical end of the proud Cardinall of Winchester,  
with the notable Rebellion of Iacke Cade And the  
Duke of Yorke's first clayme to the Crowne Lon-  
don Printed by Valentine Simmes for Thomas Mill-  
ington, and are to be sold at his shop vnder S Peters  
church in Cornewall 1600"

This is the same impression as the preceding, ex-  
cepting a very few trifling literal variations of no  
importance, with a different titlepage The only  
copy known is in the library of Trinity College, Cam-  
bridge, which is *areλ*, having only the first 25 leaves,  
and concluding with the first leaf of Sig. G This  
edition is not mentioned by Lowndes, or any bibliog-  
rapher

## II THE TRUE TRAGEDIE.

1 "The True Tragedie of Richard Duke of Yorke,  
and the death of good King Henrie the Sixt, with the  
whole contention betweene the two houses Lancaster

and Yorke, as it was sundrie times acted by the Right Honourable the Earle of Pembroke his seruantes Printed at London by P S for Thomas Millington,  
*and are to be sold at his shoppe vnder Saint Peters Church in Cornwal 1595*"

A small octavo, containing 40 leaves, A to E in eights Owing to its being printed with a narrow page, the metre is often destroyed by the concluding words of one line being inserted in the beginning of the subsequent This is corrected, in a great measure, in the succeeding impressions Very few early plays are printed in this size, and so natural is it to consider nearly the whole of this class of literature as a race of small quartos, that although Mr Knight in one place very correctly describes the present volume as "a small octavo," yet he afterwards refers to it as "the *quarto* of 1595" On a fly-leaf, Chalmers has written the following note — "This very rare volume, of which no other copy is known to exist, was purchased by Mr Chalmers at Dr Pegge's sale in 1796 [?] It was then unbound, as it had been neglected by the Doctor, who was unaware of its great value By an oversight of Mr Malone, and a singular mistake of Mr Steevens, Mr Chalmers obtained it easily for £5, 15s 6d, without much competition, and Steevens was enraged to find that it had gone for less than a fifth of what he would have given for it" On the top of the title-page some one has inscribed the name of Shakespeare, which is not of much authority in the question of authorship, if it was written, as Dr Bandinel says it was, by Dr Pegge

2 "The True Tragedie of Richarde Duke of Yorke, and the death of good King Henrie the sixt With the whole contention betweene the two Houses, Lancaster and Yorke, as it was sundry times acted by the Right Honourable the Earle of Pembroke his seruantes Printed at London by W W for Thomas

Millington, and are to be sold at his shoppe vnder  
Saint Petes Chuich in Cornwall. 1600 "

A small quarto, containing 32 leaves, A to H in fours Malone mentions an edition of this date printed by Valentine Simmes See his "Shakespeare," by Boswell, xviii 363, 543 Malone says that Pavier's edition of 1619 was printed from this one, but I apprehend he has merely followed Capell's more general assertion that Pavier reprinted from the copies of 1600 I have not succeeded in finding any evidence of the existence of an edition of "The True Tragedie" printed by Valentine Simmes, for Malone confesses he has never seen a copy, although it is very possible that such a one may have been published

3 "The Whole Contention betweene the two Famous Houses, Lancaster and Yorke With the Tragical ends of the good Duke Humfrey, Richard Duke of Yorke, and King Henrie the sixt Diuided into two Parts And newly corrected and enlarged Writen by William Shakespeare, Gent Printed at London, for T P"

A small quarto, containing 64 leaves, A to Q in fours This contains the "First part of the Contention," as well as "The true Tragedie" T P. was Thomas Pavier, the publisher of other plays This edition has no date, but it is ascertained to have been printed in or about 1619 by the signatures. The last signature of Pavier's edition is Q, and the first signature of the text of "Pericles," 4° Lond 1619, for the same bookseller, is R, and on the recto of sig I of this play, where the Second Part commences, is the same device as on the first page of that edition of Pericles The Second Part has no separate title-page, but is introduced as "The Second Part Containing the Tragedie of Richard Duke of Yorke, and the Good King Henrie the Sixt"

Pavier's edition was reprinted by Steevens in 1766,

and in general with accuracy,<sup>1</sup> although he has not considered it necessary to follow the rigid system I have pursued in the reprints now presented to the reader. Mistakes and peculiarities of all kinds I have retained as they stand in the original, capital letters, hyphens, punctuation, &c in all these particulars I have endeavoured to give as faithful a copy of the originals as I possibly could. The collations will be found in the notes, and with these a little judgment would form as good a text as could probably be made with the materials that have descended to our use.

In the books of the Stationers' Company, we have the following entries relative to these plays:

" 12 March 1593-4

"Tho Millington] A booke intituled the firste parte of the contention of the twoo famous Houses of York and Lancastei, with the Deathe of the good Duke Humphrey and the Banishment and Deathe of the Duke of *Syf* and the tragical Ende of the proud Cardinall of Winchester, with the notable rebellion of Jack Cade and the Duke of Yorks first clayme unto the Crowne

" 19 April 1602

"Tho Pavie] By assignment from Tho Millington, *salso jure cuiuscunque*, the 1st and 2nd parts of Henry the VI ij books"

The last entry is a mistake for the First and Second Parts of the "Contention," and we accordingly find that when Blount and Jaggard, in 1623, inserted a list of Shakespeare's plays "as are not formerly entered

<sup>1</sup> Steevens's reprints are excellently made, and the mistakes of importance do not average more than three or four in each play. I suspect that his successors have not improved. The Percy Society's reprint of "Kind-Harts Dreame" contains above one hundred and thirty errors, some of a portentous kind, yet it is but a small tract, not so long as one of Shakespeare's plays. It is almost impossible to prevent occasional mistakes.

to other men," they omitted the first and second parts of *Henry VI*, and only inserted "The Thirde Parte of Heniy the Sixt." In the same way, we find they did not insert "*King John*" in the same list, although there is no reason to suppose that any copy of that play in its present form had previously been entered. The probable inference is, that the list was hastily compiled from the previous entries. Millington, it appears, kept possession of the "Whole Contention," as Pavier afterwards called it, till 1602. There seems something mysterious in the words, "salvo juris cujus-cunque," and it may be asked why Pavier kept them so long without a republication, if the date of 1619 be correct. The entry is, however, important, for it clearly shows that, as early as 1602, the present title of "*Henry VI*" had superseded the older one.

I have called these plays "The First Sketches of the Second and Third Parts of *Henry VI*," but it is a question with the critics whether Shakespeare was their author, or whether he merely borrowed from some older dramatist.

The external evidence is in favour of Malone's theory, that Shakespeare was *not* the author of the two plays here reprinted. They appear to have been, as I have said, in the hands of Millington till 1602, and they were then transferred to Pavier, who retained them till 1626. Millington and Pavier managed between them to monopolise nearly the whole of Shakespeare's disputed plays. Thus Millington had the "First Part of the Contention," the "Chronicle History," and the "True Tragedie," which he transferred to Pavier in 1600 and 1602. In addition to these, Pavier also had "*Sir John Oldcastle*," "*Titus Andronicus*," "*The Yorkshire Tragedy*," "*The Puritan*," and "*Pericles*," all of which seem to be suspicious plays, to say the least of them. Again,

Millington, who published these plays in 1594, 1595, and 1600, did not put the name of Shakespeare to them, though it would have been for his advantage to have done so. After the year 1598, none of the undisputed plays of Shakespeare were published without having his name conspicuously inserted on the title,<sup>1</sup> and only three were ever published without his name, two in 1597, and one in 1598, although, between the years 1598 and 1655, forty-four quarto editions appeared with the authorship clearly announced. In 1600, when Millington published the Two Parts of the "Contention" without Shakespeare's name, six undisputed plays were published with his name, and seven disputed plays<sup>2</sup> without, but Pavier was afterwards bolder, and, out of the twenty-four editions of the disputed plays published between the years 1591 and 1635, we find eight with Shakespeare's name. This, however, was after 1609. The probability, therefore, is that the First Part of the "Contention," and the "True Tragedy," were published piratically, and altogether without Shakespeare's authority, if he had any share in them. In 1626, Pavier assigned to Edward Brewster and Robert Birde his right in the disputed plays, and we hear again of the two parts of the "Contention," for the last time, on November 8, 1630, as "Yorke and Lancaster," when they were assigned to Richard Cotes "by Mr Bird and consent of a full court."

The first edition of the "True Tragedy" does not

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<sup>1</sup> I except the early editions of "Romeo and Juliet," and the first edition of "Hamlet," for these are not perfect copies, and, in all probability, were published piratically.

<sup>2</sup> Copies of "Sir John Oldcastle," 1600, as Mr Collier informs us, are also found with Shakespeare's name on the title-page, as well as without. This would seem to show that the name of our great dramatist could not always be used indiscriminately.

appeal to have been entered at Stationers' Hall, and it is probable that there is a secret history attached to its publication that remains to be unravelled. The first thing that strikes us is its title, and the reason why it was not published as the "Second Part of the Contention" till 1619. It will be remarked that the title-page affirms it to contain "the whole contention." Could this have been done for the purpose of deception? We may, however, infer that the amended plays appeared after 1595, and before 1602, or it is probable that the old titles would not have been retained. Perhaps, however, the same argument holds with respect to the edition of 1600, and this would place the date of the amended plays within a very narrow compass. There are some reasons for thinking that the Third Part of Henry VI, in the form in which we now have it, was written before 1598,<sup>1</sup> as, in one of the stage-directions in the first folio, we have Gabriel, an actor, introduced, who, according to Mr Collier, was killed by Ben Jonson in the September of that year. The Thurd Part of Henry VI also introduces Sinklo, another actor, in a similar manner, who performed in Tarlton's play of the "Seven Deadly Sins,"<sup>2</sup> and who

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<sup>1</sup> It may one day be found that the allusion to enclosures at Melford is valuable in the question of the chronology of the earlier dramas. It is not unlikely that a dramatist may have alluded to the popular dissatisfaction which enclosures generally produce. The particular allusion may, perhaps, be discovered. As early as 1549, there had been disturbances in that part of the country in consequence of enclosures, but, as I am kindly informed by Mr Almack, of Melford, there is no local tradition respecting it, nor do the parish books, although very ancient, contain anything to the purpose. Perhaps the place is not included in the satire.

<sup>2</sup> Harvey, in his, "Four Letters," 1592, says that Nash's "Pieice Penilesse" was not "dunscially botched vp, but right-formally conueied, according to the stile and tenour of Tarletons president, his famous play of the seauen Deadly sinnes which

probably, therefore, did not survive the year 1598. It is reasonable to suppose that the editors of the first folio used copies transcribed when those actors performed.

The constant offences against grammar which occur in these early copies may perhaps be another proof that they were not published by authority. For the reasons I have previously stated, very little doubt can be entertained of the fact that Pavier's copies of the older plays were piratically published, and Shakespeare's name was *for the first time* appended to them in 1619, and not in 1600, probably because the poet was not alive to protect his interests, and in the latter case because he did not acknowledge them for his own. I will now place before the reader certain evidences, before unnoticed, which lead me to think that neither Malone, nor Knight, nor Collier, are exactly right in the results to which they have arrived concerning the authorship of the Second and Third Parts of *Henry VI*.

In a literary point of view, the first edition of the "First Part of the Contention" is far more valuable than the first edition of the "True Tragedy," and considering that both are in the same library, it seems rather strange that Mr Knight should have collated the Second Part, and left the more valuable copy

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most deadly, but most lively playe, I might haue seene in London, and was verie gently invited thereunto at Oxford, by Tarleton himselfe." Nash, in his "Apologie," 1593, angrily denies any similarity between his book and Tarleton's play. The original "platt of the secound Paite of the Seven Deadlie Sinns" is given in Malone's Shakespeare by Boswell, in 348. The exact date of Tailton's death is not known, but in the parish register of St Leonard, Shoreditch, for 1588, we have the following entry "Richauid Tarelton was buryed the third of September." It also appears from the same register that his residence was in "Haliwel Street," so called from a famous well in the neighbourhood, but is now generally known as High Street, Shoreditch.

Perhaps, however, this remark is not necessary, nor should I have alluded to the circumstance, had not Mr Knight written so extensively concerning these plays, that a reasonable doubt might be raised as to where new evidences, properly so called, could exist. To proceed. In the two first editions of "The First Part of the Contention," 1594 and 1600, act 1, sc 2, we read—

"This night when I was laid in bed, I dreamp't that  
 This, my staff, mine office-badge in court,  
 Was broke in two, and on the ends were plac'd  
 The heads of the Cardinal of Winchester,  
 And William de la Poole, first duke of Suffolk."

This speech, in the edition of 1619, the only one used by Mr Knight, stands thus

"This night when I was laid in bed, I dreamt  
 That this my staff, mine office badge in court,  
 Was broke in *twain*, *by whom*, I cannot guess  
*But, as I think, by the cardinal* *What it bodes*  
*God knows*, and on the ends were plac'd  
 The heads of *Edmund Duke of Somerset*,  
 And William de la Poole, first duke of Suffolk."

Now let the reader carefully compare these different texts with the passage as corrected in the amended play.

Methought this staff, mine office-badge in court,  
 Was broke in *twain*, *by whom*, I have forgot,  
 But as I think, it was by the cardinal,  
 And on the pieces of the broken wand  
 Were plac'd the heads of Edmund duke of Somerset,  
 And William de la Poole, first duke of Suffolk,  
 This was my dream what it doth bode God knows"

The words in *italics* in the second quotation are those which are common to the editions of 1619 and 1623, but are not found in the earlier impressions of 1594 and 1600. We have thus *an intermediate composition* between the edition of 1594 and the amended play. It will be at once seen that these differences

cannot be the result of emendation, in the way that we account for the differences of the second folio I will produce another and a stronger instance In act 1, sc 2, the edition of 1594 has these two lines

"But ere it be long, I'll go before them ill,  
Despite of all that seek to cross me thus."

Instead of these two lines, we have a different speech an elaboration of the other two—

"I'll come after you, for I cannot go before  
As long as *Gloster bears this base and numb'red mind*  
*Were I a man, and Protector, as he is*  
I'd reach to th' crown, or make some hop ~~and~~  
*And being but a woman, I'll not [be] behind*  
For playing of my part, in spite of ill  
That seek to cross me thus"

Again, compare these versions with the amended play

"Follow I must I cannot go before,  
While Gloster bears this base and humble mind  
Were I a man, a duke, and next of blood,  
I would remove these tedious stumbling blocks,  
And smooth my way upon their headless necks  
And, being a woman, I will not be slack  
To play my part in fortune's pageant"

Here, perhaps, is a still stronger evidence of an intermediate composition, and others of like importance may be seen from the notes But more than this, the genealogy in act ii, sc 2, in the edition of 1594, is entirely different from that given in the edition of 1619, and this latter very nearly corresponds with the amended play It seems from these instances, that it will be a difficult matter to ascertain what really belongs to the first original play. I am inclined to think that there is a good deal of what may be termed the amended play in the two parts of the "Contention," and, although the evidence to my mind is so strong that Shakespeare was not the author of the whole of these plays, yet it appears little less

than absurd to form an arithmetical computation of what was written by Shakespeare, and what was the work of the author of the original dramas

There are so many passages in the two plays now reprinted, that seem almost beyond the power of any of Shakespeare's predecessors or contemporaries, perhaps even not excepting Marlowe, that as one method of explaining away the difficulties which attend a belief in Malone's theory, my conjecture that when these plays were printed in 1594 and 1595, *they included the first additions which Shakespeare made to the originals*, does not seem improbable, borne out, as it is, by an examination of the early editions. If I am so far correct, we have yet to discover the originals of the two parts of the "Contention," as well as that of *i Henry VI*. The well-known passage in Greene's "Groatsworth of Wit" proves that Shakespeare was the author of the line

"O ! tiger's heart, wrap'd in a woman's hide,"

before September 3, 1592, and the angry allusion to the "upstart crow, beautified with our feathers," may be best explained by supposing that Shakespeare had then superseded the older play, in which perhaps Greene may have had some very small share. The attempt to generalise this passage fails, for Greene is speaking of Shakespeare as a writer, not as an actor, a point which Mr Knight does not sufficiently consider. But that Greene "parodies a line of his own," as the other critics tell us, is assuming a power in Greene of penning the speech in which that line occurs, and it is only necessary to compare that speech with others in Greene's acknowledged plays, to be convinced that he was not equal to anything of the kind.

When Greene calls our great dramatist "in his own conceit the only Shake-scene in a country," it is

scarcely possible that he could allude to Shakespeare's power of dramatic arrangement, yet the words imply something of the kind, and we may wish to believe they really do. The notice just quoted is the earliest introduction of Shakespeare in the printed literature of this country, and so valuable an authority is it, that it is unfortunate any dispute or doubt should arise relative to its meaning. That the address in which it is inserted excited much attention at the time, is told by more than one authority,<sup>1</sup> and it probably proved a source of considerable vexation to Shakespeare himself, for shortly after its publication we find Chettle, who edited Greene's tract, apologising for the insertion of the offensive passage. Nash also calls it, "a scald, trivial, lying, pamphlet," but there is no reason for supposing that the last epithet was applied to the part now under consideration. Chettle is enthusiastic. We may believe that he became acquainted with Shakespeare after the publication of Greene's work, and before the appearance of "Kind-Hart's Dreame." He tells us that Shakespeare was "excellent in the quality he professes," that is, as an actor, and had, moreover, a "facetious grace in writing, that approves his art"<sup>1</sup>. This was in No-

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<sup>1</sup> And by none more clearly than a curious tract, entitled "Greenes Newes both from Heaven and Hell Prohibited the first for writing of Bookes, and banished out of the last for dis- playing of Connycatchers Commended to the Presse By B R At London, Printed, Anno Domini 1593," containing 31 leaves, A to H 3, in fours. This is not by Greene, as Mr Dyce supposes, but perhaps by Barnaby Rich. As authoress at that time frequently transposed their initials, if this book were by the same person who wrote "Greene's Funeralls," 1594, these two were perhaps those alluded to in Barnefield's "Cynthia," 12mo Lond 1595 "Howsoever vndeseruedly (I protest) I haue beene thought (of some) to haue beene the authour of two Books here tofoore I neede not to name them, because they are too-well knowne already nor will I deny them, because they are disliked, but because they are not mine."

vember or December 1592 Shakespeare probably had written part of the "True Tragedy" before that time

There is another passage in "Kind-Harts Dreame," which seems rather at variance with the one just quoted Chettle, speaking of Greene, says, "of whom, however some suppose themselves injured, I have learned to speak, considering he is dead, *nil nisi necessarium* He was of singular plesance, *the very supporter*, and, *to no man's disgrace be this intended*, the ONLY comedian of a vulgar writer in this country" Chettle here seems to recollect the offence that the "address" had given, he exclaims, "to no man's disgrace be *this intended*," he was not wronging Shakespeare in calling Greene "the *only* comedian of a vulgar writer in this country" Chettle professes to say nothing more of Greene than is requisite, this testimony to his merits is given, notwithstanding his alleged friendliness to Shakespeare He probably alludes to Shakespeare, when he says, "however some suppose themselves injured"<sup>2</sup> Mr Collier think Chettle im-

<sup>1</sup> A copy of "Kind-Harts Dreame," in the Bodleian, which belonged to Burton, and cost him two-pence, reads, "fatious grace in writing, which approoves his art" The passage was corrected in passing through the press A perfect copy of this rare book is preserved in the King's Library in the British Museum. The two copies in the Bodleian Library, in the Burton and Malone collections, want the concluding chapter Burton's copy has several peculiar readings worthy of notice Thus at p 16 of the reprint, we have—"It were to be wished, if they will not be warned, that, as well the singers, as their supporters, were burned in the tongue, that they might rather be ever utterly mute, than the *trumphers* of so many mischiefs" The word "trumphers," which is clearly wrong, is corrected in Burton's copy to "trumpets" If this book be again reprinted, the editor would do well to notice this and other variations

<sup>2</sup> In case any one may chance to read the whole in the Percy Society's reprint, it is necessary, for my own sake, to say that this passage is there erroneously given, "howeuer some *may* suppose themselves injured"

plies that Shakespeare had acquired no reputation as an *original* dramatic poet in 1592, and it certainly goes far to prove that his *comic* pieces had not then appeared, or, if they had, had obtained little applause. Our business is now with the histories, and the "First Part of the Contention," and the "True Tragedy," may have been *rfacments* by Shakespeare as early as 1592.

When Greene parodied the line in "The True Tragedy," and alluded to the "crow beautified with *our* feathers," it is probable he meant to insinuate that he himself had some share in the composition of the play, which in one state of its reconstruction or amendment by Shakespeare fell under his satire. This probability is considerably strengthened by the following passage in "Greene's Funeralls, By R B Gent," 4° Lond 1594, a rare tract of twelve leaves, preserved in the Bodleian Library —

" Greene is the pleasing Object of an eie,  
Greene pleasest the eies of all that lookt vpon him  
Greene is the ground of euerie Painteris die,  
Greene gaue the ground to all that wrote vpon him  
Nay more the men that so Eclipst his fame,  
Purloynde his Plumes, can they deny the same "

This is "Sonnet ix" in this rare little volume, which contains the terms "sugred sonnets," afterwards appropriated by Meres to Shakespeare R B, whoever he was, may write somewhat in partisanship, but how Nash's indignant rejection of the authorship of the other tract can be held a sufficient reply to this plain statement seems mysterious. Yet so Mr Knight would tell us, and adds that no "great author appeared in the world who was not reputed, in the outset of his career, to be a plagiarist." Was Harriot held a plagiarist, when he promulgated his original theories? Was not his adoption of Vieta's notions discovered afterwards? The cases are nearly parallel,

though there was no Vieta alive to claim the groundwork. We may not care to know who laid the foundation, but surely Greene's words are not to be altogether divested of any intelligible meaning<sup>1</sup>

The "True Tragedy," as originally composed, was, as we learn from the title-page, played by the Earl of Pembroke's servants, for whom Greene was in the habit of writing. None of Shakespeare's undisputed plays were played by this company. "Titus Andronicus," an earlier drama, also has this external evidence against its authenticity. Mr Collier, indeed, tells that before 1592, "a popular play, written for one company, and perhaps acted by that company as it was written, might be surreptitiously obtained by another, having been at best taken down from the mouths of the original performers from the second company it might be procured by a third, and, after a succession of changes, corruptions, and omissions, it might find its way at last to the press." This, as Mr Knight thinks, entirely overthrows Malone's argument on the point—but the "True Tragedy" was not printed till 1595, and according to Mr Collier, this system probably concluded two years previously. Besides, the title-page would probably exhibit the

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<sup>1</sup> A writer of our own day, and, strange to say, since the publication of Mr Knight's "Essay," has given a gratuitous assertion quite as much the other way. The following announcement will be read with considerable astonishment by those who have paid any attention to this branch of literature. "Shakespeare was just then [1592] rising into notice, and we know from various sources that he was employed in adapting and altering the productions of Nash, Greene, and other unprincipled companions—a circumstance which drew down upon him their hatred and abuse"—*Introduction to the Percy Society's reprint of Kind Heart's Dream*, 8°. Lond 1841, p. xiv. Where are these various sources? Who were the other "unprincipled" companions? Shakespeare adapting and altering the productions of Nash!

name of the original company If Malone is not right, it is very singular that the suspicious account should only appear on the titles of two suspicious dramas

Passing over Malone's conclusions from inaccuracies and anachronisms, which can hardly be considered safe guides, when we reflect how numerous they are throughout Shakespeare's plays, there is yet one other circumstance worthy of notice, that indirectly associates the name of Greene with the older dramas In "The First Part of the Contention," mention is made of "Abiadas, the great Macedonian pirate" Who Abradas was, does not any where appear, and the only other mention of him that has been discovered is in "Penelopes Web," 4° Lond 1588,<sup>1</sup> a tract written by Greene "I remember, Ismena, that Epicurus measured euery mans dyet by his own principles, and Abradas, the great Macedonian pirat, thought every one had a letter of mart that bare sayles in the ocean" These coincidences are perhaps more curious than important, but still they appear worth notice It may likewise be mentioned, as a confirmatory circumstance, that Nash, in his "Apologie," 1593, mentions Greene "being chiefe agent for the companie, for hee writ more than foure other,<sup>2</sup> how well I will not say" If, therefore, Greene

<sup>1</sup> This book was entered, according to a MS note by Malone, on the Stationers' Registers, by E Aggas, Jan 26th, 1587-8, and the book itself, "imprinted at London for T C and E A," was published that year without a date Another edition appeared in 1601, which Mr Collier calls "the only known edition," but there is a copy of the *editio princeps* in the Bodleian See Collier's 'Shakespeare,' v 183

<sup>2</sup> "He that was wont to solicite your mindes with many pleasant conciets, and to fit your fancies at the least every quarter of the yere, with strange and quaint deuises, best beseeming the season, and most answerable to your pleasures"—*Greenes Newes both from Heaven and Hell*, 1593

was so intimately connected with the Earl of Pembroke's servants, and Shakespeare not at all, the external evidence, as far as this goes, is strongly in favour of Greene's having had some share in the composition of the "True Tragedy," and, as a matter of course, "the First Part of the Contention"

I have followed Mr Hunter in saying that the allusion to Shakespeare in the "Groatsworth of Wit," entered at Stationers' Hall on September 20th, 1592, is the earliest introduction of our great dramatic poet in the printed literature of this country. If, however, the opinion of Chalmeis may be relied on, Gabriel Harvey, in his "Four letters especially touching Robert Greene, and *other parties*, by him abused," 1592, alludes to Shakespeare in the third letter, dated September 9th, 1592, wherein he says "I speak generally to every springing wit, but more especially to a few and, at this instant, *singularly*, to one, whom I salute with a hundred blessings." These notices of Shakespeare are, however, digressions in this place, even if they prove that Shakespeare was not popularly known as a dramatic writer before 1592. Chettle's evidence in the same year is almost conclusive with respect to the histrionic powers of Shakespeare, and it would be a curious addition to our poet's history to ascertain whether he performed in the plays now presented to the reader, after they had been altered and amended. There is a well-known epigram by Davies, in his "Scouige of Folly," 1611, p. 76, that has some theatrical anecdote connected with it, now perhaps for ever lost,<sup>1</sup> but which implies that Rowe was not

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<sup>1</sup> I do not know the authority for the following anecdote, which appears to illustrate Davies' epigram. "It is well known that Queen Elizabeth was a great admirer of the immortal Shakespeare, and used frequently, as was the custom with persons of great rank in those days, to appear upon the stage before the audience, or to sit delighted behind the scenes, when the

exactly right when he stated that "the top of his performance was the ghost of Hamlet" Another evidence may be adduced, from Davies' "Humours Heav'n on Earth," 8vo Lond 1609, p 208, which has not been yet quoted —

"Some followed her [Fortune] by acting all men's parts,  
 These on a stage she rais'd, in scorn to fall,  
 And made them mirrors by their acting arts,  
 Wherein men saw their faults, though ne'er so small  
 Yet some she guerdon'd not to them<sup>1</sup> deserts,  
 But otheosome were but ill action all,  
 Who, while they acted ill, ill stay'd behind,  
 By custom of their maners, in then mind "

This alludes to Shakespeare and Burbage, as appears from the marginal note, but the inference to be drawn from it is in favour of Shakespeare's capabilities as an actor Davies is often rather unintelligible, and the allusion

plays of our bard were performed One evening, when *Shakespeare himself was personating the part of a king*, the audience knew of her majesty being in the house She crossed the stage when he was performing, and, on receiving the accustomed greeting from the audience, moved politely to the poet, but he did not notice it When behind the scenes, she caught his eye, and moved again, but still he could not throw off his character to notice her this made her majesty think of some means by which she might know whether he would depart or not from the dignity of his character while on the stage Accordingly, as he was about to make his exit, she stepped before him, dropped her glove, and recrossed the stage, which Shakespeare noticing, took up with these words, immediately after finishing his speech and so aptly were they delivered, that they seemed to belong to it —

'And though now bent on this high embassy,  
 Yet stoop we to take up our cousin's glove'

He then walked off the stage, and presented the glove to the queen, who was greatly pleased with his behaviour, and complimented him upon the propriety of it" — *Dramatic Table Talk*, 8o, Lond 1825, ii, 156-7

<sup>1</sup> "W S, R B" — *Marg note in orig*

" Some sy, good Will, which I, in sport, do sing,  
Hadst thou not play'd some kingly parts in sport,  
Thou hadst been a companion for a king,  
And been a king among the meanner sort "

remains to be unravelled It clearly alludes to some circumstance which took place after the accession of James I

This digression is not without its use, because it shows that we have good grounds for believing Chettle's testimony to Shakespeare's histrionic merits, and we can the more readily give credence to his assertion that our dramatist possessed a " facetious grace in writing that approves his art " If the other passage just quoted, which relates to Greene, proves that Shakespeare was not known as a comic writer as early as 1592, it by no means sufficiently outweighs Chettle's first testimony to make us doubt that Shakespeare had then largely contributed to the two parts of the " Contention " Mr Knight tells us repeatedly that if Malone's theory be adopted, Shakespeare was the most unblushing plagiarist that ever put pen to paper Why so? Did Shakespeare adopt the labours of others as his own? If he had done so, why was his name effaced from the title-page of " Sir John Oldcastle," and why was it not inserted on the early editions of the present plays? He would have been essentially a dishonest plagiarist, says Mr Knight. But it was the common custom of the time for dramatists to be engaged to remodel and amplify the productions of others A reference to Henslowe's Diary will at once establish this fact In 1601, Decker was paid thirty shillings " for altering of Fayton," and, in the following year, we find Ben Jonson paid £10 on account, " in earnest of a booke called Richard Croockback, and for new adycions for Jeronimo." According to Mr Knight's theory, Decker, Jonson, and every unfortunate playwright, who complied with

the custom of the time, were "unblushing plagiarists" The great probability is that the theatre for which Shakespeare wrote had become proprietor of the older plays, and that he made alterations, and added to them when necessary There was no plagiarism in the case, and perhaps one day it will be discovered that little of the original dramas now remains in the Second and Third Parts of Henry VI

From Henslowe's Diary it appears that a play called Henry VI was acted thirteen times in the spring of 1592 by Lord Strange's players who, be it remembered, never performed any of Shakespeare's plays This is conjectured with great probability to be the First Part of Henry VI in some state or other of its composition, and the play whose power "embalmed" the bones of "brave Talbot" with the tears of ten thousand spectators The death-scene of Talbot is, perhaps, the most powerfully-constructed part of the play, our national sympathies have been awakened in his favour, and we pity his woful end but Nash gives like praise to the contemptible "Famous Victories" Mr Knight places great reliance on the unity of action in the First Part of the Contention and the first Part of Henry VI to prove that they were both written by one and the same person, but surely these two plays have neither unity of characterisation, nor unity of style, and the want of these outweighs the unity of action That there is considerable unity of action, I admit In some cases, nearly the same expressions occur Thus, in 1 Henry VI act iv sc 1, King Henry says

"Cousin of York, we institute your grace  
To be our regent in these parts of France "

And in the First Part of the Contention, act 1 sc 1, he says—

"Cousin of York, we here discharge your grace  
From being regent in the parts of France "

But I suspect these coincidences, and the evidences of the unity of action, as well also as those scenes which a cursory reader might suppose to have been written for the purposes of continuation, may be attributed to the writer having adopted his incidents out of the old chronicles, where such matters are placed in not very strict chronological arrangement. Thus, in Richard III, the incident of the King sending the Bishop of Ely for strawberries is isolated, adopted in order with the other scenes from the chroniclers, probably Holinshed, and useless for the purposes of continuation. With a discussion on the supposed unity of style I will not occupy these pages. Opinion in this matter is sufficient, for the plays are accessible. Mr Hallam thinks the First Part of Henry VI might have been written by Greene, and the very opening of the play is in the bombastic style of the older dramatists. Again, with respect to the characterisation, is the Margaret of I Henry VI the Margaret of the First Part of the Contention? Perhaps her character is not sufficiently developed in the first of these to enable us to judge, but, in regard to the characters that are common to both, we may safely decide that not one characteristic of importance is to be found in I Henry VI not immediately derived from the chroniclers. Are we to suppose that Suffolk's instantaneous love was corresponded to by Margaret, or was she only haughty and not passionate when she quietly answers Suffolk in the speech in which she is introduced? I do not mean to assert that there is any inconsistency in her being represented merely haughty in one play, and passionate in the other, for different circumstances would render this very possible, but it is not easy to infer the strict unity of characterisation that is attempted to be established.

If the First Part of Henry VI. were originally written by Shakespeare, and with all these scenes for

the purposes of continuation, as Mr Knight would have us believe, how does Mr Knight account for the appearance of the Second Part of Henry VI under the title of "The First Part of the Contention?" This is a point to which no attention has been given. Two editions of the "First Part of the Contention" were published in 1600 under the old title, but we find that in 1602 their later appellations as parts of Henry VI had been given them. It seems reasonable to infer that, when Shakespeare remodelled the old plays, and formed the two parts of the "Contention," he had had nothing to do with the old play of Henry VI mentioned by Henslowe, and had intended the play now called the Second Part of Henry VI to be the first of his own Series. Afterwards, he might have been employed to make "new adycyons" to the old play of Henry VI and then the three plays may have been amalgamated into a series, and the old play rendered uniform by scenes written for continuations, previously made. Take the First Part of Henry VI away, and the concluding chorus to Henry V remains equally intelligible. The "True Tragedy" may also have been called "Edward IV," and so more naturally the series would have continued with Richard III.

In vain have I looked for any identity of manner in the scene between Suffolk and Margaret in the First Part of Henry VI and the similar scene in the First Part of the Contention. But so much stress has been laid on this point, that I beg the reader will here carefully compare them together.

FIRST PART OF HENRY VI, Act v. sc 3

"*Suf* Be what thou wilt, thou art my prisoner!

[*Gazes on her*

O fairest beauty, do not fear, nor fly,  
For I will touch thee but with reverent hands  
I kiss these fingers [*kissing her hand*] for eternal peace,

And lay them gently on thy tender side

Who art thou, say, that I may honour thee

*Mar.* Maigaret my name, and daughter to a king,  
The king of Naples, whoso'er thou art

*Suf.* An earl I am, and Suffolk am I call'd  
Be not offended, nature's miracle,

Thou art allotted to be ta'en by me

So doth the swan her downy cygnets save,  
Keeping them prisoner underneath her wings

Yet if this servile usage once offend,

Go, and be free again, as Suffolk's friend

[*She turns away as going*  
O, stay!—I have no power to let her pass,  
My hand would free her, but my heart says—no  
As plays the sun upon the glassy steams,  
Twinkling another counterfeited beam,  
So seems this goigeous beauty to mine eyes "

FIRST PART OF THE CONTENTION, Act III sc 2

"*Queen* Sweet Suffolk, hie thee hence to France,  
For if the king do come, thou sure must die

*Suf.* And if I go I cannot live but here to die,  
What were it else,

But like a pleasant slumber in thy lap?

Here could I breathe my soul into the air,

As mild and gentle as the new boīn babe,

That dies with mother's dug between his lips

Wherē from thy sight I should be raging mad,

And call for thee to close mine eyes,

Or with thy lips to stop my dying soul,

That I might breathe it so into thy body,

And then it liv'd in sweet Elysium

By thee to die, were but to die in jest;

From thee to die, were torment more than death

Oh, let me stay, besaf what may besaf

*Queen* Oh might'st thou stay with safety of thy life,  
Then should'st thou stay, but heavens deny it,

And therefore go, but hope eie long to be repeal'd

*Suf.* I go

*Queen* And take my heart with thee

*Suf.* A jewel lock'd into the wofull'st cask,  
That ever yet contain'd a thing of worth

Thus, like a splitted bark, so sunder we,

This way fall I to death

*Queen* This way for me

[*She kisses him*

[*Exit Suffolk*

[*Exit Queen.*"]

Mr Dyce could not have been far wrong, when he excluded the first of these plays from his chronology as "exhibiting no traces of Shakespeare's peculiar style, and being altogether in the manner of an older school." This judicious writer thinks that it may be attributed either to Marlowe or Kyd, and we are occasionally reminded of the former author. Henslowe's "Diary" lets us a good deal into the prison-house secrets of the relative position between author and manager in those days, we there find that sometimes four writers were occasionally employed on one play, and there seems to be strong internal evidence that the First Part of Henry VI was not wholly the work of one hand.

Capell, struck with the power of the death-scene of Henry VI, long since decided that it was unquestionably the work of Shakespeare. It is, indeed, a composition in Shakespeare's peculiar style, and it occurs in the "True Tragedy," with only a few verbal alterations, and the omission of five unimportant lines at the commencement. In the same way, the speech beginning —

"I will go clad my body in gay ornaments,"

is equal, if not superior, in smoothness and power, to a like speech in "Richard III." How can Mr Collier find it in his heart to deprive Shakespeare of these? There is nothing equal to them in the First Part of Henry VI, and little superior to them in the other historical plays. It is, however, worthy of remark, that Meres in 1598 does not mention either Henry VI, or the Contention, which would seem to show that they were not highly estimated even in Shakespeare's own time.

Gildon tells us of a tradition, that Shakespeare, in a conversation with Ben Jonson, said that, "finding the nation generally very ignorant of history, he wrote

plays in order to instruct the people in that particular" This is absurd "Plays," says Heywood in 1612, "have made the ignorant more apprehensive, taught the unlearned the knowledge of many famous histories, instructed such as cannot read in the discovery of all our English chronicles, and what man have you now of that weak capacity, that cannot discourse of any notable thing recorded even from William the Conqueror, nay, from the landing of Brute, until this day?"<sup>1</sup> Henslowe mentions a play on the subject of William the Conqueror, and there can be little doubt that a complete series once existed, even up to Henry VIII, and perhaps even later. There was little authentic history in those days, and the researches of Cotton and Hayward were not popularly known. Most were content to take the "depraved lies" of the playwrights for truth, and, like the simpleton mentioned by Ben Jonson, prefer them to the sage chroniclers —

"No, I confess I have it from the play-books,  
And think they are more authentic"

It is ridiculous to talk of Shakespeare having invented an historical drama, that had been gradually growing towards the perfection it reached in his hands from the

<sup>1</sup> "Thudly, he affiumes that playes have taught the ignorant knowledge of many famous histories They have indeed made many to know of those histories they never did, by reason they would never take the paines to reade them. But these that know the histories before they see them acted, are ever ashamed, when they have heard what lies the players insert amongst them, and how greatly they deprave them If they be too long for a play, they make them curtals, if too short, they enlarge them with many fables, and whither too long or too short, they corrupt them with a foole and his bables whereby they make them like leaden rules, which men will fit to their worke, and not frame their worke to them So that the ignorant instead of true history shall beare away nothing but fabulous lies"—*A Refutation of the Apology for Actors* 4<sup>o</sup>, Lond, 1615, p 42

middle of the sixteenth century Let, therefore, Gildon's tradition be distributed with the other myths that the commencement of the seventeenth century interwove with the little that was then known of Shakespeare's authentic history

There are other opinions that require notice in this place It has been conjectured that the "First Part of the Contention" and the "True Tragedy" were not written by the same person, because the account of Clifford's death at the conclusion of the former play varies with that given of the same occurrence at the commencement of the other The reader will find this mentioned in another place On the same principle we might conclude that the Second Parts of Henry IV and Henry VI are not by the same hand, because the story of Althea is erroneously told in the first of these plays, and rightly in the second It is difficult to account for these inconsistencies, but there they are, the *ἀμαρτία ταῦτα συμβεβηκός* of Shakespeare It seems paradoxical that Shakespeare should at one time remember a well-known classical story, and forget it at another, but these instances illustrate the correctness of Aristotle's definition, and can probably be explained in no other way

Dr Johnson, who often speaks at random in these matters, asserts that the Second and Third Parts of Henry VI were not written without a *dependence* on the first Malone has answered him satisfactorily, by saying, "the old play of Henry VI had been exhibited before these were written in any form, but it does not follow from this concession, either that the 'Contention' was written by the author of the former play, or that Shakespeare was the author of these two pieces, as *originally composed*" This is exactly the point to which I would draw the reader's attention I will leave the unity of action out of the question, because we are not dealing with works of imagination, and

this can be accounted for, as I have previously contended, in the sources from which the incidents are derived Had there been two Parts to the "Tempest," and the same kind of unity of action, and similar instances of scenes written for the purposes of continuation, the argument would hold in that case, unless it could be shown that these were also to be found in the original romance or drama upon which it was founded Here there is nothing of the kind I believe that, with the present evidence, it is impossible to ascertain the exact portions of the two Parts of the "Contention," which were not written by Shakespeare, and belong to the older drama There is nothing Shakesperian in this —

" These gifts ere long will make me mighty rich  
 The duchess she thinks now that all is well,  
 But I have gold comes from another place,  
 From one that hired me to set her on,  
 To plot these treasons 'gainst the king and peers ,  
 And that is the mighty duke of Suffolk  
 For he it is, but I must not say so,  
 That by my means must work the duchess' fall,  
 Who now by conjurations thinks to rise "

This is one of the most favourable specimens of the rejections Mr Knight would have us believe that Shakespeare wrote the following speech, and put it into the mouth of Richard, after he had slain Somerset —

" So, he thou there, and tumble in thy blood  
 What's here, the sign of the Castle?  
 Then the prophecy is come to pass,  
 For Someiset was forewarn'd of castles,  
 The which he always did observe,  
 And now behold, under a paltry alehouse sign,  
 The Castle in St Alban's, Somerset  
 Hath made the wizard famous by his death "

Is there in this one single characteristic of the language which *Shakespeare* gives to Richard? Is there

identity of manner? Is not the style comparatively puerile? Let this and similar passages be given to the author or authors of the original play, but let us retain for Shakespeare the parts, that we may fairly judge from comparison to have been beyond the power of those of his contemporaries, whose works have descended to our times

In these discussions, it ought to be recollected that the works of Shakespeare have met with a better fate than those of most of his contemporaries. There may have been "six Shakespeares in the field" at the time we have been speaking of, and the works of one only been preserved. Few had kind friends like Hemings and Condell to look to the interests of their posthumous reputation. It may be that few deserved such treatment, but we are by no means to decide conclusively, merely because the specimens of their talent which have come down to our time are so vastly inferior to the productions of the great bard. The argument of authorship, as adopted by Mr Knight, is at best but a *reductio ad absurdum*, where *possibilities* exist, that even, if the predicates be proved, two conclusions may be drawn. Supposing we are satisfied that neither Peele, nor Kyd, nor Greene, nor even Marlowe, was equal to any given performance, it does not necessarily follow that there was no one of their contemporaries who was not capable of it, though the presumptive evidence may be in favour of the first position.

J O HALLIWELL.

Feb 22nd, 1843



*The First Part of the Contention of the  
Two Famous Houses of Yorke & Lan-  
caster, with the death of the good Duke  
Humphrey*

—o—

*Enter at one doore, King HENRY the sixt, and HUM-  
PHREY Duke of GLOSTER, the Duke of SOMMER-  
SET, the Duke of BUCKINGHAM, Cardinall BEW-  
FORD, and others*

*Enter at the other doore, the Duke of YORKE, and the  
Marquesse of SUFFOLKE, and Queene MARGARET,  
and the Earle of SALISBURY and WARWICK*

*Suf* AS by your high imperiall Majesties com-  
mand,<sup>1</sup>  
I had in charge at my depart for France,  
As Procurator for your excellence,

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<sup>1</sup> "This noble company came to the cite of Toures in Tourayne, wher they were honorably received, bothe of the Fiench kyng, and of the kyng of Scicilie Wher the Marques of Suffolke, as procurator to kyng Henry, espoused the said Ladie in the chuchche of saint Martyns At whiche mariage were present the father and mother of the bide, the Fienche kyng himself, which was uncle to the husbande, and the Frenche quene also, whiche was awnto to the wife There were also the Dukes of Oileance, of Calaber, of Alaunson, and of Britayn, viij eiles, xij barons, xx bishoppes, beside knightes and gentlemen" —Hall's Chronich The historical information in these plays

To marry Princes Margaret for your grace,  
 So in the auncient famous Citié Towres,  
 In presence of the Kings of France & Cyssile,  
 The Dukes of Oileance, Calabar, Brittaine, and Alon-  
 son<sup>1</sup>

Seuen Earles, twelue Barons, and then the<sup>2</sup> reuerend  
 Bishops,

I did performe my task and was espousde,  
 And now, most humbly on my bended knees,  
 In sight of England and her royll Peeres,  
 Deliuer vp my title in the Queene,  
 Vnto your gratioues excellencie, that are the sub-  
 stancie

Of that great shadow I did represent  
 The happiest gift that euer Marquesse gaue,  
 The fairest Queene that euer King possest

*King Suffolke arise*  
 Welcome Queene Margaret to English Henries  
 Court,

The greatest show of kindnesse yet we can bestow,  
 Is this kinde kisse Oh gracious God of heauen,  
 Lend me a heart repleat with thankfulnesse,  
 For in this beautious face thou hast bestowde  
 A world of pleasures to my perplexed soule

*Queene* Th' excessiue loue I beare vnto your grace,  
 Forbids me to be lauish of my tongue,  
 Least I should speake more then beseemes a woman  
 Let this suffice, my blisse is in your liking,

appears to be principally taken from this work, which was published under the title of "The Union of the two noble and illustrate famelies of Lancastrie and Yorke," fol Lond 1548 Steevens quotes a similar passage from Holinshed, who appears to have borrowed from Hall

<sup>1</sup> So all the editions, but the second folio of the amended play omits "and"

<sup>2</sup> The edition of 1619 reads "twenty," as well as the amended play, which latter reading is the correct one, as readily appears from the passage in Hall's "Chronicle" given above

And nothing can make poore Maegaret miserable,  
Vnlesse the frownē of mightie Englands King

*Kin* Her lookes did wound, but now her speech  
doth pierce,<sup>1</sup>

Louely Queene Margaret sit down by my side  
And vnckle Gloster, and you Lordly Peeles,  
With one voice welcome my beloued Queene

*All* Long hue Queene Margaret, Englands happi-  
nessse

*Queene* We thank you all<sup>2</sup> [Sound Trumpets

*Suf* My Lord Protector, so it please your grace,  
Here are the Aiticles confiymde of peace,  
Between our Soueraigne and the French King Charles,  
Till terme of eightene months be full expirde

*Hum* Imprimis, It is agreed betweene the Fiench  
King Charles, and William de la Poule, Marquesse of  
Suffolle, Embassadour for Henry King of England,  
that the said Henry shal wed and espouse the Ladie  
Margaret, daughter to Raynard King of Naples,  
Cyssels, and Ierusalem, and crown her Queene of  
England, ere the 30 of the next month<sup>3</sup>

*Item.* It is further agreed betweene them, that the  
Dutches of Anoy and of Maine,<sup>4</sup> shall be released  
and deliuered ouer to the King her fa-

[*Duke HUMPHREY lets it fall*

<sup>1</sup> The word "her" is omitted in the two editions of 1600, but restored again in that of 1619. The amended play reads

"Her sight did ravish, but her grace in speech,  
Her wqrds y-clad with wisdom's majesty,  
Makes me from wondering fall to weeping joy~

<sup>2</sup> The first folio reads "all kneel," an addition omitted by modern editors

<sup>3</sup> The edition of 1619 reads "ere the thirty day of the next month"

<sup>4</sup> The amended play in the first instance reads, "and the county of Maine," in accordance with the chronicled accounts, but, when the cardinal repeats this part of the agreement, we find the original form restored as in our text,

*Kin.* How now vnkle, whats the matter that you stay so sodenly

*Hum* Pardon my Lord, a sodain qualme came ouer my hart,<sup>1</sup>

Which dimmes mine eyes that I can reade no more<sup>2</sup>  
Vnkle of Winchester, I pray you reade on<sup>3</sup>

*Car* Item, It is further agreed betweene them, that the Duches of Anioy and of Mayne, shall be released and deliured ouer to the King her fater, & she sent ouer of the King of Englands owne proper cost and charges without dowry

*King* They please vs well,<sup>4</sup> Lord Marquesse kneele downe, We here create thee first Duke of Suffolke, & gnt thee with the swoid Cosin of Yorke, We here discharge your gracie from being Regent in the parts of France, till terme of 18 months be full expide Thankes vnkle Winchester, Gloster, Yorke, and Buckingham, Somerset,<sup>5</sup> Salsbury and Warwicke  
We thanke you all for<sup>6</sup> this great fauour done,  
In enteitainment to my Princely Queene,

<sup>1</sup> The edition of 1619 reads "ore"

<sup>2</sup> The two quarto editions of 1600 read "that I can see no more," while the edition of 1619 restores the old reading The amended play reads—

"Pardon me, gracious Lord,  
Some sudden qualm hath struck me at the heart,  
And dimm'd mine eyes, that I can read no further

<sup>3</sup> In the amended play this line is more properly given to King Henry The edition of 1619 reads very differently

"My lord of Yorke, I pray do you reade on,"

and in Pavier's copy the next speech is accordingly given to York Perhaps the fact of Henry's thanking Winchester first in order may sanction the older reading

<sup>4</sup> The whole of this speech may be arranged in metue

<sup>5</sup> The first folio of the amended play entirely omits the word "and," while the second folio changes its position, and places it before "Somerset" Malone follows our text, but Collier and Knight adopt the reading of the first folio

<sup>6</sup> The edition of 1619 reads, "We thanke you for all"

Come let vs in, and with all speed prouide  
To see her Coronation be performde

[Exet<sup>1</sup> King, Queene, and SUFFOLKE, and Duke  
HUMPHREY stayes all the rest

*Hum* Braue Peeres of England, Pillars of the state,

To you Duke Humphrey must vnfold his griefe,  
What did my brother Henry toyle himselfe,  
And waste his subiects for to conquere France?  
And did my brother Bedford spend his time  
To keep in awe that stout vnruly Realme?  
And haue not I and mine vnkle Bewford<sup>2</sup> here,  
Done all we could to keep that land in peace?  
And is all our labours then spent in vaine,<sup>3</sup>  
For Suffolke he, the new made Duke that rules the roast,

Hath guen away for our King Henries Queene,  
The Dutches of Anioy and Mayne vnto her father  
Ah Lords, fatall is this marriage canselling our states,  
Reuersing Monuments of conquered Fiance,  
Vndoing all, as none had nere bene done

*Car* Why how now cosin Gloster, what needs this?  
As if our King were bound vnto your will,  
And might not do his will without your leauie,  
Proud Protector, enuy in thine eyes I see,  
The big swoln venome of thy hatefull heart,  
That dares presume<sup>4</sup> gainst that thy Soueraigne likes

<sup>1</sup> The Latinity is barbarous throughout this copy of the play.

<sup>2</sup> Beaufort The orthography in this old edition probably occasioned Bedford and Beaufort being confused in some editions of the amended play

<sup>3</sup> "Is" may be a mistake for "are" The edition of 1619 reads, "spent quite in vain"

<sup>4</sup> The two editions of 1600 have "dare," while that of 1619 restores the old reading. The latter part of this speech is omitted in the amended play

*Hum* Nay my Lord<sup>1</sup> tis not my words that troubles  
you,  
But my presence, proud pielate as thou art  
But ile begone, and glue thee leauue to speake  
Farewell my Lords, and say when I am gone,  
I prophesied Fiance would be lost ere long

[Exet Duke HUMPHREY]

*Car* There goes our Protector in a rage,  
My Lords you know he is my great enemy,  
And though he be Protector of the land,  
And thereby couers his deceitfull thoughts,  
For well you see,<sup>3</sup> if he but walke the stieets,  
The common people swarme about him straight,  
Crying Jesus blesse your royll excellency,  
With God preseive the good Duke Humphrey  
And many things besides that are not knowne,  
Which tyme will bring to light in smooth Duke Hum-  
phrey

But I will after him, and if I can  
Ile laie a plot to heauue him from his seate

[Exet Cardinall]

*Buc* But let vs watch this haughtie Cardinall,  
Cosen of Somerset be rulde by me,  
Weele watch Duke Humphrey and the Cardinall too,  
And put them from the marke they faine would hit

*Som* Thanks cosin Buckingham, ioyne thou with  
me,  
And both of vs with the Duke of Suffolke,  
Weele quickly heauue Duke Humphrey from his seate

*Buc* Content, Come then let vs about it<sup>4</sup> straight,  
For either thou or I will be Protector

[Exet BUCKINGHAM and SOMERSET

<sup>1</sup> The 4to of 1619 reads, "Nay, my Lords," but erroneously

<sup>2</sup> Probably "trouble"

<sup>3</sup> The edition of 1619 reads, "For you well see."

<sup>4</sup> The two editions of 1600 omit the word "then" The edition of 1619 agrees with our copy

*Sal* Pride went before, Ambition follows after<sup>1</sup>  
 Whilst these do seeke their owne piefements thus,  
 My Lords let vs seeke for our Countries good,  
 Oft haue I seene this haughtie Cardinall  
 Sweare, and forswear himself, and braue it out,  
 More like a Ruffin then a man of Church<sup>2</sup>  
 Cosin Yorke,<sup>3</sup> the victories thou hast wonne,  
 In Ireland, Normandie, and in Fiance,  
 Hath wonne thee immoittal praise in England  
 And thou braue Warwicke, my thrice valiant sonne,  
 Thy simple plainnesse and thy house-keeping,  
 Hath wonne thee credit amongst the common sort,  
 The reuience of mine age, and Neuels name,  
 Is of no little force if I command,  
 Then let vs ioyne all three in one for this,  
 That good Duke Humphrey may his state possesse,  
 But wherefore weeps Warwicke my noble sonne

*War* For grieve that all is lost that Warwick won

<sup>1</sup> Perhaps in this line there is somewhat of proverbiaity  
 Steevens quotes the following from Wyntown's "Chronicle."

"Awld men in thare prowerbe says,  
*Pryde gays before*, and schame alwayis  
*Followys*"

And this conjecture is proved by the following passage in Nash's  
 "Pierce Penilesse," 1592, ed Collier, p 8, which is more similar  
 to the line in our text. "It is a tum thing when Pride, the  
 sonne, goes before, and Shame, the father, followes after"

<sup>2</sup> The edition of 1619 reads—

"More like a ruffian then a man of the church"  
 which is worse metre than our edition, although it is adopted by  
 M<sup>r</sup> Knight. The amended play reads—

"More like a soldier than a man o' th' church"  
 as given in the first two folios of 1623 and 1632. Modern edi-  
 tors write it somewhat differently

<sup>3</sup> The amended play reads, "brother". York married Cicely,  
 the daughter of Ralph Nevil, Earl of Westmoreland, by Joan,  
 daughter to John of Gaunt, Duke of Lancaster, by his third  
 wife, dame Catharine Swinford. Richard Nevil, Earl of Sals-  
 bury, was son to the Earl of Westmoreland by a second wife  
 Salsbury and York were, therefore, step brothers

Sonnes<sup>1</sup> Anjoy and Maine, both giuen away at once  
Why Warwick did win them, & must that then which  
we wonne with our swords,<sup>2</sup> be giuen away with wordes

*Yorke* As I haue read, our Kinges of England  
were woont to haue large dowries with their wiues,  
but our King Henry giues away his owne

*Sal* Come sonnes away and looke vnto the maine<sup>3</sup>

*War* Vnto the Maine Oh father Maine is lost,  
Which Warwicke by main force did win from France,

<sup>1</sup> The edition of 1619 has this word in italics, as giving a separate speech to the remainder, and in this Pavier is followed by Mr Knight. But if so, who were the *sonnes*? who were the speakers? Salsbury cannot by any ingenuity be so called, and why this singular mode? The expression, "Warwick did win them," is not incompatible with the supposition that he himself is speaking. I should rather be inclined to think that *sonnes* in our text is merely a misprint for *sounes*, and then the speech would very naturally run as follows "Zounds, Anjoy and Maine both given away at once! Why, Warwick did win them! and must that then which we won with oure swroids be given awry with words?" The expression "*we won*" cannot reasonably be considered an argument for one side or the other. The corresponding passage in the amended play is nearly sufficient to establish my position.

*"War* For gueil, that they are past recovery  
For were there hope to conquer them agen,  
My sword should shed hot blood, mine eyes no tears  
Anjou and Mune! Myself did win them both,  
Those provinces these arms of mine did conquer  
And are the cities that I got with wounds,  
Deliverd up again with peaceful words<sup>4</sup>  
Mort Dieu!"

<sup>2</sup> In the amended play we have another jingle, as Johnson styles it, substituted

"And are the cities, that I got with wounds,  
Deliverd up again with peaceful words"

<sup>3</sup> This and the next speech are thus altered in the amended play, and will, perhaps, scarcely be thought unproved

*"Sal* Then let's make haste away, and look unto the main  
*War* Unto the main, O father! Maine is lost,  
That Maine, which by main force Warwick did win,  
And would have kept, so long as breath did last  
Main chance, father, you meant, but I meant Maine,  
Which I will win from France, or else be slain"

Maine chance father you meant, but I meant Maine,  
Which I will win from Fiance, or else be slaine

[Exet SALSBURY and WARWICKE

*Yorke* Anioy and Maine, both guuen vnto the  
Fiench,

Cold newes for me, for I had hope of France,  
Euen as I haue of fertill England

A day will come when Yorke shall claime his owne,  
And therefore I will take the Neuels parts,  
And make a show of loue to pioud Duke Humphrey  
And when I spie aduantage, claim the Crowne,  
For that's the golden marke I seeke to hit

Nor shall proud Lancaster vsurpe my right,  
Nor hold the scepter in his childish fist,  
Nor weare the Diademe vpon his head,  
Whose church-like humous fits<sup>1</sup> not for a Cowne  
Then Yorke be still a while till time do serue,  
Watch thou, and wake when others be a sleepe,  
To prie into the seickets of the state,  
Till Henry surfeiting in ioyes of loue,

With his new bride, and Englands dear bought queene,  
And Humphrey with the Peeres be falne at iarres,  
Then will I raise aloft the milk-white Rose,  
With whose sweete smell<sup>2</sup> the aire shall be perfumde,  
And in my Standard beaie the Armes of Yorke,  
To graffle<sup>3</sup> with the House of Lancaster  
And force perforce, ile make him yeeld the Crowne,  
Whose bookish rule hath puld faine England downe.

[Exet YORKE.<sup>4</sup>

<sup>1</sup> So all the editions read It ought to be "fit"

<sup>2</sup> Grey is rather hypercritical here in saying that "this thought is not exactly just," though Spenser has given the preference to the other colour

"She bath'd with roses red, and violets blue,  
And all the sweetest flowers that in the forest grew."

<sup>3</sup> The older form of the word The edition of 1619 reads  
"grapple"

<sup>4</sup> This and some other stage directions have been omitted by Mr Knight

*Enter Duke HUMPHREY, and Dame ELLANOR,  
COBHAM his wife*

*Eln* Why droopes my Lord like ouer ripened corne,  
Hanging the head at Cearies plenteous loade,  
What seeest thou Duke Humphrey King Henries  
Crowne?

Reach at it, and if thine armes be too short,  
Mine shall lengthen it Art not thou a Prince,<sup>1</sup>  
Vnkle to the King, and his Protector?  
Then what shouldest thou lacke that might content  
thy minde

*Hum* My louely Nell, fai be it from my heart,  
To thinke of Treasons against my soueraigne Lord,  
But I was troubled with a dieame to-night,  
And God I pray, it do betide no ill<sup>2</sup>

*Eln* What diempt my Loid Good Humphrey  
tell it me,  
And ile interpret it, and when that's done,  
Ile tell thee then, what I did dreame to night

*Hum* This night when I was laid in bed, I dreamp't  
that  
This my staffe mine Office badge in Court, [Sig B]  
Was broke in two,<sup>3</sup> and on the ends were plac'd,  
The heads of the Cardinall of Winchester,  
And William de la Poule first Duke of Suffolle

*Eln* Tush, my Lord, this signifies nought but this,  
That he that breakes a sticke of Glosters groue,  
Shall for th' offence, make forfeit of his head.  
But now my Lord, Ile tell you what I dieampt,

<sup>1</sup> The edition of 1619 reads, "Art thou not a prince"

<sup>2</sup> The edition of 1619 reads, "It do betide none ill"

<sup>3</sup> The edition of 1619 contains two additional lines and variations

"Was broke in twaine by whom I cannot gesse  
But as I thinke by the Cardinall Whet it bodes  
God knowes, and on the ends were plac'd  
The heads of Edmund duke of Somerset,  
And Willum de la Pole, first duke of Suffolle."

Me thought I was in the Cathedrall Church  
 At Westminster, and seated in the chaire  
 Where Kings and Queenes<sup>1</sup> are crownde, and at my  
 feete

Henry and Margaret with a Crowne of gold  
 Stood readie to set it on my Princely head

*Hum* Fie Nell Ambitious woman as thou art,  
 Art thou not second woman in this land,  
 And the Protectoris wife belou'd of him,  
 And wilt thou still be hammering treason thus,  
 Away I say, and let me heare no more

*Eln* How now my Lord What angry with your  
 Nell,

For telling but her dreame The next I haue  
 Ile keepe to my selfe,<sup>2</sup> and not be rated thus

*Hum* Nay Nell, Ile giue no credit to a dreame,  
 But I would haue thee to thinke on no such things

*Enters a Messenger.*

*Mess* And it please your grace, the King and  
 Queene to morrow morning will ride a hawking to  
 Saint Albones, and craues<sup>3</sup> your company along with  
 them

*Hum* With all my heart, I will attend his grace.  
 Come Nell, thou wilt go with vs vs<sup>4</sup> I am sure

[*Exet HUMPHREY*

*Eln* Ile come after you, for I cannot go before,  
 But ere it be long,<sup>5</sup> Ile go before them all,

<sup>1</sup> The two editions of 1600 read "where *the* kings and  
 queenes," an interpolation omitted in the edition of 1619

<sup>2</sup> The edition of 1619 reads "Ile keepe it to my selfe"

<sup>3</sup> Perhaps "crave."

<sup>4</sup> So in the original This evident mistake is corrected in the  
 later editions

<sup>5</sup> Instead of this and the following line, we have in the edition  
 of 1619—

"As long as Gloster beares this base and humble munde  
 Were I a man, and protector as he is,

Despight of all that seeke to crosse me thus,  
Who is within there?

*Enter Sir JOHN HUM* <sup>1</sup>

What sir John Hum, what newes with you?

*Sir John* Jesus preserue your Maiestie

*Eln* My Maiestie Why man I am but grace

*Sir John* I, but by the grace of God & Hums aduise,  
Your graces state shall be aduanst ere long

*Eln* What hast thou conferd with Margery Iordanie,<sup>2</sup> the cunning Witch of Ely,<sup>3</sup> with Roger Bulingbrooke and the rest, and will they vndertake to do me good?

*Sir John* I haue Madame, and they haue promised me to raise a Spirite from depth of vnder grounde,<sup>4</sup> that shall tell your grace all questions you demaund

*Eln* Thanks good sir Iohn Some two days hence  
I gesse

I' de reache to' th' crowne, or make some hop headlesse

And being but a woman, Ile not behinde

For playing of my part, in spite of all that seek to cross me thus"

We should perhaps read "be behinde," a mistake that might very easily have occurred in the printing. In act iv sc 4, in the first folio, p 140, the word "be" is omitted before "behind," and is supplied in the edition of 1632.

<sup>1</sup> Priests in Shakespeare's time frequently had the title of "Sir." So "Sir John Evans," in the "Meiry Wives of Windsor."

<sup>2</sup> "Nono die Maii [1432], virtute bievis regu domino Waltero Hungersoid, constabulario castri regis de Wyndesore directi, conduxit *Margariam Toudemayn*, Johannem Virley clericum, et fratrem Johannem Ashewell, ordinis Sanctae Crucis Londoniae, nuper custodiae sue pio sorcerye in dicto castro commissos, usque Concilium regis apud Westmonasterium, et ibidem, de mandato Dominorum de Concilio, deliberavit dictam *Margariam*, Johannem, et fratrem Johannem domino cancellario, et exoneratus est de caetero de eorum custodia"—Rymer's "Fæderia," vol x. p 505

<sup>3</sup> The edition of 1619 reads "Rye," while Mr Knight follows history in reading "Eye"

<sup>4</sup> The two editions of 1600 read "from the depth of vnder grounde."

Will fit our time, then see that they be here  
 For now the King is ryding to Saint Albones,  
 And all the Dukes and Eailes along with him,  
 When they be gone, then safely they may come,<sup>1</sup>  
 And on the backside of my Orchaid heere,  
 There cast then Spelles in silence of the night,  
 And so resolute vs<sup>2</sup> of the thing we wish,  
 Till when, drinke that for my sake, And so farewell

[Exet ELNOR

*Sir John* Now sir Iohn Hum,<sup>3</sup> No words but mum  
 Seale vp your lips, for you must silent be,

<sup>1</sup> The edition of 1619 reads, "then safely may they come"

<sup>2</sup> The word "vs" is omitted in the two editions of 1600, and restored in that of 1619

<sup>3</sup> This seems to be intended to rhyme with the first part of the line, although in the amended play we have "Hume" instead of "Hum," an alteration which Mr Knight has inadvertently admitted in his "Libray Shakespeare," vol vi p 124.

The following account by Hall of the detection of the Duchess of Gloucester is nearer the description given in the text than that related by any other chronicler. "Thys yeire, dame Elyanou Cobham, wiffe to the sayd duke, was accused of treason, for that she, by sorcery and enchaunement, intended to destroy the kyng, to thentent to aduaunce and promote her husbande to the croune upon this she was examined in saint Stephens chappell, before the Bishop of Cantebury, and there by examinacion convict and judged, to do open penaunce, in iii open places within the citie of London, and after that adjudged to perpetuall prisone in the Isle of Man, under the kepyng of sir Ihon Stanley, knight. At the same season were arrested as ayders and counsaylers to the sayde Duchesse, Thomas Southwell, priest and chanon of sancte Stephens in Westmynster, Jhon Hum preest, Roger Bolynbroke, a conyng nycromancier, and Maigeue Jourdayne, surnamed the wytche of Eye, to whose charge it was layed, that ther, at the request of the duchesse, had devised an image of waxe presenting the kyng, whiche by then sorcerey, a litle and litle consumed, entydnyng therby in conclusion to waist and destroy the kynges person, and so to bryng hym to death, for the which treason, they wer adjudged to dye, and so Margery Jordayne was brent in Smithfelde, and Roger Bolynbroke was diawen and quartered at Tiborne, tayking upon his death, that there was never no suche thyng by them ymagened, Ihon Hum

These gifts eie long will make me mightie rich,  
 The Duches she thinkes now that all is well,  
 But I haue gold comes from another place,  
 From one that hyred me to set her on,  
 To plot these Treasons gainst the King and Peeres,  
 And that is the mightie Duke of Suffolke  
 For he it is, but I must not say so,  
 That by my meanes must worke the Duches fall,  
 Who now by Cuniurations thinkes to use<sup>1</sup>  
 But whist sū Iohn, no more of that I trow,  
 For feare you lose you head before you goe [Exit]

*Enter two Petitioners, and PETER the Amouers man*

1 Pet Come sūs let vs<sup>2</sup> linger here abouts<sup>3</sup> a  
 while,  
 Vntill my Lord Protector come this way,  
 That we may show his grace our seuerall causes  
 2 Pet I pray God sauē the good Duke Humphries  
 life,<sup>4</sup>  
 For but for him a many were vndone,

had his pardon, and Southwell dyed in the touie before execu-  
 tion ” Southwell is introduced by the authoř of the amended  
 play, so it is probable that he may have referred agam to this  
 chionicle as well as to the original drama. Giffon (p. 587)  
 gives the same information as Hall. See also Higden’s “Poly-  
 chronicon,” translated by Leland, lib. ult cap. 27. With respect  
 to the “image of waxe,” it is observed by King James I., in his  
 “Daemonology,” that “the devil teacheth how to make pictures  
 of wax or clay, that, by roasting thereof, the persons that they  
 bear the name of may be continually melted, or diued away by  
 continual sickness”—See Dr Grey’s “Notes upon Shakespeare,”  
 vol. II p. 18

<sup>1</sup> The two editions of 1600 read “raise.” The edition of 1619 agrees with our text.

<sup>2</sup> The edition of 1619 reads “lets”

<sup>3</sup> The genuine old form of the word Mr Knight alters it to  
 “hereabout”

<sup>4</sup> The word “Duke” is accidentally omitted in the two edi-  
 tions of 1600

That cannot get<sup>1</sup> no succour in the Court,  
But see where he comes with the Queene

*Enter the Duke of SUFFOLKE with the Queene, and they  
take him for Duke HUMPHREY, and giues<sup>2</sup> him their  
writings*

1. *Pet* Oh we are vndone, this is the Duke of  
Suffolke

*Queene* Now good-fellowes, whom would you speak  
withall?

2. *Pet* If it please your Majestie, with my Lord  
Protectors Grace

*Queene* Are your sutes to his grace Let vs see  
them first,

Looke on them my Lord of Suffolke

*Suf* A complaint against the Cardinals man  
What hath he done?

2 *Pet* Marry my Lord, he hath stole<sup>3</sup> away my wife,  
And th' are gone togither, and I know not where to  
finde them

*Suf* Hath he stole thy wife, thats some iniury in-  
deed

But what say you?

*Peter Thump<sup>4</sup>* Marry sir I come to tel you that my  
maister said, that the Duke of Yorke was true heire  
vnto the Crowne,<sup>5</sup> and that the King was an vsurer

<sup>1</sup> The two editions of 1600 read "That can get no succour," and the quarto of 1619 reads "They cannot get."

<sup>2</sup> Probably "gue"

<sup>3</sup> In this, and Suffolk's next speech, the two editions of 1600 read "stolne"

<sup>4</sup> Mr Collier calls him "Hump," but, if so written in the early copies to which he has referred, it is an error, for that "Thumpe" is correct may be seen from the pun that Salisbury makes on his name. Mr Collier's reading was probably occasioned by one of the prefixes of Gloster's speeches, as where "Hump" occurs for "Humphrey."

<sup>5</sup> The edition of 1619 reads, "true heire to the crown"

*Queene* An vsurper thou woulds say

*Peter* I forsooth an vsurper

*Queene* Didst thou say the King was an vsurper?

*Peter* No forsooth, I saide my maister<sup>1</sup> saide so,  
th' other day when we were scowring the Duke of  
Yorks Armour in our garret

*Suf* I marry this is something like,  
Whose within there?

*Enter one or two*

Sirra take in this fellow<sup>2</sup> and keepe him close,  
And send out a Purseuant for his maister straight,  
Weele here more of this<sup>3</sup> before the king

[*Exet with the Armourers man*

Now sir what yours<sup>4</sup> Let me see it,  
Whats here?

A complaint against the Duke of Suffolke for enclosing  
the commons of long Melford  
How now sir knaue

*Pet* I beseech your grace to pardon me, me,<sup>5</sup> I  
am but a Messenger for the whole town-ship

[*He teares the papers*<sup>6</sup>

<sup>1</sup> The folio reads "mistress," with other alterations Tyrwhitt's emendation of "master" is confirmed by this edition of the sketch. The error was probably occasioned by "master" having been denoted in the MS from which the amended play was printed merely by the letter M.

<sup>2</sup> The two editions of 1600 read, "Sirra take this fellow"

<sup>3</sup> The edition of 1619 reads, "Weele heere more of this thing"

<sup>4</sup> The two editions of 1600 and the edition of 1619 read, "Now, sir, what's yours"

<sup>5</sup> This repetition is probably an error of the press. It does not occur in the edition of 1619

<sup>6</sup> In the amended play this is as follows "Teare the Suppllication" Modern editors alter this, but it is a matter of very little consequence

*Suf* So now show your petitions<sup>1</sup> to Duke Hum  
phiey

Villaines get you gone<sup>2</sup> and come not neare the Court,  
Dare the peasants wite against me thus

[*Exact Petitioners*

*Queene* My Lord of Suffolke, you may see by this,  
The Commons loues<sup>3</sup> vnto that haughtie Duke,  
That seekes to him moie then to King Henry  
Whose eyes are alwaies poing on his booke,  
And nere regards the honour of his name,  
But still must be protected like a childe,  
And gouerned by that ambitious Duke,  
That scarce will moue his cap noi speake to vs,<sup>4</sup>  
And his proud wife, high minded Elanor,  
That ruffles it with such a troupe of Ladies,  
As strangers in the Court takes her for the Queene<sup>5</sup>  
The other day she wanted to hei maides,  
That the very traine of her worst gowne,  
Was worth more wealth then all my fatheis lands,  
Can any grieve of minde be like to this  
I tell thee Poull, when thou didst runne at Tilt,  
And stolst away our Ladaies heait in France,  
I thought King Henly had bene like to thee,  
Or else thou hadst not brought me out of France

*Suf* Madame content your selfe a little while,

<sup>1</sup> The two editions of 1600 read, "Show your petition." The edition of 1619 follows our text.

<sup>2</sup> The two editions of 1600 read, "Villaines get ye gone," and the same alteration occurs in other instances.

<sup>3</sup> Probably "loue," as we have "seekes" in the next line for the verb.

<sup>4</sup> The edition of 1619 reads, "to speake to vs"

<sup>5</sup> The edition of 1619 reads, "take her for queene" The same edition has the following line immediately following this, which is not in the earlier copies—

"She beires a dukes whole reuennewes on her backe."

which line, with the omission of the word "whole," occurs in the amended play

As I was the cause of your comming to England,<sup>1</sup>  
 So will I in England worke your full content  
 And as for proud Duke Humphrey and his wife,  
 I haue set lime-twigs that will intangle them,  
 As that your grace eie long shall vnderstand  
 But stae Madame, here comes the King

*Enter King HENRY, and the Duke of YORKE and the Duke of SOMERSET on both sides of the King, whispering with him, and enter<sup>2</sup> Duke HUMPHREY, Dame ELNOR, the Duke of BUCKINGHAM, the Earle of SALSBURY, the Earle of WARWICKE, and the Cardinall of WINCHESTER*

*Kin* My Lords I care not who be Regent in France,  
 or Yoik, or Somerset, alls wonne to me <sup>3</sup>

*Yorke* My Lord, if Yorke haue ill demeande himselfe,

Let Somerset enjoy his place and go to Fiance

*Som* Then whom your grace thinke<sup>4</sup> worthie, let him go,

And there be made Regent ouer the Fiench

*War* Whom soeuer you account worthie,  
 Yorke is the worthiest

*Car* Pease Waiwicke Giue thy betters leauue to speake

*War* The Cardinals not my better in the field

*Buc* All in this place are thy betters farre

*War* And Waiwicke may hue to be the best of all,<sup>5</sup>

*Queene* My Lord in mine opinion, it weie best that Somerset weie Regent ouer France

<sup>1</sup> The edition of 1619 reads, "your comming into England "

<sup>2</sup> The edition of 1619 reads, "then entereth "

<sup>3</sup> This of course means "all's one to me" This extraordinary instance of Henry's apathy and indifference is repeated in the amended play

<sup>4</sup> The edition of 1619 reads, "thinke's "

<sup>5</sup> The word "the" is omitted in the edition of 1619, but is found in the amended play

*Hum* Madame our King is old inough<sup>1</sup> himself,  
To glue his answeire without your consent

*Quene* If he be old inough, what needs your gracie  
To be Protector ouer him so long

*Hum* Madame I am but Protector ouer<sup>2</sup> the land,  
And when it please his grace, I will resigne my charge

*Suf* Resigne it then, for since that thou wast king,<sup>3</sup>  
As who is King but thee The common state

Doth as we see, all wholly go to wracke,  
And Millions of treasure hath bene spent,  
And as for the Regentship of France

I say Somerset is more wortie then Yorke

*Yorke* Ile tell thee Suffolke why I am not worthie,  
Because I cannot flatter as thou canst

*War* And yet the worthie deeds that York hath  
done,

Should make him worthie to be honoured here

*Suf* Peace headstrong Warwicke

*War* Image of pride, wherefore should I peace?

*Suf* Because here is a man accusde of Treason,  
Pray God the Duke of Yorke do cleare himselfe  
Ho, bring hither the Armouier and his man

<sup>1</sup> "Our" is a misprint in the original for "our". The two editions of 1600 read, "bold enough" instead of "old enoughe," which is a mistaken alteration. Hall thus describes the Queen's impatience under the authority of the Protector: "This woman, perceiving that her husband did not frankly rule as he would, but did all things by the advice and counsel of Humphrey Duke of Gloster, and that he passed not much on the authority and governance of the realm, determined with herself to take upon her the rule and regiment both of the king and his kingdom, and to depive and evict out of all rule and authority the said duke, then called the lord protector of the realm lest men should say and report that she had neither wit nor stomach, which would permit and suffer her husband, being of perfect age and man's estate, like a young scolar or innocent pupil to be governed by the disposition of another man."

<sup>2</sup> The edition of 1619 reads "ore"

<sup>3</sup> The edition of 1619 reads, "thou wast a king."

*Enter the Armourer and his man*

If it please your grace, this fellow here, hath accused his maister of high Treason, And his words were these

That the Duke of Yorke was lawfull heire vnto the Crowne, and that your grace was an vsurper

*Yorke* I beseech your giace let him haue what punishment the law will afford, for his villany

*Kin* Come hether fellow, didst thou speake these words?

*Arm* Ant shall please your Maiestie, I neuer said any such matter, God is my witnesse, I am falsly accused by this villain here

*Peter* Tis no matter for that, you did say so

*Yorke* I beseech your grace, let him haue the law

*Arm* Alasse my Lord,<sup>1</sup> hang me if euer I spake<sup>2</sup> the words, my accuser is my prentise, & when I did correct him for his fault the other day, he did vow upon his knees that he would be eu'en with me, I haue good witnesse of this, and therefore I beseech your Maiestie<sup>3</sup> do not cast away an honest man for a villaines accusation

*Kin* Vnkle Gloster, what do you thinke of this?

*Hum* The law my Lord is this by case,<sup>4</sup> it rests suspitious,

That a day of combat be appointed,  
And there to trie each others right or wrong,  
Which shall be on the thirtith of this month,<sup>5</sup>

<sup>1</sup> The edition of 1600 reads, " master "

<sup>2</sup> The two editions of 1600 read, " If euer I spake these words "

The edition of 1619 corresponds with our text

<sup>3</sup> The edition of 1619 reads, " I beseech your worship "

<sup>4</sup> The comma ought to be inserted after "this," and left out after "case" The passage is obscure Mr Knight reads "because," a sufficiently plausible conjecture

<sup>5</sup> This line is entirely omitted in the edition of 1619 and by Mr Knight The period of action of this and the first scene of

With Eben staues, and Standbags<sup>1</sup> combatting  
In Smythfield, before your Royall Maiestie

[Exit HUMPHREY]

*Aym* And I accept the Combat willingly

*Peter* Alasse my Lord, I am not able to fight<sup>2</sup>

*Suf* You must either fight sirra or else be hangde,  
Go take them hence againe to prison

[Exit with them]

[The Queene lets fall her gloue,<sup>3</sup> and hits the  
*Duches of GLOSTER a bove on the eare,*

*Queene* Give me my gloue My Minion can you  
not see? [She strikes her

I cry you meicy Madame, I did mistake,  
I did not thinke it had bene you

*Eln* Did you not pioud Fiench-woman  
Could I come neare 'your daintie vissage with my  
nayles,

Ide set my ten commandments<sup>4</sup> in your face

*Kin* Be patient gentle Aunt  
It was against hei will

*Eln* Againsthei will Good King sheele dandlethee;

the amended play differ. The month alluded to in the present passage is April, for when Gloucester reads the agreement, he says, "ere the 30 of the next month," meaning May, as we learn from the amended play. The first three scenes of the Second Part of Henry VI are supposed to take place in March, for King Henry, alluding to the same circumstance, says—

"Away with them to prison and the day  
Of combat shall be the last of the next month  
Come, Somerset, we'll see thee sent away"

<sup>1</sup> Probably "sandbags"

<sup>2</sup> In the edition of 1619 reads, "I am not able for to fight". The amended play reads, "I cannot fight"

<sup>3</sup> In the amended play the Queen drops a fan, not a glove.

<sup>4</sup> The nails So in "Westward Hoe," 1607, "your harpy has set his ten commandments on my back" Quoted by Steevens, together with another quotation to the same effect. The amended play reads, "I could set," but modern editors adopt the reading of our text.

If thou wilt alwaies thus be rulde by hei  
 But let it rest As sure as I do liue,  
 She shall not strike dame Elnor vnreuengde,

[Enter ELNOR

*Kin* Beleeue me my loue, thou wait much to blame  
 I would not for a thousand pounds of gold,  
 My noble vnckle had bene here in place

*Enter Duke HUMPHREY*

But see where he comes, I am glad he met her not  
 Vnckle Gloster, what answer makes your grace  
 Concerning our Regent for the Realme of France,  
 Whom thinks your grace is meetest foy to send

*Hum* My gratiouſ Lord, then this is my resolute,  
 For that these woids the Armourer ſhould ſpeakē,<sup>1</sup>  
 Doth breed ſuſpition on the part of Yorke,  
 Let Someiſet be Regent ouer<sup>2</sup> the French,  
 Till trialls made, and Yorke may cleare himſelfe -

*Kin* Then be it ſo<sup>3</sup> my Lord of Somerſet  
 We make your grace Regent ouer the French,  
 And to defend our rights<sup>4</sup> againſt foraine foes,

<sup>1</sup> The two editions of 1600 read

"For that these words the Armourer doth ſpeakē"

<sup>2</sup> The edition of 1619 reads "oie"

<sup>3</sup> This and the next line are introduced by Theobald into the amended play, but unnecessarily. He says that, "without them the king has not declared his assent to Gloster's opinion," but the same may be said of the armourer's reply, which is introduced immediately afterwards from an earlier part of the old play. Mr Collier and Mr Knight reject Theobald's addition. Indeed, as Mr Knight justly observes, "the scene as it stands [in the amended play] is an exhibition of the almost kingly authority of Gloster immediately before his fall." Something, however, may be wanting, unless we suppose that Henry is treated even with less deference than usual. Malone supposes that Henry's assent might be expressed by a nod. See Collier's "Shakespeare," vol v p. 129.

<sup>4</sup> The edition of 1619 reads, "right"

And so do good vnto the Realme of France  
 Make hast my Lord, tis time that you were gone,  
 The time of Tuse I thinke is<sup>1</sup> full expirde,

*Som* I humbly thanke your royll Maestie,  
 And take my leauue to poste with speed to Fiance

[Exet SOMERSLT]

*Kin* Come vnckle Gloster, now lets haue our  
 horse,

For we will to Saint Albones presently,  
 Madame your Hawke they say, is swift of flight,  
 And we will try how she will flie to day

[Exet omnes]

*Enter Elnor, with sir Iohn Hum, Koger<sup>2</sup> BULLEN  
 BROKE a Conurer and Margery Tourdaine a  
 Witch*

*Eln* Here sir Iohn, take this scrole of paper here,  
 Wherein is wrt the questions you shall aske,  
 And I will stand vpon this Tower here,  
 And here the spirit what it saies to you,  
 And to my questions, write the answeres downe

[She goes up to the Tower.]

*Sir John* Now sirs begin and cast your spels  
 about,  
 And charme the fiendes for to obey your wils,  
 And tell Dame Elnor of the thing she askes

*Witch* Then Roger Bullinbrooke about thy taske,  
 And frame a Cirkle here vpon the earth,  
 Whilst I thereon all prostrate on my face,  
 Do talke and whisper with the diuels be low,  
 And coniure them for to obey my will.

*She lies downe upon her face*  
*BULLENBROOKE makes a Cirkle.*

<sup>1</sup> The edition of 1619 reads, "is I thinke,"

<sup>2</sup> A mistake in the original copy for "Roger"

*Bul* Darke Night, dread Night, the silence of the Night<sup>1</sup>

Wherein the Furies maske in hellish troupes,  
Send vp I charge you from Sosetus lake,<sup>2</sup>  
The spirit Askalon to come to me,  
To pierce the bowels of this Centricke earth,  
And hither come in twinkling of an eye,  
Askalon, Assenda, Assenda<sup>3</sup>

[*It thunders and lightens, and then the spirit riseth vp*

*Spirit* Now Bullenbrooke what wouldest thou haue  
me do?

*Bul* First of the King, what shall become of  
him?

*Spirit* The Duke yet liues that Henry shall de-  
pose,

But him out hue,<sup>4</sup> and dye a violent death

*Bul* What fate awayt<sup>5</sup> the Duke of Suffolke

*Spirit* By water shall he die<sup>6</sup> and take his ende

<sup>1</sup> In the amended play reads

"Deep night, dark night, the silent of the night "

in which place the word *silent* is a noun Fletcher, in the "Faithfull Shepherdess," writes—

"Through still silence of the night,  
Guided by the glow-worm's light."

<sup>2</sup> Sosetus, or rather Cocytus, is one of the rivers in the kingdom of his Satanic majesty In Nash's "Pierce Penilesse," the devil is called "Marquesse of Cocytus" See Mr Collier's edition, p 13

<sup>3</sup> The two editions of 1600 read "Askalon, ascenda, ascenda" Ascalon is mentioned by Scott as one of the inferior devils It may be a question whether these words are corruptions of Latin or English

<sup>4</sup> The two editions of 1600 read "Yet him out hue"

<sup>5</sup> The two editions of 1600 and that of 1619 read, "What fate awaies." The first folio reads, "What fates await,"

<sup>6</sup> The two editions of 1600 read, "By water he shall die "

*Bul* What shall betide the Duke of Somerset?

*Spirit* Let him shun Castles, safer shall he be  
Upon the sandie plaines, then where Castles mounted  
Stand<sup>1</sup>

Now question me no more, for I must hence againe<sup>2</sup>

[He sinks downe againe]

*Bul* Then downe I say, vnto the damned poule  
Where Pluto in his firie Waggon sits  
Ryding amidst the singde and parched smoakes,  
The Rode of Dytas by the Riuier Stykes,<sup>3</sup>  
There howle and burne for euer in those flames,  
Rise Iordaine rise, and staine thy charming Spels  
Sonnes,<sup>4</sup> we are betraide

*Enter the Duke of YORKE, and the Duke of BUCKINGHAM, and others*

*Yorke* Come sus, lare hands on them, and bind  
them sute,

<sup>1</sup> The word, "then," is omitted in the two editions of 1600, but restored in that of 1619. Steevens quotes, without reference, the following prophecy from an old chronicle, which is very similar to this

"Safer shall he be on sand,  
Than where castles mounted stand."

<sup>2</sup> It was anciently believed that spirits, who were raised by incantations, remained above ground only for a limited time, and answered questions with reluctance. In the amended play, the spirit says, after the same answer

"Have done, for more I hardly can endure."

The same observations may be made with regard to the prophecies told to Macbeth.

<sup>3</sup> *Dytas* is written by mistake for *Ditis*, the genitive case of *Du*, which is occasionally used instead of the nominative by writers of the time. The genitive would, however, have been required in the Latin construction of the sentence. It is almost unnecessary to say that it means Pluto. So in Drant's Horace, 1567:

"Made manye soules lord *Ditis* hall to seeke"

<sup>4</sup> A mistake in the original copy for "sounes." It is corrected in the later impressions.

This time was well watcht<sup>1</sup> What Madame are you  
there?

This will be great credit for your husband,  
That you are<sup>2</sup> plotting Treasons<sup>3</sup> thus with Cun-  
nurers,

The King shall haue notice<sup>4</sup> of this thing

[Exet Elnor aboue]

Buc See here my Lord what the diuell hath  
writ

Yorke Giue it me my Lord, Ile show it to the  
King

Go sirs, see them fast lockt in prison

[Exet with them]

Buc My Lord, I pray you let me go post vnto the  
King,

Vnto S Albones, to tell this newes

Yorke Content Away then, about straight

Buc Farewell my Lord [Exet BUCKINGHAM]

Yorke Whose within there?

*Enter one*

One My Lord

Yorke Sirha, go will the Eailes of Salsbury<sup>5</sup> and  
Waiwicke, to sup with me to night [Exet YORKE

One I will my Lord [Exet

<sup>1</sup> A similar expression occurs in the "Meiry Wives of Windsor," act v sc 5

<sup>2</sup> So in the original, but corrected in the later impressions to  
"that you are"

<sup>3</sup> The edition of 1619 reads, "Treason"

<sup>4</sup> The two editions of 1600 read, "The King shall haue a  
notice," which addition is omitted in the edition of 1619

<sup>5</sup> The two editions of 1600 read, "go will the Earle of Sals-  
bury" I scarcely understand the meaning of the conversation  
as it here stands, and think there is some error. Perhaps we  
should read "invite" for "go will," or else we must suppose  
the servant to understand an unusual phraseology

*Enter the King and Queene with her Hawke on her fist,<sup>1</sup>  
and Duke HUMPHREY and SUFFOLKE, and the  
Cardinall, as if they came from hawking*

*Queene* My Lord, how did your grace like this  
last flight?

But as I cast her off the winde did use,  
And twas ten to one, old Ione had not gone  
out<sup>2</sup>

*Kin* How wonderful the Lords workes are on  
earth,

Euen in these silly creatures of his hands,  
Vnkle Gloster, how hie your Hawke did soie?  
And on a sodaine soust the Partijdge downe

*Suf* No maruell if it please your Majestie  
My Lord Protectoris Hawke done towre so  
well<sup>3</sup>

He knowes his maister loues to be aloft

*Hum* Faith my Lord, it is but a base minde  
That can sore no higher then a Falkons pitch.

<sup>1</sup> This minute stage direction, as Mr Collier observes, is omitted in the amended play. It shows the particularity with which such matters were sometimes attended to on our old stage, and as an ocular proof to the audience that the royal party were engaged in hawking (Collier's "Shakespeare," vol v p 133.)

<sup>2</sup> See Boswell's Malone, vol xviii p 203 "Out of sight," I suppose, is understood, but Percy explains it thus, "the wind was so high, it was ten to one that old Jone would not have taken her flight at the game."

<sup>3</sup> The two editions of 1600 and that of 1619 read, "doe towie so well" The amended play also agrees with this emendation. The three next lines are thus given in the edition of 1619

"They know their master sores a faulcon's pitch  
*Hum* Faith my lord, it's but a base minde,  
That sores no higher than a bird can sore"

There seems to be some strange confusion in the differences between these two readings and the text of the amended play - but see the "Introduction" to this volume.

*Car* I thought your grace would be aboue the  
cloudes<sup>1</sup>

*Hum* I my Lord Cardinall, were it not good  
Your grace could flie to heauen

*Car* Thy heauen is on earth, thy words and  
thoughts beat on a Crowne,<sup>2</sup> proude Protector dan-  
gerous Peere, to smooth it thus with King and com-  
mon-wealth

*Hum* How now my Lord, why this is more then  
needs,

Church-men so hote Good vnckle can you doate<sup>3</sup>

*Suf* Why not Hauing so good a quanell & so bad  
a cause

*Hum* As how, my Lord?

*Suf* As you my Lord And it like<sup>4</sup> your Lordly  
Lords Protectorship

*Hum* Why Suffolke, England knowes thy insol-  
ence

*Queene* And thy ambition Gloster

*Kin* Cease gentle Queene, and whet not on these

<sup>1</sup> The first folio thus reads "I thought as much, hee would  
bee aboue the clouds" Modern editors generally read "he'd,"  
but Mr Knight restores the old reading

<sup>2</sup> An image taken from falconry A hawk was said to *beat*  
when it fluttered with his wings A similar phrase, without the  
comparison, occurs in Lylly's "Maid's Metamorphosis," 1600, as  
quoted by Steevens

"With him whose restless thoughts do beat on thee"

The words, "bate" and "abate," as applied to this diversion,  
are more particularly explained in "The Booke of Hawking,"  
MS Harl 2340 In the "Tempest," act i sc 2, Miranda uses  
a somewhat similar expression, and Prospero also in act v  
sc 1

<sup>3</sup> This is intelligible enough, though the edition of 1619 alters  
"doate" to "do't," in which it is followed by Mr Knight  
See the notes of the commentators on the corresponding passage  
of the amended play

<sup>4</sup> The edition of 1619 reads, "and t'like"

furious Loides<sup>1</sup> to wrath, for blessed are the peace-makers on earth<sup>2</sup>

*Car.* Let me be blessed for the peace I make,  
Against this proud Protector with my sword

*Hum.* Faith holy uncle, I would it were come to  
that

*Car.* Euen when thou darest

*Hum.* Dare I tell rhee<sup>3</sup> Priest, Plantagenets  
could neuer brooke the daire

*Car.* I am Plantagenet as well as thou, and sonne  
to Iohn of Gaunt

*Hum.* In Bastardie

*Car.* I scoine thy words

*Hum.* Make vp no factious numbers, but euen in  
thine own person meeete me at the East end of the  
groue<sup>4</sup>

*Car.* Heres my hand, I will

*Kin.* Why how now my Lords?

*Car.* Faith Cousin Gloster, had not your man cast

<sup>1</sup> This speech may be arranged as verse. The first folio of the amended play reads

"I praythee peace, good queene,  
And whet not on these furious peeres,  
For blessed are the peace-makers on earth "

But the second folio of 1632 reads

"I prethee peace, good queene,  
And whet not on these too too furious peeres,  
For blessed are the peace-makers on earth "

<sup>2</sup> See St Matthew, v 9, "Blessed are the peacemakers, for they shall be called the children of God"

<sup>3</sup> A mistake in the original copy for "thee". It is corrected in the later impressions

<sup>4</sup> In the amended play the place of meeting is first appointed by the cardinal, and afterwards repeated by Gloucester. The present passage shows that there is no necessity for Theobald's emendation, who would give the repetition of the appointment to the cardinal

off so soone we had had more sport to day, Come  
with thy swoord and buckler

*Hum* Faith Priest,<sup>1</sup> Ile shauue your Crowne

*Car* Protector, pioect thy selfe well

*King* The wind growes high, so doth your chollour  
Lords

*Enter one cryng, A miracle, a miracle<sup>2</sup>*

How now, now surra, what miacle is it?

<sup>1</sup> The edition of 1619 reads, "God's mother, priest," which agrees with the amended play. This is singular, these two editions having been published after the prohibitory statute, and the other before.

<sup>2</sup> This repetition does not occur in the two editions of 1600. This scene is founded on the following story, related by Sir Thomas More, and which he says was communicated to him by his father "I remember me that I have haid my father tell of a begger that, in Kyng Henry his daies the sixt, cam with his wife to saint Albonis. And there was walking about the towne begging a five or six dayes before the kinges commynge thither, saienege that he was boine blinde, and never swete in hys lyfe. And was warned in hys drieame that he shoulde come out of Berwyke, where he said he had ever dwelled, to seek saynt Albon, and that he had ben at his shryne, and had not bene holpen. And therfore he woulde go seke hym at some other place, for he had haid some say sins he came, that saint Albony's body shold be at Colon, and indeede such a contencion hath ther ben. But of troth, is I am surely informed, he lieth here at Saint Albonis, saving some reliques of him, which ther there shew shrined. But to tell you forth, whan the kyng w<sup>t</sup> comen, and the towne full, sodainly thys blind man at S<sup>t</sup> Albonis shune had his sight agayne, and a myacle solemply longen, and *te Deum* songen, so that nothyng was talked of in al the towne but this myacle. So happened it than that Duke Humfry of Glocster, a great wyse man and very wel lerned, having great joy to see such a myacle, called the pore man unto hym. And fust shewing hymselfe joyouse of Goddes glory as shewed in the gettinge of his sight, and exoitinge hym to mekenes, and to none ascribing of any part the worship to himselfe, nor to be proved of the peoples prayse, which would call hym a good and a godly man therby. At last he loked well upon his eyen, and asked whyther he could never se nothing at al in al his life before. And whan as well his wyfe as hym selfe affirmed falsely no, than he loked advisedly upon his eien

*One* And it please your grace, there is a man that came blinde to S Albones, and hath receiued his sight at his shrine<sup>1</sup>

again, and said, I believe you very wel, for me thinketh that ye cannot se well yet Yes, sir, quoth he, I thanke God and his holy marter, I can se nowe as well as any man Ye can, quoth the duke, what colour is my gowne? Then anone the begger tolde him What colour, quoth he, is this mans gowne? He told him also, and so forth, without any sticking, he told him the names of al the colours that coulde bee shewed him And whan my lord saw that, he bad him walke sytouie, and made him be set openly in the stockes For though he could have sene soudenyly by miracle, the dyffERENCE betweene divers colours, yet coulde he not by the sight so sodenly tell the names of all these coloures, but if he had knownen them before, no more than the names of al the men that he should sodenly se"—*The Workes of Sir Thomas Moore*, 1557, p 134 The similarity between the last part of this account, and that in our text, will be immediately perceived The following account is given in Grafton's "Chronicle," p 597-8 "In the time of King Henry VI, as he rode in progress, there came to the towne of Saint Albons a certain beggar with his wyfe, and there w<sup>t</sup>s walking about the town, begging five or six days before the king's coming, saying that he was borne blind, and never saw in all his life, and was warned in his dream that he should come out of Berwick, where, he said, that he had ever dwelled, to seke Saint Albon When the king was come, and the town full of people, sodainly this blind man at Saint Albon's shryne had his sight, and the same was solemnly rung for a miracle, and *Tz Deum songen*, so that nothing was talked of in all the towne but this miracle So happened it then, that Duke Humfrey, Duke of Gloucester, a man no less wise than also well learned, called the poise man up to him, and looked well upon his eyen, and asked whether he could never see anything in all his life before? and when, as well his wife as himselfe, affirmed fastly, No, than he looked advisedly upon his eyen again, and sayde, I believe you may well, for methinketh that ye cannot see well yet Yes, sir, quoth he, I thank God and his holy marter, I can see now as well as any man Ye can, quod the duke, what colour is this gowne? This anone the beggar tolde him What colour, quod he, is this man's gowne? He told him also, with out staying or stumbling, and tolde him the names of all the colours that could be shewed him And when the Duke saw that, he made him be set openly in the stocks" So much for the plagiarisms of the sixteenth century!

<sup>1</sup> The edition of 1619 reads "at the shrme"

*King* Goe fetch him hither, that wee may glorifye  
the Lord with him

*Enter the Maior of Saint Albones and his bretheren with  
Musick,<sup>1</sup> bearing the man that had bene blind, be-  
tweene two in a chaire*

*King* Thou happie man, giue God eternall praise,  
For he it is, that thus hath helped thee

*Hum* Where wast thou boine?<sup>2</sup>

*Poore man* At Barwicke sir, in the North

*Hum* At Barwicke, and come thus far for helpe

*Poore man* I sir, it was told me in my sleepe,  
That sweet saint Albones, should giue me my sight  
againe

*Hum* What are thou<sup>3</sup> lame too?

*Poore man* I indeed sir, God helpe me

*Hum* How cam'st thou lame?

*Poore man* With falling off on a plum-tree<sup>4</sup>

*Hum* Wart thou blind & wold clime plumtrees?

*Poore man* Neuer but once sir in all my life,  
My wife did long for plums

*Hum* But tell me, wart thou borne blinde?

*Poore man* I truly sir

*Woman* I indeed sir, he was born blinde

*Hum* What ait thou his mother?

*Woman* His wife sir

*Hum* Hadst thou bene his mother,  
Thou couldst haue better told

Why let me see, I thinke thou cant not see yet

*Poore man* Yes truly maister, as cleare as day.

<sup>1</sup> This part of the stage direction is omitted in the amended  
ay.

<sup>2</sup> This line forms part of the King's speech in the edition of  
1619, which also reads, "please your majesty" instead of "sir"  
in the following line. The context is in favour of the old  
arrangement

<sup>3</sup> Omitted in the edition of 1619

<sup>4</sup> The word "on" is omitted in the edition of 1619

*Hum* Saist thou so What colours his cloake?  
*Poore man* Why<sup>1</sup> red maister, as red as blood  
*Hum* And his cloake?  
*Poore man* Why that's greene  
*Hum* And what colours his hose?  
*Poore man* Yellow maister, yellow as gold  
*Hum* And what colours my gowne?  
*Poore man* Black sir, as black as Ieat  
*King* Then belike he knows what colour Ieat is on.  
*Suf* And yet I thinke Ieat did he never see<sup>2</sup>  
*Hum* But cloakes and gownes ere this day many  
 a one  
 But tell me surha, whats my name?  
*Poore man* Alasse maister I know not  
*Hum* What his name?  
*Poore man* I know not  
*Hum* Nor his?  
*Poore man* No truly sir  
*Hum* Nor his name?  
*Poore man* No indeed maister  
*Hum* Whats thine owne name?  
*Poore man* Sander, and it please you maister  
*Hum* Then Sandei sit there, the lyngest knaue in  
 Chüstendom If thou hadst bene born blind, thou  
 mightest aswell haue knowne all our names, as thus  
 to name the seuerall colours we doo weare Sight  
 may distinguish of colours,<sup>3</sup> but sodeinly to nominate  
 them all, it is impossible My Lords, saint Albones  
 here hath done a Miracle, and would you not thinke  
 his cunning<sup>4</sup> to be great, that could restore this Cripple  
 to his legs againe

<sup>1</sup> This word is omitted in the edition of 1619.

<sup>2</sup> The word "yet" is omitted in the two editions of 1600, but is found in that of 1619.

<sup>3</sup> This speech is printed metrically in the amended play. The word "of" is omitted in the second folio.

<sup>4</sup> This whole speech is adopted nearly verbatim in the amended play. The two first folios, however, read, "it cunning" instead of

*Poore man* Oh maister I would you could

*Hum* My Maisters of saint Albones,

Hauе you not Beadles in your Towne,

And things called whippes<sup>1</sup>

*Mayor* Yes my Lord, if it please your grāce

*Hum* Then send for one presently

*Mayor* Sirha, go fetch the Beadle hither straight

[Exit one]

*Hum* Now fetch me a stoole<sup>2</sup> hither by and by,  
Now siriha, If you meane to saue your selfe from  
whipping,

Leape me ouer this stoole and iunne away

*Enter Beadle*

*Poore man* Alasse maister I am not able to stand  
alone,

You go about to torture me in vaine

*Hum* Well sir, we must haue you finde your legges  
Sirra Beadle, whip him till he leape ouer that sam  
stoole

*Beadle* I will my Lord, come on siriha, off with  
your doublet quickly,

"his cunning," which last reading is the right one Rowesuggested  
"that cunning," which has been followed by all modern editors

<sup>1</sup> A humorous method of expression, occasionally used satirically at the present day Armin, in his "Nest of Ninnies," 1608, says "Ther are, as Hamlet saies, *things cald whips* in store" Now, according to Mr Collier, no such passage is to be found in any edition of Shakespeare's Hamlet, and he thinks it unlikely that Armin refers to the old Hamlet which preceded Shakespeare's, because he was an actor in the same theatre as that for which Shakespeare wrote It is not impossible that Armin may have confused the two plays together, and wrote incorrectly "as Hamlet saies," instead of "as Gloster saies"

<sup>2</sup> The second folio prints this, "New fetch me a stoole" I mention this minute difference because it appears to confirm Rowe's emendation of the well-known passage at the commencement of "A Midsummer Night's Dream," in opposition to the opinion of Mr Collier

*Poore man* Alas maister what shall I do, I am not able to stand

[*After the Beadle had hit him one gyke, he leapes over the stoole and runnes away, and they run after him, crying, A miracl, a miracl*

*Hum* A miracl, a miracl, let him be taken againe, & whipt at eueiy Market Towne til he comes at Barwicke where he was boine

*Mayor* It shall be done my Lord [Exet Mayor

*Suf* My Lord Protector hath done wonders to day  
He hath made the blinde to see, and halt to go<sup>1</sup>

*Hum* I but you did greater wonders, when you made whole Dukedomes flie in a day

Witnesse France

*King* Haue done I say, and let me here no more of that

### *Enter the Duke of BUCKINGHAM*

What newes brings Duke Humprey of Buckingham?

*Buck* Ill newes for some my Lord, and this it is,  
'That proud dame Elnor our Protectors wife,  
Hath plotted Tieasons against the King and Peeres,  
By wicchcrafts, sorceries, and cuniurings,  
Who by such meanes did raise a spirit vp,  
To tell her what hap should betide the state  
But ere they had finisht their diuellish drift  
By Yorke and my selfe they were all surprisde,  
And heres the answeire the duuel did make to them

*King* First of the King, what shall become of him  
(Reads) The Duke yet liues, that Henry shal depose,

Yet him out hue, and die a violent death

Gods will be done in all

What fate awaits the Duke of Suffolke?

By water shall he die and take his end

---

<sup>1</sup> The two editions of 1600 read "and the halt to go"

*Suf* By water must the Duke of Suffolle die?  
It must be so, or else the duel doth lie

*King* Let Somerset shun Castles,  
For safer shall he be vpon the sandie plaines,  
Then where Castles mounted stand

*Car* Heres good stiffe, how now my Lord Protector  
This newes I thinke hath turnde your weapons point,  
I am in doubt youle scarsly keepe your promise

*Hum* Forbear ambitious Prelate to vige my griefe,  
And pardon me my gratiouse Soueraigne,  
For heire I sweare vnto your Maestie,  
That I am guiltlesse of these hainous crimes  
Which my ambitious wife hath falsly done,  
And for she would betraie her soueraigne Lord,  
I here renounce her from my bed and boord,  
And leauue her open for the law to iudge,  
Vnlesse she cleare her selfe of this foule deed

*King* Come my Lords this night weelee lodge in S  
Albones,  
And to morrow we will ride to London,  
And trie the vtmost of these Treasons forth,  
Come vnkle Gloster along with vs,  
My mind doth tell me thou art innocent [Eact omnes.

*Enter the Duke of YORKE, and the Earles of SALSBURY  
and WARWICKE*

*Yorke* My Loids our simple supper ended, thus,  
Let me reueale vnto your honours here,  
The right and title of the house of Yorke,<sup>1</sup>  
To Englands Crowne by lineall descent

*War* Then Yorke begin, and if thy claime be good,  
The Neuils are thy subiects to command

<sup>1</sup> The edition of 1619 gives the whole pedigree very differently from this edition It is necessary to transcribe the whole

"Edward the third had seuen sonnes,  
The first was Edward the blacke prince,  
Prince of Wales

*Yorke* Then thus my Lords  
 Edward the third had seuen sonnes,  
 The first was Edward the blacke Prince,  
 Prince of Wales  
 The second was Edmund of Langly,  
 Duke of Yorke  
 The third was Lyonell Duke of Clarence  
 The fourth was Iohn of Gaunt,  
 The Duke of Lancaster  
 The fifth was Rogei Mortemor,<sup>1</sup> Earle of March  
 The sixt was sir Thomas of Woodstocke  
 William of Winsore was the seventh and last  
 Now, Edward the blacke Prince he died before his father,

---

The second was Willim of Hatfield,  
 Who dyed young  
 The third was Lyonell, duke of Clarence  
 The fourth was Iohn of Gaunt,  
 The duke of Lancaster,  
 The fit was Edmund of Langley,  
 Duke of Yorke  
 The sixt was William of Windsore,  
 Who dyed young

The seauenth and last was sir Thomas of Woodstocke, duke of Yorke  
 " Now Edward the blacke prince dyed before his father, leauing behinde  
 him two sonnes Edward, borne at Angolesme who died young, and Rich  
 ard, that was after crowned king by the name of Richard the second, who  
 dyed without an heyre

" Lyonell, duke of Clarence, dyed, and left him one only daughter  
 named Philip, who w<sup>t</sup>s married to Edmund Mortimer, earle of March and  
 Ulster and so by hei I claime the crowne, as the true heire to Lyonell,  
 duke of Clarence, third sonne to Edward the third Now, sir, in time of  
 Richard's reigne, Henry of Bullingbroke, sonne and heir to Iohn of Gaunt  
 the duke of Lancaster, fourth sonne to Edward the third, he claimed the  
 crowne, depo'd the merthfull King, and as both, you know, in Pomfret  
 castle harmlesse Richard was shainefully murthered, and so by Richard's  
 death came the house of Lancaster vnto the crowne"

The histoical truth of these matteis is of little importance in  
 the present question, which rather depends upon the chronicles  
 of the sixteenth century, notoriously inaccurate, and history  
 must be made to accommodate itself to Shakespeare The  
 differences in this instance between the impressions of 1600 and  
 1619, compared with the amended play, give us good arguments  
 for certain points connected with the history of the various  
 editions, which the reader will find more fully investigated in the  
 introduction to the present play

<sup>1</sup> This, as well as the name of Edward's second son, is an  
 error Both mistakes are corrected in the amended play

and left behinde him Richard, that afte wards was King, Crownde by the name of Richard the second, and he died without an heire

Edmund of Langly, Duke of Yorke died, and left behind him two daughteis, Anne and Elinor Lyonell Duke of Clarence died, and left behinde Alice, Anne, and Elinor, that was after married to my father, and by her I claime the Crowne, as the true heire to Lyonell Duke of Clarence, the thirde sonne to Edward the third Now, sir In the time of Richards raigne, Henry of Bullingbrooke, sonne and heire to Iohn of Gaunt, the Duke of Lancaster fourth soone to Edward the thrid, he claimde the Cowne, deposde the Merthfull King, and as both you know, in Pompref Castle harmlesse Richard was shamefully murthered, and so by Richards death came the house of Lancaster vnto the Cowne

*Sal* SAVING your tale my Lord, as I haue heard, in the raigne of Bullenbrooke, the Duke of Yorke did claime the Cowne, and but for Owin Glendor, had bene King

*Yorke.* True But so it fortuned then, by meanes of that monstrous iebel Glendor, the noble Duke of York was done to death, and so euer since the heires of Gaunt have possessed the Cowne But if the issue of the elder should succeed before the issue of the yonger, then am I lawfull heire vnto the kingdome.

*War* What plaine proceedings can be more plaine, hee claimes it from Lyonel Duke of Clarence, the third sonne of Edward the third, and Henry from Iohn of Gaunt the fourth sonne So that till Lyonels issue fails, his should not raigne It fails not yet, but flourisheth in thee & in thy sons, biaue slips of such a stock. Then noble father, kneele we both togither, and in this priuate place, be we the first to honor him with birthright to the Crown

*Both* Long liue Richard Englands royll King

*Yorke* I thanke you both But Lords I am not  
your King, vntil this sword be sheathed euen in the  
hart blood of the house of Lancaster

*War* Then Yorke aduise thy selfe and take thy tyme,  
Claime thou the Cowne, and set thy standard vp,  
And in the same aduance the milke-white Rose,  
And then to gaid it, will I rouse the Beare,<sup>1</sup>  
Inuiron'd with ten thousand Ragged-staues  
To aide and helpe thee for to win thy right,  
Maugre the proudest Lord<sup>2</sup> of Henries blood,  
That daies deny the ight and claime of Yorke,  
For why my minde presageth I shall liue  
To see the noble Duke of Yorke to be a king

*Yorke* Thanks noble Warwicke, and Yorke doth  
hope to see, The Earle of Warwicke liue, to be the  
greatest man in England, but the King Come lets  
goe [Exet omnes.

*Enter King HENRY, and the Queene, Duke HUMPHREY,  
the Duke of SUFFOLKE, and the Duke of BUCKING-  
HAM, the Cardinall, and Dame ELNOR COBHAM,  
led with the Officers, and then enter to them the  
Duke of YORKE, and the Earles of SALSBURY and  
WARWICKE*

*Kin* Stand foorth Dame Elnor Cobham<sup>3</sup> Duches  
of Gloster, and here the sentence pronounced against  
thee for these Treasons, that thou hast committed  
against<sup>4</sup> us, our States and Peeres

<sup>1</sup> The two editions of 1600 read, "I wil rouse the Beare." The edition of 1619 agrees with our text

<sup>2</sup> The two editions of 1600 read, "Maugre the proudest lords."

<sup>3</sup> This trial is an historical anachronism, having actually taken place some time before Henry's marriage. The same may, of course, be said of the angry scene between the queen and the Duchess of Gloster.

<sup>4</sup> The edition of 1619 reads, "against."

First for thy hainous crimes,<sup>1</sup> thou shalt two daies  
in London do penance barefoote in the streetes, with  
a white sheete about thy bodie, and a wave Tapei  
burning in thy hand That done, thou shalt be ban-  
ished for euer into the Ile of Man, there to ende thy  
daies, and this is our sentence eireuocable Away  
with her

*Eln* Euen to my death, for I have lived too long

[*Exet some with ELNOR*

*Kin* Gieue not noble vnkle, but be thou glad,  
In that these Treasons thus aie come to light,  
Least God had pourde his vengeance on thy head,  
For her offences that thou heldst so deare

*Hum* Oh gratiouſe Henry, giue me leauue awhile,  
To leave your grace, and to depart away,  
For sorrowes teares hath gripte my aged heart,  
And makes<sup>2</sup> the fountaines of mine eyes to swell,  
And therefore good my Lord, let me depart

*Kin* With all my hart good vnkle, when you please,  
Yet ere thou goest, Humphrey resigne thy staffe,  
For Henry will be no more protected,  
The Lord shall be my guide<sup>3</sup> both for my land and me

*Hum* My staffe, I noble Henry, my life and all  
My staffe, I yeeld as willing to be thine,<sup>4</sup>  
As erst thy noble father made it mine,<sup>5</sup>  
And euen as willing at thy feete I leauue it,  
As others would ambitiously receiue it,  
And long hereafter when I am dead and gone,  
May honourable peace attend thy throne

<sup>1</sup> The edition of 1619 reads, "crime"

<sup>2</sup> Probably "make"

<sup>3</sup> Perhaps "guide"

<sup>4</sup> This line is inadvertently omitted in the two editions of 1600

<sup>5</sup> The edition of 1619 reads,—

"As ere thy noble father made it mine"

And this alteration, which is far from being either an improve-  
ment, or in any way necessary for the sense, is adopted by Mr  
Knight.

*Kin* Uncle Gloster, stand vp and go in peace,  
No lesse beloued of vs, then when

Thou weairt Protector ouer my land<sup>1</sup> [Exit GLOSTER]

*Quicene* Take vp the staffe, for here it ought to stand,  
Where should it be, but in King Henries hand?

*Yorke* Please it your Maiestie, this is the day  
That was appointed for the combating

Betweene the Armourei and his man, my Lord,  
And they are readie when your grace doth please

*Kin* Then call them forth, that they may trie their  
rightes

*Enter at one doore the Armourei and his neighbours,*  
*drinking to him so much that he is drunken,<sup>2</sup> and*  
*he enters with a drum before him, and his staffe*  
*with a sandbag fastened to it,<sup>3</sup> and at the other*  
*doore, his man with a drum and sand-bagge and*  
*Prentises drinking to him*

*i Neigh* Here neighbor Hornor, I drink to you  
in a cup of Sacke  
And feare not neighbor, you shall do well inough

<sup>1</sup> The edition of 1619 reads "ouer this my land"

<sup>2</sup> "This yeal [1445] an armourer's servant in London appealed his maister of treason, which offered to be tried by battle. At the day assigned, the friends of the master brought him malmsye and aqua vite to comfort him withall for it was the cause of his and their discomfit, for he poured in so much, that when he came into the place in Smithfield where he should fight, both his witte and strength failed him, and so he being a tall and hardy personage, overloaded with hote drink, was vanquished of his servant being but a coward, and a wretch, whose body was drawen to Tyburn, and he hanged and beheaded"—Grafton's "Chronicle," p 594.

<sup>3</sup> According to the old law of duels, persons of inferior rank fought with an ebon staff or battoon, to the farther end of which was fixed a bag crammed hard with sand. Butler alludes to this when he says —

"Engag'd with money-bags, as bold  
As men with sand-bags did of old."

2 *Neigh* And here, neighbor, heres a cup of Charneco<sup>1</sup>

3 *Neigh* Heres a pot of good double beere, neighbor drinke

And be merry, and feare not your man

*Arm* Let it come, yfaith ile pledge you all,  
And a figge for Peter

1 *Pren* Here Peter I drinke to thee, and be not affeaid

2 *Pren* Here Peter, heres a pint of Claret-wine  
for thee

3 *Pren* And heres a quart for me, and be merry  
Peter,

And feare not thy maister, fight for credit of the Prentises

*Peter* I thank you all, but ile drink no more,  
Here Robin, and if I die, here I give thee my ham-  
mer,

And Will, thou shalt haue my aperne, and here Tom,  
Take all the mony that I haue<sup>2</sup>

O Lord blesse me, I pray God, for I am neuer able

<sup>1</sup> A sweet wine, so called from Charneco, a village near Lisbon, where it is made Allusions to it are common in writers of the period. In "The Discovery of a London Monster called the Black Dog of Newgate," 1612, we have the following mention of it amongst several other wines "Room for a customer, quoth I So in I went, where I found English, Scottish, Welch, Irish, Dutch, and French, in several rooms some drinking the neat wine of Orleans, some the Gascony, some the Bouideaux, there wanted neither sherry, sack, nor charnoco, maligo, nor peeter seemine, amber-colour'd candy, nor liquorish Ipocras, brown belov'd bastard, fat aligant, or any quick spirited liquor that might draw their wits into a cucle to see the devil by imagination" Part of this curious quotation is given in the variorum Shakespeare under Warburton's name, but it was communicated to him by Theobald See Nichol's "Illustrations of Literature," vol ii p 437

<sup>2</sup> The two editions of 1600 read, "Take all my money that I have" It may be worthy of observation, that the later editions of our play read *Hornor* instead of *Hornor*

to deal with my maister, he hath leaïnt so much fence  
alreadye

*Sal* Come leave your drinking, and fall to blowes  
Surrha, whaths thy name?

*Peter* Peter forsooth<sup>1</sup>

*Sal* Peter, what more?

*Peter* Thumpe

*Sal* Thumpe, then see that thou thumpe thy  
maister

*Arm* Heres to thee<sup>1</sup> neigbhbour, fill all the pots  
againe, for before we fight, looke you, I will tell you  
my minde, for I am come hithei as it were of my  
mans instigation,<sup>2</sup> to proue my selfe an honest man,  
and Peter a knaue, and so haue at you Peter with  
downright blowes, as Beuys of South-hampton fell  
vpon Askapart<sup>3</sup>

<sup>1</sup> The two editions of 1600 reads "Here to thee"

<sup>2</sup> The two editions of 1600 reads "as it were of man's instiga-  
tion," while that of 1619 returns to our text, which is also fol-  
lowed by the amended play

<sup>3</sup> This allusion to the well known old romance is not in the  
amended play, though frequently inserted from the sketch by  
modern editors. The giant alluded to is thus described —

"They had not ridden but a while,  
Not the mountenance of a mile,  
But they met with a gaint,  
With a full sorre semblant  
He was both mighty and strong  
He was full thirtie feet long,  
He was bristled like a sow,  
A foot there was betweene each brow  
His lips wer great, they hanged aside,  
His eyes were hollow, his mouth wide  
He was lothly to looke on,  
He was lyker a devil than a man  
His stiffe was a yong cake  
He would giv a great stroke  
Bevis wondred, I you plight,  
And asked him wh't he hight,  
My name, sayde he, is Ascapart,  
Sir Grassy sent me hetherward."

An account of the combat between Sir Bevis and this giant  
follows the above, but I cannot find any allusion to the particular  
method of striking mentioned in the text. I quote from an

Peter Law you now, I told you hees in his fence  
alreadie

[Alar mes,<sup>1</sup> and PETER hits him on the head  
and fels him

A, m Hold Peter,<sup>2</sup> I confesse, T treason, treason,  
[He dies

Peter O God I giue thee praise [He kneeltes downe

Pren Ho well done Peter God sauе the King

Kin Go take hence that Traitor from our sight,  
For by his death we do peiceue his guilt,<sup>3</sup>

And God in iustice hath reuealde to vs,  
The truth and innocence of this poore fellow,  
Which he had thought to haue murthered wrongfullly  
Come fellow, follow vs for thy reward. [Exet omnis

*Enter Duke HUMPHREY and his men in mourning  
cloakes*

Hum Siriha, whats a clocke?

undated black letter edition, "imprinted at London by Thomas East, dwelling in Aldersgate streete, at the signe of the black boise" According to Steevens, the figures of these combatants are still preserved on the gates of Southampton, and there certainly is some uncouth looking sculpturie that may perhaps have its subject so interpreted

<sup>1</sup> The word "and" is omitted in the edition of 1819

<sup>2</sup> The real names of these combatants, says Douce, were John Daveys and William Catou, as appears from the original precept to the sheriffs still remaining in the Exchequer, commanding them to prepare the barriers in Smithfield for the combat. The names of the sheriffs were Godfrey Boloyne and Robert Horne, and the latter, which occurs in the page of Fabian's "Chronicle" that records the duel might have suggested the name of Horner to Shakespeare. See more on this subject in Douce's "Illustrations of Shakespeare," vol ii p 8.

<sup>3</sup> According to the ancient opinion of duelling, the vanquished person not only lost his life but his reputation, and his death was always regarded as a certain evidence of his guilt. Bowle adduces a similar instance in a duel in 1380, related by Muri-muth, which concludes with the following apposite quotation "Magna fuit evidentia quod militis causa erat vera, ex quo mors alterius sequebatur"

*Seruing* Almost ten my Lord

*Hum* Then is that wofull houre haid at hand,  
That my poor Lady should come by this way,  
In shamefull penance wandring in the streeetes,  
Sweete Nell, ill can thy noble minde abooke,  
The abiert people gazing on thy face,  
With envious lookes laughing at thy shame,<sup>1</sup>  
That earst did follow thy proud Chariot wheeles,  
When thou didst ride in tyumph through the streeetes.

*Enter Dame Elnor Cobham barefoote, and a white  
sheet about her, with a waue candle in her hand,  
and verses written on her backe and pind on,<sup>2</sup> and  
accompained with the Sheriffes of London, and Sir  
JOHN STANDLY, and Officers with billes and hol-  
bards*

*Seruing* My gratioues Lord, see where my Lady  
comes,

Please it your grace, weeble take her from the Sheriffes?

<sup>1</sup> This was adopted without alteration in the first folio edition of the amended play, but in the folio of 1632 we have, "still laughing at thy shame," the reason of which interpolation is not very obvious, nor does the addition appear necessary Mr Knight follows Malone in his choice of the text of the second folio, but M<sup>r</sup> Collier has restored the reading of the first folio and the old editions of the sketch

<sup>2</sup> Modern editors generally put "with papers pinned upon her back," as the above part of the stage direction is omitted in the folio editions of the amended play. Mr Collier says that modern editors, by substituting "papers" for "verses," have left it doubtful what kind of papers were fixed upon the dress of the duchess, and he accordingly partially restores the old direction. I say "partially," for Mr Collier inadvertently adds that no existing authority states that they were pinned on. It seems to me that the stage direction of the first folio may remain with propriety unaltered in any future edition of the amended play, for the addition is no more required on account of the allusion to the "papers" in the speech of the duchess, than another interpolation is needed because she was "follow'd with a rabble." Such allusions cannot surely demand a stage direction to assist the capacity of the reader

*Hum* I charge you for your lues stir not a foote,  
Nor offer once to draw a weapon here,  
But let them do their office as they should

*Eln* Come you my Lord to see my open shame?  
Ah Gloster, now thou doest penance too,  
See how the giddie people looke at thee,  
Shaking their heads, and pointing at thee heere,  
Go get thee gone, and hide thee from their sights,  
And in thy pent vp studie rue thy shame,  
And ban thine enemies Ah mine and thine

*Hum* Ah Nell, sweet Nell, forget this extreme grief,  
And bear it patiently to ease thy heart

*Eln* Ah Gloster teach me to forget my selfe,  
For whilst I thinke I am thy wedded wife,  
Then thought of this,<sup>1</sup> doth kill my wofull heart  
The ruthlesse flints doth cut my tender feete,  
And when I start the cruell people laugh,  
And bids<sup>2</sup> me aduised how I tread,  
And thus with burning Tapor in my hand,  
Malde vp in shame<sup>3</sup> with papers on my backe,  
Ah, Gloster, can I endure this and lue  
Sometime ile say I am Duke Humphreys wife,  
And he a Prince, Protector of the land,  
But so he rulde, and such a Punce he was,  
As he stood by, whilst I his forelorne Duches  
Was led with shame, and was made a laughing stocke,  
To euery idle rascald follower<sup>4</sup>

<sup>1</sup> The edition of 1619 reads, "the thought of this"

<sup>2</sup> Perhaps "bid"

<sup>3</sup> The amended play reads, "mayl'd vp in shame," while modern editions have "mail'd up in shame," but, from the spelling of the word in our text, it seems to be a question whether *maul'd* is not the true reading, at least of the old play. The emendation would perhaps express *wrapped up in a rough manner*, so that Johnson's explanation would still hold good. See Collier's "Shakespeare," vol v p 148.

<sup>4</sup> The two editions of 1600 read, "To euery idle rascall follower," and the amended play adopts their reading. It was merely an older form of the word.

*Hum* My louely Nell, what wouldest thou haue me  
do?

Should I attempt to rescue thee from hence,  
I shoulde incurie the danger of the law,  
And thy disgrace would not be shadowed so

*Eln* Be thou milde, and sti not at my disgrace,<sup>1</sup>  
Vntill the axe of death hang ouer<sup>2</sup> thy head,  
As shortly it will be Foi Suffolke he,  
The new made Duke, that may do all in all  
With her that loues him so, and hates vs all,  
And impious Yorke and Bewford that false Priest,  
Haue all lymde bushes to betraie thy wings,  
And flie thee how thou can<sup>3</sup> they will intangle thee

*Enter a Herald of Armes*

*Mer* I summon your Grace, vnto his highnesse  
Parlament holden at saint Edmunds-Bury, the first of  
the next month

*Hum* A Parlament and our consent neuer craude  
Therein before This is sodeine<sup>4</sup>

Well, we will be there [Exet Herald.  
Maister Sheriffe, I pray proceede no further against  
my

Lady, then the course of law extenes.

*Sher.* Please it your grace, my office here doth  
end,

And I must deliuier her to Sir John Standly,  
To be conducted into the Ile of Man

<sup>1</sup> This is intended to be a question According to Hall "the duke of Gloucester toke all these thynges paciently, and sayd little"

<sup>2</sup> The edition of 1619 reads, "ore"

<sup>3</sup> The edition of 1619 reads, "canst," instead of "can"

<sup>4</sup> The word "sodeine" is omitted in the edition of 1619, and this part of the speech breaks off suddenly This astonishment of Gloster is expressed apparently before he recollects he had resigned "his staffe," or it would be inconsistent with the previous scene.

*Hum* Must you sir Iohn conduct my Lady?

*Stan* I my gratiouſe Lord, for ſo it iſ decreede,  
And I am ſo commanded by the King

*Hum* I pray you Sir Iohn, vſe hei neare the worse,  
In that I intreat<sup>1</sup> you vſe hei well  
The world may ſmile againe<sup>2</sup> and I may liue,  
To do you fauour if you do it her,  
And ſo ſir Iohn farewell

*Eln* What gone my Lord, and bid me not<sup>3</sup> farewell?

*Hum* Witneſſe my bleeding heart, I cannot stay  
to ſpeake [Exit HUMPHREY and his men]

*Eln* Then iſ he gone, iſ noble Gloſter gone,  
And doth Duke Humphrey now forſake me too?  
Then let me haſte from out faire Englands boundes,  
Come Standly come, and let vs haſte away

*Stan* Madam lets go vnto ſome house hereby,  
Where you may ſhift your ſelfe before we go

*Eln* Ah good ſir Iohn my shame cannot be hid,  
Nor put away with casting off my ſheete  
But come let vs go, maister Sheriffe farewell,  
Thou haſt but done thy office as thou ſhouldſt

[Exit omnes]

### Enter to the Parliament

*Enter two Heraldſ before, then the Duke of BUCKINGHAM, and the Duke of SUFFOLKE, and then the Duke of YORKE, and the Cardinall of WINCHES-TER, and then the King and the Queene,<sup>4</sup> and then the Earle of SALISBURY, and the Earle of WAR-WICKE*

*Kin* I wonder our vnkle Gloſter ſtaies ſo long

<sup>1</sup> This word is rather curiouſly transpoſed in the amended play

<sup>2</sup> In other words, as Johnson obſerves, the world may again look favourably upon me

<sup>3</sup> So also the amended play, but the edition of 1619 reads, "and bid not me"

<sup>4</sup> The two editions of 1600 read "the king and queene"

*Queene* Can you not see, or will you not per-  
ceue,

How that ambitious Duke doth vse himselfe?  
The time hath bene, but now that time is past,<sup>1</sup>  
That none so humble as Duke Humphrey was  
But now let one meete him euen in the morne,  
When euerie one will glue the tyme of day,  
And he will neither moue<sup>2</sup> nor speake to vs  
See you not how the Commons follow him<sup>3</sup>  
In troupes, crying, God sauе the good Duke Hum-  
phrey,  
And with long life, Iesus preserue his gracie,<sup>4</sup>  
Honouiring him as if he were then King<sup>5</sup>  
Gloster is no litle man in England,  
And if he list to stir commotions,  
Tys likely that the people will follow him  
My Lord, if you imagine there is no such thing,  
Then let it passe, and call it a womans feare  
My Lord of Suffolke, Buckingham, and Yorke,  
Disproue my Alligations if you can,  
And by your speeches, if you can disproue me,  
I will subscribe and say, I wronged the Duke

<sup>1</sup> The edition of 1619 reads, "but now the time is past "

<sup>2</sup> The edition of 1619 reads, "Yet he will neither moue"

<sup>3</sup> The word "how" is omitted in the two editions of 1600

<sup>4</sup> This line is entirely omitted in the edition of 1619, and ac-  
cordingly we do not find it in Mr Knight's edition

<sup>5</sup> The two editions of 1600 read "a king," instead of "their  
king" Malone, who has collated his copy of the edition of  
1600, "printed by W W," with a copy of the 1594 edition for-  
merly in his possession, distinctly writes—

"Thinking him as if he were their king,"

as the reading of his copy of the first edition If so, it must have been a different copy from that now in the Bodleian, from which the present text is reprinted, and another instance of the curious variations in different copies of the same editions, which were first discovered by Steevens (Boswell's "Malone," vol. x, p. 73), and recently applied to good use by Mr Collier

*Suf* Well hath your gracie fooreseen into that Duke,  
 And if I had bene licenst first to speake,  
 I thinke I should haue told your gracies tale  
 Smooth runs the brooke whereas the stremme is  
 deepest  
 No, no, my soueraigne, Gloster is a man  
 Vnsounded yet and full of deepe deceit

*Enter the Duke of SOMERSET*

*Kin* Welcome Lord Somerset, what newes from  
 France?

*Som* Cold newes, my Lord, and this it is,  
 That all your holds and Townes within those Terri-  
 tores

Is ouercome my Lord, all is lost<sup>1</sup>

*Kin* Cold newes indeed Lord Somerset,  
 But Gods will be done

*Yorke* Cold newes for me,<sup>2</sup> for I had hope of  
 France,  
 Euen as I haue of fertill England

*Enter Duke HUMPHREY*

*Hum* Pardon my liege, that I haue staied so long

*Suf* Nay, Gloster know, that thou art come too  
 soone,

Vnlesse thou proue more loyall then thou art,  
 We do arrest thee on high treason here

*Hum* Why Suffolkes Duke thou shalt<sup>3</sup> not see me  
 blush

<sup>1</sup> The two editions of 1600 read, "and all is lost"

<sup>2</sup> This and the next line are identically the same with the first two lines of York's former speech at p 420 of this volume. The autho[r] of our play is apparently fond of the expression, "cold newes"

<sup>3</sup> The 1623 edition of the amended play reads, "Well, Suffolk, thou shalt," and the 1632 edition, "Well Suffolk, yet thou shalt." Malone and Knight read, "Well, Suffolk's duke, thou shalt," while Collier follows the reading of the second folio.

Noi change mine countenance for thine arrest,  
Whereof am I guiltie,<sup>1</sup> who are my accusers?

*Yorke* Tis thought my Lord, your grace tooke  
bribes from Fiance,  
And stopt the soldiers of then paie,  
By which<sup>2</sup> his Maestie hath lost all Fiance

*Hum.* Is it but thought so, and who are they that  
thinke so?

So God helpe me,<sup>3</sup> as I haue watcht the night  
Euer intending good for England still,  
That penie that euer I tooke from France,  
Be brought against me at the iudgement day  
I neuer robd the souldiers of their paie,  
Many a pound of mine owne propper cost  
Haue I sent ouer for the soldiers wants,  
Because I would not racke the needie Commons

*Car.* In your Protectorship you did devise  
Strange torments for offenders, by which meanes  
England hath bene defamde by tyrannie

*Hum.* Why tis wel knowne that whilst I was pro-  
tector

Pitie was all the fault that was in me,  
A murtherer or foule felonous<sup>4</sup> theefe,  
That robs and murthers silly passengers,  
I tortord aboue the rate of common law

*Suf.* Tush my Lord, these be things of no account,  
But greater matters are laid vnto your charge,  
I do arrest thee on high treason here,  
And commit thee to my good Lord Cardinall,  
Vntil such time as thou canst cleare thy selfe.

<sup>1</sup> The edition of 1619 reads, "Whereof I am guilty," a change  
for the worse, though retained by Mr Knight.

<sup>2</sup> The edition of 1619 reads, "Through which"

<sup>3</sup> The edition of 1619 reads, "So God me helpe"

<sup>4</sup> For "felomous," as in the two editions of 1600 and that of  
1619. "Felonous" was the older form of the word, and occurs  
in "Maundeville's Travels," edit 1839, p. 291.

*Kin* Good vnkle obey to his arrest,  
I haue no doubt but thou shalt cleare thy selfe,  
My conscience tels me thou art innocent

*Hum* Ah gratioues Henr<sup>y</sup> these daies aie dangerous,  
And would my death might end these miselles,  
And staie their moodes for good King Henries sake,  
But I am made the Prologue to their plaie,  
And thousands moe must follow after me,  
That dreads<sup>1</sup> not yet their lues destruction  
Suffolkes hatefull tongue blabs his harts malice,  
Bewfords firie eyes showes<sup>2</sup> his eniuious minde,  
Buckinghams proud lookes bewiaies<sup>3</sup> his cruel thoughts,  
And dogged Yorke that leuels at the Moone<sup>4</sup>  
Whose ouerweening arme I haue held backe  
All you haue ioynd to betraie me thus  
And you my gratioues Lady and soueraigne mistresse,  
Causelesse haue laid complaints vpon my head,  
I shall not want false witnesses inough,  
That so amongst you, you may haue my life  
The Prouerbe no doubt will be well performde,<sup>5</sup>  
A staffe is quickly found to beate a dog

*Suf* Doth he not twit our soueraigne Lady here,  
As if that she with ignomious<sup>6</sup> wrong,

<sup>1</sup> Probably “dead”

<sup>2</sup> Probably “showe”

<sup>3</sup> Probably “bewraie”

<sup>4</sup> That is, *aims*, meaning to express York’s great ambition  
So in the “Tempest,” act ii sc 1, Gonzalo says, “You are  
gentlemen of brave mettle, you would lift the moon out of her  
sphere, if she would continue in it five weeks without changing.”  
In Rider’s Latin Dictionarie, 1640, we have “aime or levell.”  
In “Titus Andronicus,” act iv sc. 3, Marcus says

“ My Lord, I am a mile beyond the moon,  
Your letter is with Jupiter by this ”

<sup>5</sup> The word “well” is omitted in the edition of 1619, though  
found in the amended play, which reads, “affected” for “per-  
formed”

<sup>6</sup> For “ignominous,” as in the two editions of 1600, that of  
1619, and the amended play

Had sobornde or hired some to sweare against his life

*Queene* I but I can glue the loser leauie to speake<sup>1</sup>

*Hum.* Far truer spoke than ment, I loose indeed,  
Beshrow the winners hearts, they plaine me false

*Buu.* Hele wiest the sence and keep vs heire all day,  
My Lord of Winchester, see him sent away.

*Car.* Who's within theire? Take in Duke Humphrey,  
And see him garded sure within my house

*Hum.* O! thus King Heniy casts away his crouch,  
Before his legs can beare his bodie vp,  
And puts his watchfull shepheard from his side,  
Whilst wolues stand snarring who shall bite him first.  
Farwell my soueraigne, long maist thou enjoy,  
Thy fatheis happie daies free from annoy<sup>2</sup>

[*Exet HUMPHREY, with the Cardinals men.*

*Kin.* My Lords, what to your wisdoms shal seem  
best,

E] Do and vndo as if our selfe were here.

*Queene* What will your highnesse leauie the Parla-  
ment?

*Kin.* I Margaret My heart is kild with grieve,  
Where I may sit and sigh in endlesse mone,  
For who's a Traitor, Gloster he is none

[*Exet King, SALSBURY, and WARWICKE.*  
*Queene* Then sit we downe againe my Lord Car-  
dinall,

<sup>1</sup> In Nash's "Pieice Penilesse," 1592, ed. Collier, p 8, nearly the same expression occurs "I, I, well glue looses leauie to talke," so that it may perhaps be a proverb. It is repeated in the amended play. It is almost unnecessary to observe that "I" always stands for "ay" in works of this period. In the editions of 1600 the "I" is changed to "Yea," but that of 1619 generally retains the old form. The edition of 1619 here omits the first "I"

<sup>2</sup> That is, *annoyance*. The older form of the word, occurring also in "Piers Plowman." The still older word, *annu*, occurs in MS. Harl. 2277, fol. 46

Suffolle, Buckingham, Yorke, and Somerset  
 Let vs consult of pround Duke Humphries fall  
 In mine opinion it were good he dide,  
 For safetie of our King and Common-wealth

*Suf* And so thinke I Madame, for as you know,  
 If our King Heniy had shooke hands with death,  
 Duke Humphrey then would looke to be our King  
 And it may be by policie he workes,  
 To bring to passe the thing which now we doubt,  
 The Foxe barkes not when he would steale the Lambe,  
 But if we take him ere he do the deed,  
 We should not question if that he should liue  
*No* Let him die, in that he is a Foxe,<sup>1</sup>  
 Least that in huing he offend vs more

*Car* Then let him die before the Commons know,  
 For feare that they do rise in Armes for him

*Yorke* Then do it sodainly my Lords

*Suf* Let that be my Lord Cardinals charge & mine

*Car* Agreed, for hee's already kept within my house.

*Enter a Messenger*<sup>2</sup>

*Queene* How now, sirra, what news?

*Mess* Madame, I bring you newes from Ireland,

<sup>1</sup> This and the next line are given to York in the edition of 1619, but, although this is sanctioned by the authority of Mr Knight, the arrangement in our text seems the right one. The next speech that York makes does not lead the reader to suppose that he had taken any part in the previous conversation, and, in the amended play, it will be found that the first line is in Suffolk's speech. The commentators are somewhat confused in their explanations of the speech as it stands in the amended play; but, if they had carefully read the present sketch, no difficulties would have been found.

<sup>2</sup> The first folio alters this to, "Enter a poste," which shows that he was specially sent, and, as many of the directions do, illustrates the next line

"Great lords, from Ireland am I come amain"

Modern editors have unnecessarily returned to the older reading.

The wilde Onele my Lords, is vp in Armes,  
 With troupes of Iush Keines that vncontrold,  
 Doth plant themselues<sup>1</sup> within the English pale  
*Queene* What ieliesse shal we haue for this my  
 Lords?

*Yorke* Twere very good<sup>2</sup> that my Lord of Somerset  
 That fortunate Champion were sent ouer,  
 And burnes and spoiles the Country as they goe<sup>3</sup>  
 To keepe in awe the stubborne Irishmen,  
 He did so much good when he was in France

*Som* Had Yorke bene there with all his far fecht  
 Pollices, he might haue lost as much as I

*Yorke* I, for Yorke would haue lost his lue before  
 That Fiance<sup>4</sup> should haue ieuolted from Englands  
 rule

*Som* I so thou might'st, and yet haue gouernd worst  
 then I

*York* What worse then nought, then a shame  
 take all

*Som* Shame on thy selfe, that wisheth shame

*Queene* Somerset forbeare, good Yorke be patient  
 And do thou take in hand to crosse the seas,  
 With troupes of Armed men to quell the pride  
 Of those ambitious Irish that iebell

*Yorke* Well Madame sith your grace is so content,

<sup>1</sup> The two editions of 1600 read, "Do plant themselues"

<sup>2</sup> The edition of 1619 omits the word "very"

<sup>3</sup> This line is in the wrong place. It ought properly to be at the end of the messenger's speech, four lines above, and it is so arranged in the two editions of 1600, and in that of 1619. The end of that speech would then be as follows

"Doth plant themselues within the English pale,  
 And burnes and spoiles the country as they goe"

We should of course read "burne and spoil," the bad grammar having probably crept in owing to its erroneous position in York's speech

<sup>4</sup> "The word "France" is inadvertently omitted in the two editions of 1600, but supplied in that of 1619

Let me haue some bands of chosen soldiers,  
And Yorke shall trie his fortune against those  
kerneſ<sup>1</sup>

*Queene* Yorke thou shalt My Lord of Buckingham  
Let it be your chāge to mustei vp ſuch ſouldiers  
As ſhall ſuffiſe him in these needfull warres

*Buc* Madame I will, and leauie ſuch a band  
As ſoone shall ouercome those Iriſh Rebels,  
But Yorke, where ſhall those ſoldiers ſtaiſe for  
thee?

*Yorke* At Bristow, I wil<sup>2</sup> expect them ten daies  
hence

*Buc* Then thither ſhall they come, and ſo farewell.

[*Exet* BUCKINGHAM]

*Yorke* Adieu my Lord of Buckingham

*Queene* Suffolke remember what you haue to  
do

And you Lord Cardinall concerning Duke Humphrey,  
Twere good that you did ſee to it in time,  
Come let vs go, that it may be performde

[*Exit omnis, Manit YORKE*

<sup>1</sup> "Tertius oido comprehendit alios etiam pedites, ac levis  
armaturae Machæiophores, ab Hybernis *Karni* dicuntur—" "Ricardi Stanhursti De rebus in Hibernia gestis libri," Antwerp, 1584, lib 1 p 42 In a paſſage quoted by Bowle, from an early English traſlation of the ſame book, we have the following account "The kerne is an ordinary ſouldier, uing for weapon his ſword and taiget, and ſometimes his peice, being commonly good markmen Kerne ſignifieth a ſhower of hell, because they are taken for no better than for rake hell, or the devils blacke-garde" See also another deſcription of them in Dymoke's "Treatise on Ireland," in an Harleian MS, which I paſſed through the press for the Iriſh Archaeological Society, with an introduction by Mr Butlei The two editions of 1600 read "gaſt those kernes," while in that of 1619 we have—

"And Yorke ſhall triu his fortunes gaſt those kernes."

<sup>2</sup> The edition of 1619 reads, "I'le"

*Yorke* Now Yorke bethink thy self and 1owse thee  
 vp,  
 Take time whilst it is offered thee so faue,  
 Least when thou wouldest, thou canst it not  
 attainc,<sup>1</sup>  
 Twas men I lackt, and now they gue them me,  
 And now whilst I am busie in Ireland,  
 I haue seduste a headstrong Kentishman,  
 John Cade of Ashford,  
 Vnder the title of Iohn Mortemer,<sup>2</sup>  
 To raise commotion, and by that meanes  
 I shall perceiue how the common people  
 Do affect the claime and house of Yorke,  
 Then if he haue successe in his affaires,  
 From Ireland then comes Yorke againe,  
 To reape the haruest which that coystyll sowed,  
 Now if he should be taken and condemd,  
 Heele neie confesse that I did set him on,  
 And therefore ere I go ile send him word,  
 To put in practise and to gather head,  
 That so soone as I am gone he may begin  
 To rise in Armes with troupes of country swaines,  
 To helpe him to perforne this enterprise  
 And then Duke Humphrey, he well made away,  
 None then can stop the light to Englands Crowne,  
 But Yorke can tame and headlong pull them downe

[Exit YORKE]

<sup>1</sup> The two editions of 1600 read, "thou canst not it attaine"

<sup>2</sup> The two editions of 1600 read,

"Vnder the title of Sir Iohn Mortimer,"

which addition does not agree with the scene where Cade  
 knights himself The edition of 1619 heire adds the following  
 line

"For he is like him euery kinde of way,"

which is neither in the earliar editions, nor does it occur in the  
 amended play This of itself is nearly sufficient to show that  
 the edition of 1619 must have been printed from another copy

*Then the Curtaines being drawne,<sup>1</sup> Duke HUMPHREY  
is discouered in his bed, and two men lying on his  
brest and smothering him in his bed And then  
enter the Duke of SUFFOLKE to them*

*Suf How now sirs, what haue you dispatcht him?*

*One I my Lord, hees dead I warrant you*

*Suf Then see the cloathes laid smooth about him still,  
That when the King comes, he may perceiue  
No other, but that he dide of his owne accord*

*2 All things is hansom<sup>2</sup> now my Lord*

*Suf Then draw the Curtaines againe and get you  
gone,*

*And you shall haue your fyme reward anon*

[Exet murtherers]

*Then enter<sup>3</sup> the King and Queene, the Duke of BUCK-  
INGHAM, and the Duke of SOMERSET, and the  
Cardinall*

*King My Lord of Suffolke go call our vnkle  
Gloster,*

<sup>1</sup> In the simplicity of our old stage, the different apartments were only separated by a curtain. See Collier's "Shakespeare," vol v p 168. The curtain which hangs in the front of the present stage, drawn up by lines and pulleys, which was the invention of Inigo Jones, and used in his masques, was an apparatus not then known. At the time our play was acted, the curtains opened in the middle, and were drawn backwards and forwards on an iron rod. In "Lady Alimony," 1659, quoted by Malone's "Be your stage-curtains artificially drawn, and so covertly shrowded, that the squint-eyed groundling may not peep in." There is also an old book, called "The Curtain-Drawer of the World," 1612, which is in its very title an illustration of Jacques's celebrated comparison. See also Boastuan's "Theatric, or Rule of the World," translated by Alday, 1581.

<sup>2</sup> This bad English may have been intentionally put into the mouth of the murderer, but it is erroneously put in Suffolk's speech in the first folio of the amended play. The second folio corrects it.

<sup>3</sup> The word "then" is omitted in the edition of 1619.

Tell him this day we will that he do cleare himselfe  
*Suf.* I will my Lord [Exact SUFFOLKE  
*King* And good my Lords proceed no further  
 against our vnkle Gloster,<sup>1</sup>  
 Then by iust pioofe you can affirme,  
 For as the sucking childe or haimlesse lambe,  
 So is he innocent of treason to our state

*Enter SUFFOLKE*

How now Suttolke, where's our unkle?

*Suf.* Dead in his bed, my Lord Gloster is dead.<sup>2</sup>

[*The King falleth in a sound*  
*Queen* Ay—me, the King is dead help, help, my  
 Lords

*Suf.* Comfort my Lord, gratioues Henry comfort.

*King* What doth my Lord of Suffolk bid me com-  
 fort?

Came he euen now to sing a Rauens note,  
 And thinkes he that the cherping of a Wren,  
 By crying comfort through a hollow voice,  
 Can satisfie my grieves, or ease my heart  
 Thou balefull messenger out of my sight,  
 For euen in thine eye-bals<sup>3</sup> murther sits,  
 Yet do not goe Come Basaliske  
 And kill the silly gazer with thy lookes<sup>4</sup>

<sup>1</sup> The edition of 1619 reads, "proceed no further 'ganust our vnkle."

<sup>2</sup> The two editions of 1600 punctuate this line rather differently

"Dead in his bed, my lord, Gloster is dead," while the edition of 1619 reads, "My lord of Gloster's dead," which apparently confirms the punctuation of the first edition. Each of the three readings is perfectly consonant with sense and metre.

<sup>3</sup> The two editions of 1600 read "thy" instead of thine"

<sup>4</sup> The word "silly" is omitted in the edition of 1619, and also by Mr Knight. "Plinius sayth there is a wilde beast called Catoblepas great noyeng to mankinde, for all that see his eyen."

*Queene* Why do you rate my Lord of Sufolke thus,  
As if that he had causde Duke Humphreys death?  
The Duke and I too, you know were enemies,  
And you had<sup>1</sup> best say that I did murther him

*King* Ah woe is me, for wretched Glosters death

*Queene* Be woe for me more wretched then he was.<sup>2</sup>  
What doest thou turne away and hide thy face?  
I am no loathsome leoper looke on me,  
Was I for this nigh wrackt vpon the sea,  
And thrise by awkward winds<sup>3</sup> driuen back from Eng-  
lands bounds,  
What might it bode, but that well foretelling  
Winds, said, seeke not a scorpions neast

*Enter the Earles of WARWICKE and SALISBURY*

*War.* My Lord, the Commons like an angrie huie  
of bees,<sup>4</sup>

should dye anone, and the same kinde hale the cockatooe"—  
"Bartholomæus de prop. rerum," lib. xviii. cap. 16. The same  
proposity is also mentioned by Pliny of the basilisk. So, in  
"Albion's England," as quoted by Reed,

"As AEsculap an herdsman did espie,  
That did with easy sight enforce a *basilisk* to flie,  
Albeit naturally that beast doth murther with the eye."

<sup>1</sup> The edition of 1619 reads, 'and y'had'

<sup>2</sup> Johnson explains this, "Let not woe be to thee for Gloster, but for me." The amended play reads "is" instead of "was," but our reading appears better, because the Queen is alluding to the former misery of Gloster, which she now wishes the king to believe has fallen upon himself on account of his death.

<sup>3</sup> Some editors have changed "awkward" to "adverse" in the corresponding passage in the amended play, which reads "twice" instead of "thrise." In "Cymbeline" we have the expression, "rudest wind." Malone quotes the following appropriate passage from Dayton

"And undertook to travale dangerous waies,  
Driven by awkward winds and boisterous seas."

<sup>4</sup> The edition of 1619 reads, "an hungry huie of bees," the reading adopted by Mr Knight, though, perhaps, few readers will think it an improvement.

Run vp and downe, caring not whom they stung,  
 For good Duke Humphreys death,<sup>1</sup> whom they report  
 To be muurthered by Suffolle and the Cardinall  
 here

*King* That he is dead good Waiwick, is too true,  
 But how he died God knowes, not Henry<sup>2</sup>

*War.* Enter his priuie chamber my Lord and view  
 the bodie

Good father staine you with the rude multitude, till I  
 returne

*Salb.* I will sonne [Exet SALBURY

[WARWICKE drawes the curtaines and shewes  
*Duke HUMPHREY in his bed*

*King* Ah vnkle Glostei, heauen receive thy soule  
 Farewell poore Henries ioy, now thou art gone

*War.* Now by his soule that tooke our shape vpon  
 him,

To free vs from his fathers dreadfull curse,  
 I am resolu'd that violent hands were laid,  
 Upon the life of this thise famous Duke<sup>3</sup>

*Suf.* A dreadfull oth sworn with a solemine toong,  
 What instance giues Lord Warwicke for these words?

\* *War.* Oft haue I seene a timely parted ghost,<sup>4</sup>

<sup>1</sup> The word "duke" is omitted in the two editions of 1600

<sup>2</sup> Johnson says that "Henry" is here used as a word of three  
 syllables

<sup>3</sup> The word "thrise" is omitted in the two editions of 1600

<sup>4</sup> The following passage in Poiter's "Two Angy Women of  
 Abingdon," 1599, appears almost a parody

"Oft have I heard a timely married girl  
 That newly left to call her mother mam"

Timely-parted means *recently* in this instance, though some of  
 the commentators explain it by "in proper time." The com-  
 mentators give us long notes on the incorrect application of the  
 word *ghost*, but it is again used in the same sense in this volume

"Sweet father, to thy *murdered ghost* I swear,"

and it appears to have been used somewhat indiscriminately by  
 our early writers

Of ashie semblance,<sup>1</sup> pale and bloodlesse,  
 But loe the blood is settled in his face,<sup>2</sup>  
 More better coloured then when he li'd,  
 His well proportioned beard made rough and sterne,  
 His fingers spred abroad<sup>3</sup> as one that graspt for life,  
 Yet was by strength surprisde, the least of these aie  
 probable,

It cannot chuse but he was muithered<sup>4</sup>

*Queene Suffolke* and the Cardinall had him in  
 charge,

And they I trust sir, aie no murtheirs

*War* I, but twas well knowne<sup>5</sup> they were not his  
 friends,

And tis well seene he found some enemies

*Car* But haue you<sup>6</sup> no greater proofes then these ?

*War* Who sees a hefer dead and bleeding fresh,  
 And sees haid-by a butcher with an axe,  
 But will suspect twas he that made the slaughter ?  
 Who findes the partridge in the puttocks<sup>7</sup> neast,

<sup>1</sup> So Spenser—

“Ye pallid spirits, and ye ashy ghosts !”

<sup>2</sup> The two editions of 1600 read, “in the face”

<sup>3</sup> That is, widely distended So in Peacham’s “Complete Gentleman,” 1627 “Herein was the Emperour Domitian so cunning, that let a boy at a good distance off hold up his hand and stretch his fingers abroad, he would shoot through the spaces without touching the boy’s hand, or any finger”—See Malone’s Shakespeare by Boswell, vol xviii 264

<sup>4</sup> So in “A Midsummer Night’s Dream,” Hermia says to Demetrius,

“It cannot be but thou hast murder’d him.”

The passage in the amended play (act iii sc 2) is very nearly the same with the line just given

“It cannot be but he was murder’d here”

<sup>5</sup> The edition of 1619 reads, “but tis well knowne”

<sup>6</sup> The edition of 1619 reads “ye”

<sup>7</sup> A kite See Bewick’s “History of British Birds,” edit 1797, vol 1 p 21 In a later edition of this work, the same provincial expression is given to the buzzard,

But will imagine how the budi came there,  
Although the kyte soare with vnbleedie beake?<sup>1</sup>  
Euen so suspitious is this Tragidie

*Queene* Are you the kyte Bewford, where's your  
talants?<sup>2</sup>

Is Suffolke the butchei, where's his knife?

*Suf* I weare no knife to slaughter sleeping men,  
But heies a vengefull sword rusted with case,<sup>3</sup>  
That shall be scoured in his rankorous heart,  
That slanders me with murthers crimson badge,  
Say if thou dare, proud Lord of Warwickshire,  
That I am guiltie in Duke Humphieys death

[Exet Cardinall]

*War* What dares not Warwiche, if false Suffolke  
dare him?

*Queene* He daies not calme his contumelious spirit,  
Nor cease to be an arrogant controwler,  
Though Suffolk daie him twentie hundredth times

*War* Madame be still,<sup>4</sup> with reuerence may I say it,  
That euery word you speake in his defence,  
Is slander to your royll Maiestie

*Suf* Blunt witted Lord, ignoble in thy words,  
If euer Lar'y wronged hei Lord so much,  
Thy mother tooke vnto her blamefull bed,  
Some steine vntutred churle, and noble stocke  
Was graft with ciatree slip, whose frute thou art,  
And neuer of the Neuels noble race

*War* But that the guilt of murther bucklers thee,  
And I should rob the deaths man of his fee,  
Quitting thee thereby of ten thousand shames,  
And that my soueraignes presence makes me mute,  
I would false murtherous coward on thy knees

<sup>1</sup> The edition of 1619 reads, "with the vnbleedy beake"

<sup>2</sup> The edition of 1619 reads, "where's his talents"

<sup>3</sup> The edition of 1619 reads, "Yet here's a" The word  
"case" is altered to "ease" in the three other editions

<sup>4</sup> The two editions of 1600 read, "Madame, be ye still"

Make thee craue pardon for thy passed speech,  
 And say it was thy mothei that thou means,  
 That thou thy selfe was boine in bastardie,  
 And after all this fearefull homage done,  
 Giue thee thy hire and send thy soule to hell,<sup>1</sup>  
 Pernitious blood-sucker of sleeping men

*Suf* Thou shouldst be waking whilst I shead thy  
 blood,

If from this presence thou dare go with me

*War* Away euen now, or I will drag thee hence  
 [WARWICKE puls him out

[Exet WARWICKE and SUFFOLKE, and then all the  
 Commons within, cries, downe with Suffolke, downe  
 with Suffolk And then enter againe, the Duke of  
 SUFFOLKE and WARWICKE, with their weapons  
 drawne

*Kin* Why how now Lords?

*Suf* The Traitorous Warwicke with the men of  
 Berry,

Set all vpon me mightie soueraigne <sup>1</sup><sup>2</sup>

[The commons againe cries,<sup>3</sup> downe with Suffolke, downe  
 with Suffolk And then enter from them, the  
 Earle of SALBURY

*Sal* My Lord, the Commons made you word by me,  
 The vnlesse false Suffolke <sup>4</sup> here be done to death,

<sup>1</sup> The edition of 1619 reads,

"Giue thee thy hire, and send thee downe to hell,"

which alteration implies a change of authorship, which the reader will find more fully exemplified in the introduction to the present play

<sup>2</sup> This last isolated letter is found in the original, but, as it is omitted in the later editions, it is most probably merely an error of the press for a full stop

<sup>3</sup> This grammatical error is repeated several times

<sup>4</sup> The edition of 1619 more intelligibly reads, "That vnlesse  
 false Suffolke."

Or banished faire Englands Territories,  
 That they will eue from your highnesse person,  
 They say by him the good Duke Humphrey died,  
 They say by him they feaie the ruine of the realme,  
 And therefore if you loue your subiects weale,  
 They wish you to banish him from foorth the land

*Suf* Indeed tis like the Commons rude vnpolish't  
 hinds

Would send such message to their soueraigne,  
 But you my Lord were glad to be imployd,  
 To trie how quaint an Orator you were,<sup>1</sup>  
 But all the honour Salsbury hath got,  
 Is, that he was the Lord Embassador  
 Sent from a soi't of Tinkeis to the King<sup>2</sup>

[*The Commons cries, an answer from the King,  
 my Lord of Salsbury*]

*Kin* Good Salsbury go backe againe to them,  
 Tell them we thanke them all for their louing care,<sup>3</sup>  
 And had I not bene<sup>4</sup> cited thus by their meanes,  
 My selfe had done it Therefore here I sweare,  
 If Suffolke be found to breathe in any place,  
 Where I haue rule, but three daies moie, he dies.

[*Exet SALISBURY.*]

*Queene* Oh Henry, reuurse the doome of gentle  
 Suffolkes banishment.

*Kin* Vngentle Queene to call him gentle Suffolke,  
 Speake not for him, for in England he shall not rest,

<sup>1</sup> It is, perhaps, necessary to observe that "quaint" here means *skilful, dexterous*. So Prospero says, "My quaint Ariel"

<sup>2</sup> A company or body of tinkeis So in "A Midsummer Night's Dream," act iii sc 2,

"The shallowest thick-skin of that barren sort"

<sup>3</sup> The two editions of 1600 read,

"Tell them we thanke them for all their louing care," and the edition of 1619 reads "kind" instead of "louing"

<sup>4</sup> The two editions of 1600 read, "And had not I beene"

If I say, I may relent, but if I sweare, it is neuocable  
 Come good Warwicke<sup>1</sup> and go thou in with me,  
 For I haue great matters to impart to thee

[Exet King and WARWICKE, Manet Queene  
 and SUFFOLKE

*Queene* Hell fire and vengeance go along with  
 you,

Theres two of you, the diuell make the thud  
 Fie womanish man, canst thou not curse thy enemies?

*Suf* A plague vpon them, wherefore should I curse  
 them?

Could curses kill as do the Mandrakes groanes,<sup>2</sup>  
 I would inuent as many bitter termes  
 Deliuered strongly through my fixed teeth,  
 With twise so many signes of deadly hate,  
 As leaue fast enuy<sup>3</sup> in hei loathsome caue,  
 My toong should stumble in mine earnest words,  
 Mine eyes should sparkle like the beaten flint,

<sup>1</sup> The word "good" is omitted in the two editions of 1600

<sup>2</sup> Bullen, speaking of Mandragora, says "They doe affirme that this heire commeth of the seede of some convicted dead men, and also without the death of some lyvinge thinge it cannot be diawen out of the earth to man's use. Therefore they did tie some dogge or some other lyvinge beast unto the roote thereof wyth a corde, and digged the earth in compass round about, and in the meane tyme stopped their own eares for feare of the terrible shriek and cry of this mandrake. In which cry it doth not onely dye it selfe, but the feare thereof kylleth the dogge or beast which pulleth it out of the earth"—"Bulwarke of Defence against Sickness," fol 1579, p 41. This quotation was first made by Reed, and has been inserted by most of the editors. The fabulous accounts, says Johnson, of the plant called a mandrake, give it an inferior degree of animal life, and relate that when it is torn from the ground it groans, and that this groan being fatal to the person who attempts the violence, the practice of those who gather them is to tie one end of a string to the plant, and the other to a dog, upon whom the fatal groan discharges its malignity.

<sup>3</sup> The three other editions read, "as leane facde enuy"

My haue be fixt on end,<sup>1</sup> as one distraught,  
 And euery ioynt should seeme to curse and ban,  
 And now me-thinks my burthened hart would bieake,  
 Should I not curse them   Poison be their drinke,<sup>2</sup>  
 Gall worse than gall, the daintiest thing they taste<sup>3</sup>  
 Then sweetest shade a groue of sypris trees,  
 Their softest tuch as smart as lyzards stings  
 Their musicke fightfull, like the seipents hys  
 And boding sciuile-oules make the comsoit full  
 All the foule terrors in darke seated hell

*Quene* Inough sweete Suffolke, thou torment thy  
 selte

*Suf* You bad me ban, and will you bid me sease?  
 Now by this ground that I am banisht from,  
 Well could I curse away a winters night,  
 And standing naked on a mountaine top,

<sup>1</sup> So the modern editors write but the folios of the amended play read, "Mine haue be fixt an end"

<sup>2</sup> Steevens has remarked that part of this speech has been copied by Lee in his tragedy of "Cæsar Boëgia, 4<sup>o</sup> Lond 1680, As Steevens has not given the passage to which he refers, it may be as well to insert it here

"*Mach* Nay, since you urge, sir, my heart will break.  
 Unless I curse 'em! Poysone be their drink  
*Borg* Gall, gall and wormwood! Hemlock! hemlock! I quench 'em  
*Mach* Their sweetest shade a dell of duskish adders  
*Borg* Their fairest prospect, fields of basisks,  
 Their softest touch, as smart as viper's teeth  
*Mach* Their musick horrid as the hiss of dragons,  
 All the foul teirours of dark-seated hell  
*Borg* No more, thou art one piece with me thyself  
 And now I take a pride in my revenge"

<sup>3</sup> The amended play reads, "the daintiest *that* they taste," and Theobald wishes to read, "the dainties *that*," or "the daintiest meat," because there is a substantive subjoined to every epithet in the verses that follow. See Nichols' "Illustrations of the Literary History of the Eighteenth Century," vol. II p. 439, where will be found a letter from Theobald to Warburton, suggesting the above readings. But surely, if any alteration is necessary, it would be safer to return to the reading of the old edition.

Where byting cold would neuer let grasse grow,  
And thinke it but a minute spent in spoit

*Queene* No more Sweete Suffolke hie thee hence  
to Fiance,

Or liue where thou wilt within this woildes globe,  
Ile haue an Irish<sup>1</sup> that shall finde thee out,  
And long thou shalt not staie, but ile haue thee  
iepelde,

Or venture to be banished my selfe  
Oh let this kisse be printed in thy hand,  
That when thou seest it, thou maist think on me  
Away, I say, that I may feele my grieve,  
For it is nothing whilst thou standest here

*Suf* Thus is poore Suffolke ten times banished,  
Once by the King, but three times thrise by thee

*Enter VAWSE*

*Queene* How now, whither goes Vawse so fast? [Sig F]

*Vawse* To signifie vnto his Maiestie,  
That Cardinal Bewford is at point of death,  
Sometimes he raues and cries as he were madde,  
Sometimes he cals vpon Duke Humphries Ghost,  
And whispers to his pillow as to him,  
And sometime<sup>2</sup> he calles to speake vnto the King,  
And I am going to certifie vnto his grace,  
That euen now he cald aloude for him

*Queene* Go then good Vawse and certifie the  
King

[*Exit VAWSE*

Oh what is worldly pompe, all men must die,  
And woe am I for Bewfords heauie ende  
But why mourne I for him, whilst thou art here?

<sup>1</sup> i.e. Iris See the amended play, act iii sc 2, and Malone's "Shakespeare" by Boswell, vol xviii p 275 The edition of 1619 corrects "shall," which occurs in the same line, to "shalt."

<sup>2</sup> The edition of 1619 reads, "sometimes"

Sweete Suffolke hie thee hence to Fiance,  
For if the King do come, thou sure must die

*Suf* And if I go I cannot lue but here to  
die,

What were it else but like a pleasant slumber  
In thy lap?<sup>1</sup>

Here could I, could I,<sup>2</sup> breathe my soule into the  
aire,

As milde and gentle as the new borne babe,  
That dies with motheis dugge between his  
lips,

Where from thy sight<sup>3</sup> I should be raging madde,  
And call for thee to close mine eyes,  
Or with thy lips to stop my dying soule,  
That I might breathe it so into thy bodie,  
And then it liu'd in sweete Elyziam,  
By thee to die, were but to die in least,  
From thee to die, were torment more then death,  
O let me staie, befall, what may befall.

*Queene*. Oh mightst thou staie with safetie of thy  
life,

'Then shouldst thou staie, but heauens deny it,  
And therefore go, but hope ere long to be repelde

*Suf* I goe

*Queene* And take my heart with thee

[She kisseth him]

*Suf* A newell lockt into the wofulst caske,  
That euer yet containde a thing of woorth,  
Thus like a splitted barke so sunder we

This way fall I to deathe

[Exet SUFFOLKE.]

*Queene* This way for me

[Exet Queene.]

<sup>1</sup> This line forms part of the previous one in the edition of 1619.

<sup>2</sup> This repetition does not occur in the edition of 1619.

<sup>3</sup> The edition of 1619 reads, "from my sight," which is clearly an error.

*Enter King and SALSBURY,<sup>1</sup> and then the Curtaines be  
drawne, and the Cardinall is discovered in his bed,  
rauing and staring as if he were madde.*

*Car* Oh death, if thou wilt let me liue<sup>2</sup> but one  
whole yeare.<sup>3</sup>

Ile giue thee as much gold as will purchase such  
another Iland

*Kin* O see my Lord of Salsbury how he is troubled,

<sup>1</sup> This stage direction is as follows in the amended play  
“Enter the King, Salisbury, and Warwick, to the Cardinall  
in bed”

<sup>2</sup> This was probably suggested by the following account in Hall’s “Chronicle” “During these doynges, Henry Beauford, byshop of Winchester, and called the ryche Cardynall, departed out of this worlde, and was buried at Winchester. This man was sonne to Jhon of Gaunte, duke of Lancaster, descended on an honoiable lignage, but borne in Baste, more noble of bloud, then notable in leainyng, haut in stomacke, and hygh in cowntaunce, ryche aboue measure of all men, and to fewe liberal, disdaynfull to his kynne, and deadfull to his lovers, preferrynge money before frendshippe, many thinges begynnning, and nothing perfoumyng. His covetous insaciabla, and hope of long lyfe, made hym bothe to forget God, his prynce, and hymselfe in his latter daies for Doctor Jhon Bakel, his prystie counsailer, and hys chapellayn, wrote that he lyeng on his death bed, said these wordes Why should I dye, having so much ryches, if the whole realme would save my lyfe, I am able either by policie to get it, or by ryches to buy it Fye, wyl not death be hyered, nor will money do nothyng? When my nephewe of Bedford died, I thought myselfe halfe up the whelle, but when I sawe myne other nephewe of Gloucester diseased, then I thought myselfe able to be equale with kinges, and so thought to encrease my treasure in hoope to have worn a tryple crowne But I se nowe the worlde fayleth me, and so I am deceyved, praying you all to pray for me”

<sup>3</sup> This is altered in the amended play to “and feel no pain.” Theobald thinks the old edition supplies the best reading, as the Cardinal here labours more under the dreadful apprehensions in his mind of the result of approaching death than bodily pain. King Henry adds immediately afterwards, “how he is troubled,” and wishes him to remember his Redeemer

Lord Cardinall, remembre Christ must sauue thy soule<sup>1</sup>

*Car.* Why died he not in his bed?  
What would you haue me to do then?  
Can I make men liue whether they will or no?<sup>2</sup>  
Sirra, go fetch me the strong poison<sup>3</sup> which the  
Pothicary sent me

Oh see where Duke Humphreys ghoast doth stand,  
And stares me in the face Looke, looke, coame  
downe his hane,

So now hees gone againe Oh, oh, oh

*Sal.* See howthe panges of death doth gripe his heart

*Kin.* Lord Cardinall, if thou diest assured of hea-  
uenly blisse,

Hold vp thy hand and make some signe to vs<sup>4</sup>

[*The Cardinall dies.*

Oh see he dies, and makes no signe at all

Oh God forgiue his soule

*Sal.* So bad an ende did neuer none behold,  
But as his death, so was his life in all

*Kin.* Forbeare to iudge, good Salsbury forbeare,  
For God will iudge vs all

Go take him hence, and see his funerals be performde<sup>5</sup>

[*Exet omnes.*

<sup>1</sup> The two editions of 1600 read —

“ Lord Cardinall, remembre Christ must haue thy soule ”

<sup>2</sup> So in “ King John,” act iv sc 2 —

“ We cannot hold mortality’s strong hand ”

And again —

“ Why do you bend such solemn brows on me ?

Think you I bear the shears of destiny ?

Have I commandment on the pulse of life ? ”

<sup>3</sup> The word “ strong ” is omitted in the edition of 1619

<sup>4</sup> So in the old “ King John,” 1591, the legate says to the  
dying sovereign —

“ Lift up thy hand, that we may witnesse here,

Thou diest the servant of our Saviour Christ.—

Now joy betide thy soule ! ”

<sup>5</sup> The word “ be ” is omitted in the edition of 1619.

*Alar mes<sup>1</sup> within, and the chambers be discharged, like as  
it were a fight at sea And then enter the Captaigne  
of the ship<sup>2</sup> and the Maister, and the Maisters  
Mate, & the Duke of SUFFOLKE disguised, and  
others with him, and WATER WHICKMORE<sup>3</sup>*

*Cap* Bring fooward these prisoners that scorn'd to  
yeeld,

Vnlade their goods with speed and sincke their ship,  
Here Maister, this prisoner I glue to you  
This other, the Maisters Mate shall haue,  
And Water Whickmoe thou shalt haue this man,  
And let them paie their ransomes<sup>4</sup> ere they passe

*Suf* Water! [He starteth

*Water* How now, what doest feare me?<sup>5</sup>  
Thou shalt haue better cause anon

*Suf* It is thy name affrights me, not thy selfe  
I do remember well, a cunning Wyssard told me,  
That by Water I should die<sup>6</sup>

<sup>1</sup> This word, so frequently occurring in old stage directions, and, having two distinct meanings, is frequently misinterpreted by the general reader. Perhaps the following is as good an explanation of the word as could be given. " *Classicum*, a trumpet for the warres, a sound or peale of trumpets or belles to call men together or to go to warre, alarme" —Rider's "Latin Dictionarie," 4<sup>o</sup>, London, 1640.

<sup>2</sup> In the amended play we have " Lieutenant" throughout the scene. Modern editors return to the old edition.

<sup>3</sup> In the two editions of 1600 his name is spelt " Walter Whickemore."

<sup>4</sup> The edition of 1619 reads, "ransome"

<sup>5</sup> The two editions of 1600 read, "what doest thou feare me" This appears to be a necessary addition, although the edition of 1619 follows our text.

<sup>6</sup> So, in Queen Margaret's letter to the duke, in Drayton's "Epistles," we have—

"I pray thee, Poole, have care how thou dost pass,  
Never the sea yet half so dangerous was,  
And one foretold by water thou shouldest die,  
Ah! foul befall that foul tongue's prophecy"

See Malone's "Shakespeare," by Boswell, vol xviii. p 283

Yet let not that make thee bloudie minded  
 Thy name being rightly sounded,  
 Is Gualter, not Water

*Water* Gualter or Water, als one to me,  
 I am the man must bring thee to thy death<sup>1</sup>

*Suf* I am a Gentleman looke on my Ring,  
 Ransome me at what thou wilt, it shal be paid

*Water* I lost mine eye in boording of the ship,  
 And therefore ere I merchantlike sell blood for gold,  
 Then cast me headlong downe into the sea

*z Pris* But what shall our ransomes be?

*Mar* A hundred pounds a piece, either paie that  
 or die

*z Pris* Then saue our liues, it shall be paid.

*Water* Come srrha, thy life shall be the ransome  
 I will haue

This prophecy and its accomplishment are differently stated  
 The note upon these lines is "The witch of Eye receiv'd an  
 swer from her spirit, that the Duke of Suffolk should take heed  
 of water" The two editions of 1600 print *Walter* instead of  
 water, and it is probably one of those that Mr Collier refers to  
 in his edition of "Shakespeare," vol v p 181

<sup>1</sup> This scene is thus related in Hall's "Chronicle" "But fortune wold not that this flatirous person shoulde so escape, for when he shipp'd in Suffolke, entenyng to be transported into Fraunce, he was encontered with a shipp of warie appertennyng to the Duke of Excester, the Constable of the Towre of London, called the Nicholas of the Towre The capitayne of the same barke with small fight entered into the duke's shipp, and perceyving his person present, brought hym to Dover Rade, and there on the one syde of a cocke bote, caused his head to be stryken of, and left his body with the heade upon the sandes of Dover, which corse was there founde by a chapelayne of his, and conveyed to Wyngfelde College in Suffolke, and there buried. This ende had William de la Pole, fist duke of Suffolke, as men judge, by God's punyshment, for above all thinges he was noted to be the very organ, engine, and devisor of the destruction of Humfrey the good duke of Gloucester, and so the bloudie of the innocente man was with his dolorous death recom pensed and punished" See Holinshed's "Chionicle," p 632, and Grafton's "Chronicle," p. 610.

*Suf* Staie villaine, thy prisoner is a Prince,  
The Duke of Suffolke, William de la Poull

*Cap* The Duke of Suffolke folded vp in rags

*Suf* I sir, but these rags are no part of the Duke,  
Ioue sometime went disguisde, and why not I? <sup>1</sup>

*Cap* I but Ioue was neuer slaine as thou shalt be  
*Suf* Base Iadie groome,<sup>2</sup> King Henries blood

The honourable blood of Lancaster,<sup>3</sup>

Cannot be shead by such a lowly swaine,  
I am sent Ambassadoir for the Queene to France,  
I charge thee waffe me crosse the channell safe

*Cap* Ile waffe thee to thy death, go Water take him  
hence,

And on our long boates side, chop off his head.

*Suf* Thou darste not for thine owne

*Cap* Yes Poull.

*Suf* Poull <sup>4</sup>

*Cap* I Poull, puddle, kennell, sinke and durt,  
Ile stop that yawning mouth of thine,  
Those lips of thine that so oft haue kist the  
Queene,<sup>5</sup> shall sweepe the ground, and thou that  
Smildeste at good Duke Humphieys death,  
Shalt lue no longer to infect the earth

*Suf* This villain being but Captain of a Pinnais,  
Threatens more plagues then mightie Abradas,

<sup>1</sup> This line is omitted in the folio editions of the amended play, though completely necessary to the sense of what follows.

<sup>2</sup> A groom who attends upon inferior horses. Here, a term of reproach. See "Henry VIII," act iii, sc 2.

<sup>3</sup> Blakeway says that this is a mistake, and that Suffolk's great grandfather was a merchant at Hull. But we learn from Hall that Suffolk assumed a good ancestry, and therefore this line was a natural ebullition of his vanity.

<sup>4</sup> This and the next line are omitted in the folio editions of the amended play, but are introduced by modern editors as necessary to the sense.

<sup>5</sup> This word is placed at the end of the preceding line in the two editions of 1600.

The great Masadonian Pyrate,<sup>1</sup>

Thy words addes <sup>2</sup> fuly and not remoise in me

*Cap.* I but my deeds shall staine thy fuly soone

*Suf.* Has not thou waited at my Trencher,  
When we haue feasted with Queene Margaret?  
Hast not thou kist thy hand<sup>o</sup> and held my stuope?  
And barehead plodded by my footecloth Mule,  
And thought thee happie when I smilde on thee?  
This hand hath witt in thy defence,

Then shall I charme thee, hold thy lauish toong

*Cap.* Away with him, Water, I say, and off with his  
hed

*Pris.* Good my Lord, intreat him mildly for your  
life

*Suf.* First let this necke stoupe to the axes edge,  
Before this knee do bow to any,  
Sau to the God of heauen and to my King  
Suffolkes imperiall toong cannot pleade  
To such a Ladie groome

*Water.* Come, come, why do we let him speake,  
I long to haue his head for raunsome of mine eye

*Suf.* A Swordar and bandeto slaye,  
Murthered sweete Tully

<sup>1</sup> In the amended play we have—

"Small things make base men proud, this villain here,  
Being captain of a pinnace, threatens more  
Than Bargulus the strong Illyrian pirate"

Bargulus, or Βαρδούλης, as Plutarch writes it in the life of Pyrrhus, is mentioned by Cicero, *Bargulus Illyrus latro*. The change was perhaps made for the sake of the metre, "Macedonian" not well suiting the new construction of Suffolk's speech. Greene, in "Penelope's Web" [1588], mentions "Abradas, the great Macedonian piat," who "thought euery one had a letter of mart that bare sayles in the ocean." See Malone's "Shake speare," by Boswell, vol. xviii p. 289. The second folio reads, "threats" instead of "threatens."

<sup>2</sup> Probably "addes"

<sup>3</sup> The two editions of 1600 read, "Hast not thou kist thine hand?"

Brutus bastard-hand stabde Iulius Cæsar,  
And Suffolke dies by Pyrates on the seas

[Exet SUFFOLKE, and WATER]

*Cap* Off with his head, and send it to the Queene,  
And ransomelesse this prisoner shall go free,  
To see it sauе deliuered vnto her  
Come lets goe

[Exet omnes]

*Enter two of the Rebels with long staves*

*George* Come away Nick and put a long staffe in  
thy pike, and prouide thy selfe, for I Can tell thee,  
they haue bene vp this two daies

*Nicke* Then they had more need to go to bed now  
But surra George whats the matter?

*George* Why surra, Iack Cake the Dial of Ashford  
here,  
He meanes to turne this land, and set a new nap  
on it

*Nicke* I marly he had need so, for tis growne thred-  
bare,  
Twas never meny world with vs,<sup>1</sup> since these gentle  
men came vp<sup>2</sup>

*George* I warrant thee, thou shalt never see a Lord  
weare a leather aperne now a-daires

*Nicke* But surra, who comes more<sup>3</sup> beside Iacke  
Cade?

*George* Why theres Dicke the Butcher, and Robin  
the Sadler, and Will that came a wooring to our Nan

<sup>1</sup> A proverbial expression “Then stept forth the Duke of Suffolke from the King, and spake with a hault countenance these woids It was never merry in England, quoth hee, while we had any Cardinals among us.” Stowe’s “Chronicles,” by Howes, fol 1631, p. 546 See Malone’s “Shakespeare,” by Boswell, vol xviii p 294. The reading of the amended play renders this quotation still moie apposite.

<sup>2</sup> The word “these” is judiciously omitted in the amended play

<sup>3</sup> The edition of 1619 reads, “else”

last Sunday, and Harry and Tom, and Gregory that should haue your Parnill, and a great sort more is come from Rochester, and from Maydstone, and Canterbury, and all the Townes heire abouts, and we must all be<sup>1</sup> Lords or squires, assoone as Jacke Cade is King

*Nicke Harke, harke, I here the Drum, they be  
comming*

*Enter LACKE CADE, DICKE Butcher, ROBIN, WILL,  
TOM, HARRY, and the rest, with long staves*

*Cade Proclaime silence*

*All Silence*

*Cade I Iohn Cade so named for my valiancie<sup>2</sup>*

*Dicke Or rather for stealing of a Cade of Sprats<sup>3</sup>*

*Cade My father was a Mortemer*

*Nicke He was an honest man<sup>4</sup> and a good Brick-laiyer.*

*Cade My mother came of the Brases<sup>5</sup>*

*Will She was a Pedlers daughter<sup>6</sup> indeed, and sold  
many lases.*

<sup>1</sup> The edition of 1619 reads, "be al"

<sup>2</sup> This passage is very obscure, unless he derives his name from the Latin *cado*, which is partially confirmed by the amended play, where he says, "our enemies shall fall before us" It would appear that something is omitted

<sup>3</sup> A measure less than a barrel. The quantity a cade should contain is ascertained by Malone by the following extract from the accounts of the celereess of the abbey of Berking "Memorandum that a barrel of herryng shold contene a thousand herryngs, and a cade of herryng six hundred, six score to the hundieth" Nash, in his "Lenten Stuffe," 1599, says, "the rebel Jacke Cade was the first that devised to put redde herrings in cades, and from him they have their name" Nash's account was, perhaps, borrowed from this play

<sup>4</sup> In the edition of 1619 and the amended play, this speech is given to Dick Butcher.

<sup>5</sup> The edition of 1619 reads,

"My mother was come of the *Lacies*"

<sup>6</sup> In the edition of 1619 this speech is given by Nicke.

*Robin* And now being not able to occupie her furd  
packe,<sup>1</sup>

She washeth buckes vp and downe the country

*Cade* Therefore I am honourably borne<sup>2</sup>

.*Harry* I for<sup>3</sup> the field is honourable, for he was  
borne

Vnder a hedge, for his father<sup>4</sup> had no house but the  
Cage

*Cade* I am able to endure much

*George* Thats true, I know he can endure anything,  
For I haue seen him whipt two market daies together

*Cade* I feare neither sword nor fire

*Will* He need not feare the sword, for his coate is  
of proofe<sup>5</sup>

*Dicke* But mee thinkes he should feare the fire, be-  
ing so often burnt in the hand, for stealing of sheepe

*Cade* Therefore be braue, for your Captain is braue,  
and vowes reformation you shall haue seuen half-  
penny loaues for a penny, and the three hoopt pot,  
shall haue ten hoopes,<sup>6</sup> and it shall be felony to

<sup>1</sup> A wallet or knapsack of skin with the hair outward. See Malone's "Shakespeare," by Boswell, vol xviii p 296

<sup>2</sup> The two editions of 1600 read, "Therefole I am honourable boine" Thus in the "Third Part of Henry VI," edit. 1623, p 160, we have,

"Widow, goe you along Lords, vse her honourable."

This word "honourable" is altered to "honourably" in the second edition of that play

<sup>3</sup> The word "for" is omitted in the edition of 1619 and in the amended play

<sup>4</sup> The edition of 1619 reads, "because his father"

<sup>5</sup> Perhaps an exit ought to be marked here, as Will so soon afterwards enters "with the Clarke of Chattam"

<sup>6</sup> The old drinking-pots, being of wood, were bound together, as barrels are, with *hoops*, and in "The Gul's Horn-Booke," 1609, they are mentioned among other drinking-measures. See also Nash's "Pierce Penilesse," 1592, ed. Collier, p 103. Cade, says Douce, promises that every can which now had three hoops shall be increased in size so as to require ten

drinke small beeie, and if I be king,<sup>1</sup> as king I will be

*All* God sauе your maiestie

*Cade* I thanke you good people, you shall all eate and drinke of my score, and go all in my luerie, and weelee haue no writyng, but the score & the Tally, and there shalbe no lawes but such as comes<sup>2</sup> from my mouth

*Dicke* We shall haue soire lawes then,<sup>3</sup> for he was thrust into the mouth the other day

*George* I and stunking law too, for his bieath stinks so, that one cannot abide it

*Enter WILL with the Clarke of Chattam*<sup>4</sup>

*Will* Oh Captaine a pryz

*Cade* Whose that Will?

*Will.* The Clarke of Chattam, he can write and reade and cast account, I tooke him setting of boyes coppies, and hee has a booke in his pocket with red letters

*Cade* Sonnes,<sup>5</sup> hees a coniurer bring him hither Now, sir, what your name?

*Clarke.* Emanuell sir, and it shall please you

<sup>1</sup> The edition of 1619 leaves out the word "and," and the two editions of 1600 read, "And if be the king"

<sup>2</sup> The edition of 1619 reads, "But such as come"

<sup>3</sup> Stephano makes a similar pun in the "Tempest," act v sc. i

<sup>4</sup> Ritson supposes him to have been Thomas Bayly, a necromancer at Whitechapel, and formerly a bosom friend of Cade. See W. Wyrcestre, p 471. But Douce considers the character to have been invented by the writer of the play, and there certainly does not appear to be any evidence in favour of Ritson's conjecture

<sup>5</sup> A misprint for "sounes." It is corrected in the later impressions.

*Dicke* It will go hard with you, I can tell you,<sup>1</sup>  
For they vse to write that oth top of letters<sup>2</sup>

*Cade* And what do you vse<sup>3</sup> to write your name?  
Or do you as auncient forefathers haue done,  
Vse the score and the Tally?

*Clarke* Nay, true sir,<sup>4</sup> I praise God I haue bene so  
well brought vp, that I can write mine owne name

*Cade* Oh hes confess,<sup>5</sup> go hang him with his penny-  
inckhorne about his necke

[Exit one with the Clarke

Enter Tom

*Tom* Captaine Newes, newes, sir Humphrey  
Stafford and his brother are comming with the kings  
power, and mean to kil vs all

*Cade* Let them come, hees but a knight is he?

*Tom* No, no, hees but a knight

*Cade* Why then to equall him, ile make my selfe  
knight

Kneele downe John Mortemer,

Rise vp sir John Mortemer

Is therie any more of them that be Knights?

*Tom* I his brother [He Knights DICKE Butcher<sup>6</sup>

*Cade* Then kneele downe Dicke Butcher,

<sup>1</sup> The edition of 1619 reads, "I tell ye"

<sup>2</sup> Of letters missive, and public acts In the "Famous Victories of Henry V," 1598, the Archbishop of Bruges says to King Henry

"I beseech your grace to deliver mee your safe  
Conduct, under your broad seale Emmanuel"

The edition of 1619 reads, "ore the top of letters," and, in the previous line, "I tell ye," instead of "I can tell you"

<sup>3</sup> The edition of 1619 reads, "What do ye vse"

<sup>4</sup> The edition of 1619 reads, "Nay, truly sir"

<sup>5</sup> The edition of 1619 has this speech as follows. "Oh he haue confess, go and hang him with his pen and inkehorne about his necke"

<sup>6</sup> The edition of 1619 reads, "He knights him," and places this direction at the end of the next line

Rise vp sir Dicke Butcher

[Now sound vp the Drumme<sup>1</sup>

Enter sir HUMPHREY SIAFFORD and his brother, with  
Drumme and souldiers

Cade As for these silken coated slaves I passe not a  
pinne,<sup>2</sup>

Tis to you good people that I speake

Staf Why country-men, what meane you thus in  
troopes,

To follow this rebellious Traitor Cade?

Why his father was but a Brick-laier<sup>3</sup>

Cade Well, and Adam was a Gardner,<sup>4</sup> what then?  
But I come of the Mortimers

Staf I the Duke of Yorke hath taught you that

Cade The Duke of York, nay, I learnt it my selfe,  
For looke you, Roger Mortemer the Earle of March,  
Married the Duke of Clarence daughter

Staf Well, thats true But what then?

Cade And by her he had two children at a birth,

Staf Thats false

Cade I, but I say, tis true

All. Why then tis true

Cade And one of them was stolne away by a  
begger-woman,

And that was my father,<sup>5</sup> and I am his sonne,

Deny it and you can

Nicke Nay looke you, I know twas true,<sup>6</sup>

<sup>1</sup> This forms part of Cade's speech in the edition of 1619

<sup>2</sup> An idiomatic phrase of the time for I care not, or, I pay  
them no regard "I care not a pin for you," is a common ex-  
pression at the present day

<sup>3</sup> The word "but" is omitted in the edition of 1619

<sup>4</sup> The word "and" is omitted in the two editions of 1600

<sup>5</sup> The word "that" is omitted in the two editions of 1600.

<sup>6</sup> The edition of 1619 reads, "I know was true," which Mr  
Knight has corrected to "I know tis true"

For his father built a chimney in my fathers house,  
And the bricke are alue at this day to testifie<sup>1</sup>

*Cade* But doest thou heare Stafford, tell the King,  
that for his fathers sake, in whose time boyes plaide  
at spanne-counter with Frenche Crownes,<sup>2</sup> I am con-  
tent that he shall be King as long as he hues Marry  
alwaies piodued, ile be Protector ouer him

*Staf* O monstrous simplicite

*Cade* And tell him, wee have the Lord Sayes  
head, and the Duke of Somersets, for deluering vp  
the Dukedomes of Anioy and Mayne, and selling  
the Townes in France, by which meanes England

<sup>1</sup> The edition of 1619 reads "to testifie it "

<sup>2</sup> The amended play reads, "in whose time boys went to span-  
counter for French crowns " The earlier commentators do not  
give any note on the game of span counter, which Strutt and  
Nares suppose to have been thus played one throws a counter,  
or piece of money, which the other wins if he can thow another  
so as to hit it, or lie within a span of it It is alluded to by  
Beaumont and Fletcher

"And what I now pull shall no more afflict me,  
Than if I play'd at span-counter "

Dr Simon Forman, and his companion and "bedfellowe," Henry Gird, used to play at this game about 1570, as we learn from his diary in MS Ashm 208, but this curious document does not give us any information relative to the maner in which the game was played A few leaves onwards, in the same volume, Forman gives us the following account, which is so good an illustration of the fact of deer-stealing being a fashionable amusement in the time of Shakespeare, that I cannot resist the temptation of inserting it here, especially, too, as it also affords an example of the ancient method of styling members of the university by the title of "sir," already alluded to Forman is speaking of his college life when he tells us "Nowe ther were too Bachelors of Arte that were too of his shife benefactors . the one of them was Sir Thornbuiy, that after was bishope of Litterike, and he was of Magdalen College , the other was Sir Pinckney, his cossine of St Mary Halle Thes too loyyd hym [Forman] nyng welle, and many tymes wold make Simon to goo forth tho Loes the keper of Shattofer for his houndes to go on huntinge from morninge to nighte, and they never studied nor gave them.

hath bene mainde<sup>1</sup> euer since, and gone as it were with a crouch, but that my puissance<sup>2</sup> held it vp And besides, they can speake French, and therefore they are traitors

*Staf* As how I prethe?

*Cade* Why the French men are our enemies be they not? And then can hee that speakes with the tongue of an enemy be a good subiect?

Answeire me to that

*Staf* Well sirha, wilt thou yeeld thy selfe vnto the Kings meicy, and he will pardon thee and these, their outrages and rebellious deeds?

*Cade* Nay, bid the King come to me and he will, and then ile pardon him, or otherwaises ile haue his Crowne tell him, ere it be long

*Staf* Go Herald proclaime in all the Kings Townes That those that will forsake the Rebell Cade, Shall haue free pardon from his Maiestie

[*Exet STAFFORD and his men*

*Cade* Come sirs, saint George for vs and Kent.

[*Exet omnes*

selves to their bockes, but to goe to scolles of defence, to the dauncing scolles, *to steall deer and conyes*, and to hunte the hare and to woinge of wenches, to goe to Doctor Lawrence of Cowly, for he had too fair daughters, Besse and Martha. Sir Thoinbury he woed Besse, and Sir Pinckney he woed Martha, and in the end he married her; but Thornbury he deceyved Besse as the mayor's daughter of Biacy, of which Ephues writes, deceyved him. But ther was then ordinary haunt alwaies, and thetherre muste Symon rone with the bottell and the bage erly and late." Thus if a bishop could steal deer when he was at college, surely Shakespeare could do so in his early career without his respectability being impeached by his editoires, a sport then attended with as little loss of reputation as stealing knockers would be at the present day.

<sup>1</sup> The amended play reads, "main'd," so that this may be a pun on the word "Mayne," in the previous line. Daniel has a similar conceit in his "Civil Wars," 1595.

"Anjou and Maine, the *main* that foul appears"

<sup>2</sup> The two editions of 1600 read, "but that the puissance."

*Alarums to the battaile, and sir HUMPHREY STAFFORD<sup>1</sup>  
and his brother is slaine Then enter IACKE CADF  
againe and the rest*

. Cade Sir Dicke Butcher, thou hast fought to day  
most valianly, And knockt them down as if thou  
hadst bin in thy slaughter house And thus I will  
reward thee The Lent shall be as long againe as it  
was Thou<sup>2</sup> shalt haue licence to kill for foure score  
& one a week Drumme strike vp, for now weelee  
march to London, for to morrow<sup>3</sup> I meane to sit in  
the Kings seate at Westminster [Exet omnes

*Enter the King reading of a Letter, and the Queene,  
with the Duke of SUFFOLKES head, and the Lord  
SAY, with others*

*Kin* Sir Humphrey Stamford and his brother is[  
slaine,

And the Rebels march amaine to London,  
Go back to them, and tell them thus from me,  
Ile come and parley with their generall

*Reade<sup>4</sup>* Yet stae, ile reade the Letter one<sup>5</sup> againe  
Lord Say, Iacke Cade hath solemnly vowde to haue  
thy head

<sup>1</sup> "A detachment was made against Jack Cade under the command of Sir Humphry and Sir William Stafford, to oppose those of Cade's men that remained in a body, imagining that most of them were retiued to their several dwellings. but Cade having placed his troops in ambuscade in the woods about Sevenoke, the forces commanded by the Staffords were surrounded, and most of them either killed or taken prisoners, the two brothers who commanded them being killed on the spot"—Holinshed's "Chronicle, Henry IV," p. 364. The edition of 1619 reads, "where Sir Humfrey Stafford and his brother are both slaine"

<sup>2</sup> The edition of 1619 reads, "and thou "

<sup>3</sup> The edition of 1619 reads, "and to morrow "

<sup>4</sup> This stage direction is omitted in the edition of 1619.

<sup>5</sup> Perhaps "once"

*Say* I but I hope your highnesse shall haue his

*Kin* How now Madam, still lamenting and mourning for Suffolkes death, I feare my loue,<sup>1</sup> if I had bene dead, thou wouldest not haue mournde<sup>2</sup> so much for me

*Queene* No my loue, I should not mourne, but die for thee

*Enter a Messenger.*

*Mes* Oh flie my Lord, the Rebels are entered Southwarke, and haue almost wonne the Bridge, Calling your grace an vsurper, And that monstious Rebelle Cade, hath sworne To Crowne himselfe King in Westminster, Therefore flie my Lord, and poste to Killingworth<sup>3</sup>

*Kin* Go bid Buckingham and Clifford, gather An Army vp, and meete with the Rebels Come Madame, let vs haste to Killingworth Come on Lord Say, go thou along with vs, For feare the Rebelle Cade do find thee out

*Say* My innocence my Lord shall please for me And therefore with your highnesse leauie, ile staine behinde

*Kin* Euen as thou wilst my Lord Say Come Madame, let vs go

[Exet omnes]

<sup>1</sup> Malone prefers this reading to the "I fear me, love" of the folio editions of the amended play. The difference is one which might easily occur in printing.

<sup>2</sup> The second folio reads, "Thou wouldest not half have mourn'd."

<sup>3</sup> "The king and court were so terrified at the approach of these rebels to Blackheath, that they retired to Kenelworth Castle in Warwickshire"—Holinshed's "Chronicle," p. 366. Killingworth is the old name for Kenilworth, and Sir William Blackstone says it was the common pronunciation in his time. In Lancham's letter, we find "the castle hath name of Kylle lingworth, but of truth, grounded upon faythfull story, Kenel woorth."

*Enter the Lord SKAYLES upon the Tower Walles walking  
Enter three or four Citizens below<sup>1</sup>*

*Lord Scayles* How now, is Iacke Cade slaine?

*i Cit* No my Lord, nor likely to be slaine,  
For they haue wonne the bridge,  
Killing all those that withstand them  
The Lord Mayor ciaueth ayde of your honour from  
the Tower,

To defend the Citié from the Rebels

*Lord Scayles* Such aide as I can spare, you shall  
command,  
But I am troubled here with them my selfe,  
The Rebels haue attempted to win the Tower,  
But get you to Smythfield<sup>2</sup> and gather head,  
And thither I will<sup>3</sup> send you Mathew Goffe,  
Fight for your King, your Country, and your lues  
And so farewell, for I must hence againe

[*Exet omnes*

*Enter IACK CADE and the rest, and strikes his sword  
upon London Stone*

*Cade* Now is Mortemer Lord of this Citié,  
And now sitting vpon London stone, We command,  
That the first year of our raigne,  
The pissing Cundit run nothing but red wine  
And now hence forward,<sup>4</sup> it shall be treason  
For any that calles me any otherwise then  
Lord Mortemer

<sup>1</sup> This necessary stage direction is entirely omitted in the edition of 1619.

<sup>2</sup> The second folio reads, "But get you into Smithfield."

<sup>3</sup> These words are transpo-ed in the edition of 1619

<sup>4</sup> This and the next line are thus given in the two editions of 1600:—

"And now henceforth, it shall be treason  
For any that calls me otherwise then"

The amended play agrees with our text

*Enter a soldier*

*Sould* Iacke Cade, Iacke Cade

*Cade* Sounte, knocke him downe [They kill him

*Duke* My Lords,<sup>1</sup> thens an Army gathered together

Into Smythfield

*Cade* Come then, lets go fight with them,

But first go on and set London Bridge a fire,<sup>2</sup>

And if you can, buine downe the Tower too

Come lets away

[*Exet omnes*

*Alarums, and then MATHEW GOFFE is slaine,<sup>3</sup> and all  
the rest with him Then enter IACK CADE again,  
and his company*

*Cade* So sirs, now go some and pull down the  
Sauoy,<sup>4</sup>

Others to the Innes of the Court,<sup>5</sup> downe with them all.

*Dicke* I haue a sute vnto your Lordship

*Cade* Be it a Lordship Dicke, and thou shalt haue it  
For that word

*Dicke* That we burne all the Records,<sup>6</sup>

<sup>1</sup> The edition of 1619 reads, "My lord "

<sup>2</sup> The two editions of 1600 read, "set London Bridge on fire." At that time the bridge was made of wood

<sup>3</sup> This of course means in the course of the scene, and not necessarily before the arrival of Cade and his followers. He is described by Holinshed, p. 635, as "a man of great wit and much experience in feats of chivalrie, the which in continuall warres had spent his time in seiving of the king and his father"

<sup>4</sup> The word "some" is omitted in the edition of 1619. According to Risdon, this trouble had been saved Cade's reformers by his predecessor, Wat Tyler, and was not rebuilt till the time of Henry VII

<sup>5</sup> The word "the" is omitted in the edition of 1619

<sup>6</sup> Reed says that a similar proposal was actually made in parliament in the time of the Commonwealth. But the objects were different. In that instance it was to settle the nation on a new foundation, whereas all Dicke appears to desire is the destruction of every thing connected with education and learning.

And that all writing may be put downe,  
And nothing vsde but the score and the Filly

*Cade* Dicke it shall be so, and henceforward all things<sup>1</sup> shall be in common, and in Cheapeside shall my palphrey go to grasse

Why ist not a miserable thing, that of the skin of an innocent lamb should parchment<sup>2</sup> be made, & then with a litle blotting ouer with inke, a man should vn do himselfe

Some saies tis the bees that sting, but I say, tis their waxe, for I am sune I never scald to anything but once, and I was never mine owne man since<sup>3</sup>

*Nicke* But when shall we take vp those commodities  
Which you told vs of

*Cade* Marry he that will<sup>4</sup> lustily stand to it  
Shall go with me, and<sup>5</sup> take vp these commodities  
following

Item, a gowne, a kirtle, a petticoate, and a smocke

*Enter GEORGE*

*George* My Lord, a prize, a prize, heres the Loid  
Say,  
Which sold the Townes in France

*Cade* Come hither thou Say, thou George, thou  
buckrum lord,<sup>6</sup>

<sup>1</sup> The edition of 1600, printed by W. W., reads, "al thing"

<sup>2</sup> These words are transposed in the edition of 1619. This speech occurs in act iv sc 2, of the amended play. Here it is act iv sc 7

<sup>3</sup> The second folio reads, "my" for mine

<sup>4</sup> This speech is printed as prose in the edition of 1619

<sup>5</sup> These words are omitted in the edition of 1619

<sup>6</sup> Cade here makes a pun on the word "say," which is explained by Minshew to be a kind of woollen stuff. Spenser uses the word --

"All in a kirtle of discolor'd say  
He clothed was."

There seems also to be a play on the word *George* and *serge*, as it is spelt in the amended drama

What answeire canst thou make vnto my mightinesse,  
For deliuering vp the townes in Fiance to Mounster  
bus mine cue, the Dolphin of France?

And more then so, thou hast most traitorously erected  
a grammer schoole, to infect the youth of the realme,  
and against the Kings Crowne and dignite,<sup>1</sup> thou hast  
built vp a paper-mill, nay it wil be saide to thy face,  
that thou kepst men in thy house that daily reades<sup>2</sup> of  
bookes with red letteis, and talkes<sup>3</sup> of a Nowne and  
a Verbe, and such abhominable wrods as no Christian  
eare is able to endure it And besides all that,<sup>4</sup> thou  
hast appointed certaine Iustises<sup>5</sup> of peace in euery  
shire to hang honest men that steale for their liuing,  
and because they could not reade, thou hast hung them  
vp Onely for which cause they were most worthy to  
liue Thou iudest on a footcloth doest thou not?<sup>6</sup>

*Say* Yes, what of that?

*Cade* Marry I say, thou oughtest not to let thy  
horse weare a cloake, when an honeste man then thy  
selfe, goes in his hose and doublet

*Say* You men of Kent

*All* Kent, what of Kent?

<sup>1</sup> "Against the peace of the said lord the king, his crown, and  
dignity," was the regular language of indictments

<sup>2</sup> Perhaps "reade."

<sup>3</sup> Probably "talke"

<sup>4</sup> The edition of 1619 reads, "And besides all this"

<sup>5</sup> The edition of 1619 reads, "Iustices of the peace"

<sup>6</sup> This passage, though completely necessary for the sense, is  
entirely omitted in the edition of 1619 and by Mr Knight This  
shows the value of the old copies The first folio reads, "in a  
footcloth," but the edition of 1632 restores the old reading A  
footcloth was a kind of housing which coveired the body of the  
horse, and almost reached the ground It was sometimes made  
of velvet, and bordered with gold lace Bulleyne, in his "Dia-  
logue," 1564, says "He gave me my mule also with a velvet  
footcloth" See "Richard III," act iii. sc 4, and "2 Henry  
VI," act iv sc 1.

*Say* Nothing but *bona, terra*<sup>1</sup>

*Cade* Bonum terum, sounds what's that<sup>2</sup>

*Duke* He speakes French

*Mill* No tis Dutch

*Nicke* No tis outtahan, I know it well enough

*Say* Kent, in the Commentaries Cæsar wrote,  
Termide it the ciuel'st place of all this land,<sup>3</sup>

Then Noble country-men, heare me but speake,  
I sold not Fiance, I lost not<sup>4</sup> Normandie

*Cade* But wherefore doest thou shake thy head  
so?

*Say* It is the palsie and not feare that makes me<sup>4</sup>

<sup>1</sup> The edition of 1600, printed by W. W., reads, "Nothing but *terra bona*"

<sup>2</sup> So all the editions The amended play reads—

"Kent, in the Commentaries Cæsar writ,  
Is term'd the ciuell'st place of all this isle  
Sweet is the country, because full of riches,  
The people liberal, valiant, active, wealthy,  
Which makes me hope thou art not void of pity."

The first folio reads, "you are" I have printed from the second edition of 1632 The passage, as given in our text, cannot be correct, but Mr Knight reads,

"Term'd is the ciuellest place of all this land"

I would rather read, "is term'd," the line running so much better, and transpositions frequently occur in these old copies. The passage in Cæsar which is referred to is as follows—"Ex his omnibus longe sunt humanissimi qui Cantium incolunt"—"Comment de bello Gallico," v. 14. The passage is thus translated by Arthur Golding, 1565 "Of all the inhabitants of this isle, the ciuilest are the Kentisfolke," a sentence which occurs nearly word for word in Lyly's "Euphues and his England," 1580: "Of all the inhabitants of this isle the Kentish-men are the ciuilest" Shakespeare, or rather the author of the "Contention," had probably seen this last-mentioned book, the passage I have given being quoted by Malone. It may be mentioned that there was an edition of Golding's translation published in 1590, as Mr Collier does not seem to be aware of this See his "Shakespeare," vol. v p. 198

<sup>3</sup> The edition of 1619 reads, "nor lost I."

<sup>4</sup> Peck thinks that this speech originates in a charm for an ague, which, however, I suspect he has altered to bring it

*Cade* Nay thou nodst thy head, as who say,<sup>1</sup> thou  
wilt be euen with me, if thou getst away, but ile  
make the sure inough, now I haue thee Go take  
him to the standerd in Cheapeside and chop of his  
head, and then go to milende-greene, to sū James  
Cromer his sonne in law, and cut off his head too,<sup>2</sup>  
and bring them to me vpon two poles plesently  
Away with him

[*Ereth one or two with the Lord Say*  
There shall not a noble man weare a head on his  
shoulders,  
But he shall paie me tribute for it  
Nor there shal not a mayd be married, but he shal  
see<sup>3</sup> to me for her  
Mavdenhead or else, ile haue it my selfe,

nearer the present passage Blagrave, in his "Astrological Practise of Physick," p 135, prescribes a cuie of agues by a certain writing which the patient weareth, as follows "When Jesus went up to the cross to be crucified, the Jews asked him, saying, 'Art thou afraid? or hast thou theague?' Jesus answered, and said, 'I am not afraid, neither have I theague All those which bear the name of Jesus about them shall not be afraid, nor yet have theague' Amen, sweet Jesus, amen, sweet Jehovah, amen"—See Brand's "Popular Antiquities," by Hazlitt, iii 236

<sup>1</sup> The edition of 1619 reads,

"Nay, thou noddst thy head at vs, as who wouldest say

<sup>2</sup> "Cade ordered the Lord Mayor and Aldermen to assemble in Guildhall, in order to sit in judgement upon Lord Say, but, his lordship insisting to be tried by his peers, Cade hurried him from the bar, and struck off his head at the Standard in Cheapside. And afterwards meeting with Sir J. Cromer, who had married Lord Say's daughter, he cut off his head, ordering that and Lord Say's to be carried before him on spears"—Holinshead, p 364. See also Gley's "Notes upon Shakespeare," vol ii p 28 According to the contempoiray chronicles, it was William Cromer whom Cade put to death Lord Say and he had been previously sent to the Tower, and both, or at least the former, convicted of treason at Cade's mock commission at Gu.ldhall

<sup>3</sup> Read 'fee'

Marry I will that maried men shall hold of me in  
capitie,<sup>1</sup>

And that theu wiues shalbe as free as hart can thinke,  
or toong can tell<sup>2</sup>

*Enter Robin*

*Robin* O Captaine, London brdge is a fne

*Cade* Runne to Billingsgate, and feche pitch and  
flaxe and squench<sup>3</sup> it

*Enter DICKE and a Sargiant*

*Sar* Iustice, Iustice, I pray you sir, let me haue  
iustice of this fellow here

*Cade* Why what has he done?

*Sar* Alasse sir he has rauisht my wife

*Dicke* Why my Lord he would haue rested me,  
And I went and entred my Action in his wiues paper  
house

*Cade* Dicke follow thy sute in her common place,  
You horson villaine, you are a Sargiant youle,

<sup>1</sup> A tenure *in capite* This is an equivoque on the preceding line

There are several ancient grants from our early kings to their subjects, written in rude verse, and empowering them to enjoy their lands as "free as heart can wish or tongue can tell." Nearly the precise words occur in the Year Book of Henry VII. See Malone's "Shakespeare," by Boswell, vol. xviii p. 321. The disgusting custom of the *Maicheta Muherum*, alluded to by Cade, is thus described by Skene, and affords us a very apposite illustration of the whole of this speech: "Maichequum significat prisca Scotorum lingua hinc deducta metaphora ab equitando, Maicheta mulieris, dicitur virginalis pudicitæ puma violatio et delibatio, quæ, ab Eveno rege, dominis capitalibus fuit impie permissa de omnibus novis nuptiis puma nuptiarum nocte, sed et pie a Malcomo tertio sublata fuit, et in hoc capite certo vacarum numero et quasi pietio redimitu." Dalrymple, however, denies the existence of such a custom, and Blackstone is of opinion that it never prevailed in England.

<sup>2</sup> The edition of 1619 reads, "quench." The other is still a provincial expression, and the older form of the word

Take any man by the throate for twelue pence,  
 And 1est a man when hees<sup>1</sup> at dinner,  
 And haue him to prison ere the meate be out of his<sup>2</sup>  
 mouth  
 Go Dicke take him hence, cut out<sup>3</sup> his toong for cog-  
 ging  
 Hough him for running, and to conclude,  
 Biane<sup>4</sup> him with his own mace

[Exet with the Sargent]

*Enter two with the Lord SAVES head, and sir IAMES  
 CROMERS, vpon two poles*

So, come carry them before me, and at euerie lanes  
 ende, let them kisse togither<sup>5</sup>

*Enter the Duke of BUCKINGHAM, and Lord CLIFFORD  
 the Earle of COMBERLAND*

*Clif* Why country-men and warlike friends of  
 Kent,  
 What meanes this mutinous rebellions,<sup>6</sup>  
 That you in troopes do mustei thus your selues,  
 Vnder the conduct of this Traitor Cade?  
 To rise against your soueraigne Lord and King,  
 Who mildly hath his pardon sent to you,

<sup>1</sup> The edition of 1619 reads, "he is"

<sup>2</sup> The edition of 1619 reads, "on's"

<sup>3</sup> The edition of 1619 reads, "and cut out"

<sup>4</sup> That is, "brain" The edition of 1619 reads "braue"

<sup>5</sup> "And as it wete in a spite caused them in every street to  
 kisse together" — Holinshed, p. 634. See also Hall's "Chron-  
 icles," sig. a. Farmer gives another parallel passage from the  
 "Mirroure of Magistrates" Hall says, "to the great detesta-  
 tion of all the beholders" See Malone's "Shakespeare," by  
 Boswell, vol. xviii. p. 322

<sup>6</sup> The edition of 1600, printed by W. W., reads,

"What meanes this mutinous rebellion?"

while the edition of 1619 reads,

"What meanes these mutinous rebellions?"

If you forsake this monstrous Rebell here?  
 If honour be the marke whereat you aime,  
 Then hast to Fiance that your forefathers wonne,  
 And winne againe that thing which now is lost,  
 And leauue to seeke your Countries ouerthow

*All A Clifford, a Clifford* [They forsake Cade  
*Cade* Why, how now, will you forsake your gene-  
 rall,

And ancient freedome which you haue possest?  
 To bend your neckes vnder<sup>1</sup> their seruile yokes,  
 Who if you stir, will staightwaises<sup>2</sup> hang you vp,  
 But follow me, and you shall pull them downe,  
 And make them yeeld their huings to your hands

*All A Cade, a Cade*

[They runne to Cade againe

*Clif* Braue warlike friends heare me but speak a  
 word,<sup>3</sup>

Refuse not good whilst it is offered you,  
 The King is mercifull, then yeeld to him,  
 And I myself will go along with you,  
 To Winsore Castle whereas the King abides,  
 And on mine honour you shall haue no huit

*All A Clifford, a Clifford, God sauе the King*

*Cade* How like a feather is this rascall company  
 Blowne euery way,  
 But that they may see there want no valiancy<sup>4</sup> in  
 me,  
 My staffe shall make way through the midst of you,  
 And so a poxe take you all

[He runs through them with his staffe, and flies away<sup>5</sup>

<sup>1</sup> The edition of 1600, printed by W W, reads "vnto" instead of "vnder"

<sup>2</sup> The edition of 1619 reads "straight way"

<sup>3</sup> These words are omitted in the edition of 1619

<sup>4</sup> The edition printed by W W in 1600, and that of 1619, read "theire wants no valiancy"

<sup>5</sup> The edition of 1619 reads, "and then flies away"

*Bur.* Go some and make after him, and proclaine,  
 That those that bring the head of Cade,  
 Shall haue a thousand Crownes for his labour  
 Come march away [Exet omnis]

*Enter King HENRY and the QUEENE, and SOMERSET*

*Kin.* Lord Somerset, what newes here you of the Rebell Cade?

*Som.* This, my gratiouse Lord, that the Lord Say is don to death,  
 And the Cite is almost sackt

*Kin.* Gods will be done, for as he hath decreede,  
 so must it be <sup>1</sup>  
 And be it as he please,<sup>2</sup> to stop the pride of those rebellious men

*Queene.* Had the noble Duke of Suffolke bene alue,  
 The Rebell Cade had bene suppiest ere this,  
 And all the rest that do take part with him

*Enter the Duke of BUCKINGHAM and CLIFFORD, with the Rebels, with halters about their necks*

*Clif.* Long liue King Henry, Englands lawfull King,  
 Loe here my Lord, these Rebels are subdude,  
 And offer their liues before your highnesse feete

*Kin.* But tell me Clifford, is their Captaine here.

*Clif.* No, my gratiouse Lord, he is fled away, but proclamations are sent forth, that he that can but bring his head, shall haue a thousand crownes But

<sup>1</sup> The edition printed by W W in 1600 reads, "so it must be"

<sup>2</sup> The word "it" is omitted in the edition of 1619, and by Mr Knight, though it seems necessary in the construction of the sentence.

may it please your Maiestie, to pardon these their faults, that by that traitors meanes<sup>1</sup> were thus misled

*Kin* Stand vp you simple men, and glue God praise,

For you did take in hand you know not what,

And go in peace obedient to your King,

And liue as subiects, and you shall not want,

Whilst Henry liues, and weares the English Cowne

*All* God sauе the King, God sauе the King

*Kin* Come let vs haste to London now with speed,

That soleme prosessions may be sung,

In laud and honour of the God of heauen,

And triumphs of this happie victorie

[Exet omnes

*Enter IACKE CADE at one doore, and at the other mäs-  
ter ALEXANDER EYDEN and his men, and IACKE  
CADE lies downe picking of hearbes and eating  
them*

*Eyden* Good Lord how pleasant is this country life,

This litle land my father left me here,

With my contented minde serues me as well,

As all the pleasures in the Court can yeeld,

Nor would I change this pleasure for the Court

*Cade* Sounes, heres the Lord of the soyle, Stand villaine, thou wilt betraie mee to the King, and get a thousand crownes for my head, but ere thou goest, ile make thee eate yron like an Astridge,<sup>2</sup> and swallow my sword like a great pinne

<sup>1</sup> The edition of 1619 reads, "by these traitors meanes"

<sup>2</sup> It may be worth while to observe that the edition of 1610 reads "estridge," alluding of course to the old myth of ostriches eating and digesting iron, concerning the truth of which Sir

*Eyden* Why sawcy companion, why should I betray thee?

Ist not inough that thou hast broke my hedges,  
And enterd into my ground<sup>1</sup> without the leave of me  
the owner,  
But thou wilt braue me too

*Cade* Braue thee and beard thee too, by the best  
blood of the Realme, looke on me well, I haue eate  
no meate this fwe dayes, yet and I do not<sup>2</sup> leave thee  
and thy fwe men as dead as a doore nayle,<sup>3</sup> I pray  
God I may neuer eate grasse more

*Eyden* Nay, it neuer shall<sup>4</sup> be saide whilst the  
world doth stand,<sup>5</sup> that Alexander Eyden an Esquire  
of Kent, tooke oddes to combat with a famisht man,  
looke on me, my limmes are equall vnto thine, and  
euery way as big, then hand to hand, ile combat thee<sup>6</sup>  
Sirrah fetch me weapons, and stand you all aside

*Cade* Now sword, if thou doest not hew<sup>7</sup> this burly-  
bond churle into chines of beefe, I beseech God thou

Thomas Browne and Alexander Ross fought a [paper] battle some two centuries ago. The word "estrige" occurs twice in Shakespeare, "I Henry IV," act iv sc 1, and "Antony and Cleopatra," act iii sc 2, meaning a kind of hawk, while the early editions of the amended play read "ostridge" in the corresponding passage to this. This affords an argument in favour of the early composition of the old play, if difference of orthography is ever any argument in works of Shakespeare's time.

<sup>1</sup> The edition printed by W W in 1600 reads, "into the ground."

<sup>2</sup> The edition of 1619 reads, " Yet if I do not."

<sup>3</sup> This proverb is used by Pistol in "2 Henry VI," act v. sc 3. The *door nail* was the nail, on which, in ancient doors, the knocker strikes. See Malone's "Shakespeare" by Boswell, vol xvii p 225

<sup>4</sup> The edition of 1619 reads, "it shall never"

<sup>5</sup> The edition of 1619 reads, "whilst the world stands"

<sup>6</sup> The edition of 1619 reads, "Ile combat with thee"

<sup>7</sup> The edition printed by W W in 1600 reads, 'if thou hewst not.'

maist fal<sup>1</sup> into some smiths hand,<sup>2</sup> and be turned to  
hob-nailes

*Eyden* Come on thy way

[They fight, and Cade fals downe

, *Cade* Oh villaine, thou hast slaine the floure of  
Kent for chualrie, but it is famine & not thee that has  
done it, for come ten thousand duuels, and gue me  
but the ten meales that I wanted this hue daies, and  
ile fight with you all, and so a poxe rot thec, for Iack  
Cade must die. [He dies

*Eyden* Iack Cade, & was it that monstrous Rebell<sup>3</sup>  
which I haue slaine Oh sword ile honour thee for  
this,<sup>4</sup> and in my chamber shalt thou hang as a monu-  
ment to after age, for this great seruice thou hast done  
to me Ile diag him hence, and with my sword cut  
off his head, and beare it<sup>5</sup> [Exit

*Enter the Duke of YORKE with Drum and souldiers*

*Yorke* In Armes from Ireland comes Yorke amaine,  
Ring belles aloud, bonfires perfume the ayre,

<sup>1</sup> The edition of 1619 reads, "I would thou mightst fall," while the amended play has, "I beseech Jove" The difference between the editions of 1619 and 1594 was, perhaps, occasioned by the statute of 3 James I , but the alteration in the folio may have been intentional, and is judiciously restored by Mr Collier

<sup>2</sup> The edition of 1619 reads, "into some smiths hands"

<sup>3</sup> Hall gives the following account of Cade's death "After a proclamacion made that whosoever could apprehende the saied Jac Cade should have for his pain a m markes, many sought for hym, but few espied hym, til one Alexander Iden, esquire of Kent, found hym in a garden, and there in his defence manfully slew the cutife Cade, and brought his ded body to London, whose hed was set on London budge" The edition of 1599 reads, "was this that monstrous rebel"

<sup>4</sup> The edition printed by W W in 1600 reads, "O sword I honor thee for this" The edition of 1619 prints this speech as verse

<sup>5</sup> The edition of 1619 reads, "and beare it to the king," these three words having dropped out in the Bodleian copy of our edition

To entertaine faire Englands royll King  
Ah *Santa Maesta*,<sup>1</sup> who would not buy thee deare?

*Enter the Duke of BUCKINGHAM*

But soft, who comes here Buckingham, what newes  
with him?

*Buc* Yorke, if thou meane well, I greete thee so  
*Yorke* Humphrey of Buckingham, welcome I sweare  
What comes thou in loue or as a Messenger?

*Buc* I come as a Messenger from our dread Lord  
and soueraign,

*Henry* To know the reason of these Armes in peace?  
Or that thou being a subject as I am,  
Shouldst thus appioach so neare with coloures spred,  
Whereas the person of the King doth keepe?

*Yorke* A subject as he is  
Oh how I hate these spitefull abiect temes,  
But Yorke dissemble, till thou meete thy sonnes,  
Who now in Armes expect their fathers sight,  
And not farre hence I know they cannot be<sup>2</sup>  
Humphrey Duke of Buckingham, pardon me,  
That I answearde not at first, my mind was troubled,  
I came to remoue that monstrous Rebell Cade,  
And heauie proud Somerset<sup>3</sup> from out the Court,  
That basely yeelded vp the Townes in France

*Buc* Why that was presumption on thy behalfe,  
But if it be no otherwise but so,<sup>4</sup>

<sup>1</sup> For "majestas"

<sup>2</sup> The edition printed by W. W. in 1600 omits the word  
"not," and it will be at once seen that this omission is necessary  
for the sense of the passage, although again inserted in the  
edition of 1619 and in Mr Knight's. This part of York's speech  
is of course spoken aside.

<sup>3</sup> The same expression is used by Buckingham soon afterwards.  
In the amended play this line is altered, the other remaining as it was.

<sup>4</sup> The edition of 1619 reads, "no otherwise then so"

The King doth pardon thee, and grant<sup>1</sup> to thy request,

And Somerset is sent vnto the Tower.

*Yorke* Vpon thine honour is it so?

*Buc* Yorke, he is vpon mine honour

*York* Then before thy face, I here dismisse my troopes,

Sirs, meete me to-morrow in saint Georges fields,

And there you shall receiuē your pale of me

*Buc* Come York, thou shalt go speake<sup>2</sup> vnto the King,

But see, his grace is comming to meeete with vs

*Enter King HENRY*

(Sig)

*Kin* How now Buckingham, is Yorke friends with us,

That thus thou bringst him hand in hand with thee?

*Buc* He is my Lord, and hath dischargde his troopes

Which came with him, but as your grace did say,  
To heauē the Duke of Somerset from hence,

And to subdue the Rebels that were vp

*Kin* Then welcome cousin Yorke, glie me thy hand,

And thankes for thy great seruice done to vs,  
Against those traitorous Irish that rebeld

*Enter maister EYDEN with LACKE CADES head*

*Eyden* Long liue Henry<sup>3</sup> in triumphant peace,  
Lo here my Lord vpon my bended knees,

<sup>1</sup> Perhaps, "grants"

<sup>2</sup> Malone thinks that the omission of this line in the amended play is an error, but the entrance of King Henry is an accidental incident, and the scene does not require Buckingham's assumption of authority

<sup>3</sup> The edition of 1619 reads, "Long liue King Henry"

I here present the traitorous head of Cade,  
 That hand to hand in single fight I slue  
*Kin* First thanks to heauen, & next to thee my friend,  
 That hast subdude that wicked traitor thus  
 Oh let me see that head that in his life,  
 Did worke me and my land such cruell spight,  
 A visage sterne, cole blacke his curled locks,  
 Deepe trenched furrowes in his frowning brow,  
 Presageth warlike humors in his life  
 Here take it hence and thou for thy reward,  
 Shalt be immediately created Knight  
 Kneele downe my fiend, and tell me whats thy name?

*Eyden* Alexander Eyden, if it please your grace,  
 A poore Esquire of Kent

*Kin* Then risc vp sir Alexander Eyden knight,  
 And for thy maintenance, I freely gue  
 A thousand markes a yeare to maintaine thee,<sup>1</sup>  
 Beside the firme reward that was proclaimde,  
 For those that could performe this worthie act,  
 And thou shalt waight vpon the person of the king

*Eyden* I humbly thank your grace,<sup>2</sup> and I no longer lue,  
 Then I proue iust and loyall to the King<sup>3</sup> [Exit]

*Enter the Queene with the Duke of SOMERSET.*<sup>4</sup>

*Kin* O Buckingham see where Somerset comes,  
 Bid him go hide himselfe till Yorke be gone

<sup>1</sup> The edition printed by W W in 1600 reads —

"A thousand markes a yeare for to maintaine thee"

<sup>2</sup> This speech is rather ambiguously worded, but seems to imply Iden's ready acceptance of Henry's bounty. The author, if this be the case, must have forgotten Iden's previous commendation of a country life, and his low idea of the value of court advantages.

<sup>3</sup> The edition printed by W W in 1600 reads —

"Then I proue iust and loyall vnto my king"

<sup>4</sup> This direction is found in the same place in the folio

*Queene* He shall not hide himselfe for feare of Yorke,  
But beaid and braue him proudly to his face.

*Yorke* Whose that, proud Somerset at libertie?  
Base fearefull Henry that thou dishonor' st me,  
By heauen, thou shalt not gouerne ouer me  
I cannot brooke that Traitors presence here,  
Nor will I subiect be to such a King,  
That knowes not how to gouerne nor to rule,  
Resigne thy Crowne proud Lancaster to me,  
That thou vsurped hast so long by force,  
For now is Yorke resolu'd to claime his owne,  
And rise aloft into faire Englands Throane

*Somer* Proud Traitor, I arrest thee on high treason,  
Against thy soueraigne Lord, yeeld thee false Yorke,  
For here I sweare, thou shalt vnto the Tower,  
For these proud words which thou hast guuen the king

*Yorke* Thou art deceived, my sonnes shalbe my  
baile,<sup>1</sup>  
And send thee there in dispight of him,  
Hoe, where are you boyes?

*Queene* Call Clifford hither presently

*Enter the Duke of YORKES sonnes, EDWARD the Earle  
of MARCH, and crook-backe RICHARD, at the one  
doore, with Drumme and soldiers, and at the other  
doore, enter CLIFFORD and his sonne, with Drumme  
and souldiers, and CLIFFORD kneeleth to HENRY,  
and speakes.*

*Clif* Long liue my noble Lord, and soueraigne King.

---

editions of the amended play. Modern editors place it three lines lower. The original position does not involve any absurdity, for Somerset must at all events be within sight of the king, and we have only to suppose him just entering a large room.

<sup>1</sup> The second folio reads the corresponding passage as follows

"Sirrah, call in my sonnes to be my baile  
I know ere they will let me goe to Ward,  
They'll payne their Swords for my infranchisement,"

*Yorke* We thank thee Clifford  
*Nay*, do not affright vs<sup>1</sup> with thy lookes,  
 If thou didst mistake, we pardon thee, kneele  
 againe

*Clif* Why, I did no way mistake, this is my  
 King

What is he mad? to Bedlam with him<sup>2</sup>

*Kin* I, a bedlam frantike humor drives him thus  
 To leauy Armes against his lawfull King

*Clif* Why doth not<sup>3</sup> your grace send him to the  
 Tower?

*Queene* He is aiested, but will not obey,  
 His sonnes he saith, shall be his baile<sup>4</sup>

*Yorke* How say you boyes, will you not?

*Ed* Yes noble father, if our words will serue

*Rich* And if our words will not, our swords shall

*Yorke* Call hither to the stake, my two rough  
 beares

*Kin* Call Buckingham, and bid him Arme him-  
 selfe.

*Yorke* Call Buckingham and all the fiends thou  
 hast,

Both thou and they, shall curse this fatall houre.

---

which contains *three* variations from the first, and all improvements, though modern editors have only adopted two of them. In the edition of 1619 this speech is erroneously given to the king.

<sup>1</sup> The second folio reads, "do not affright me," but York is now speaking as a sovereign.

<sup>2</sup> This is generally considered an anachronism, but Ritson quotes Stowe to prove that there was "an hospital for distrected people" called St Mary's of Bethlehem, as early as the thirteenth century. See "Survey of London," 1598, p. 127, and Malone's "Shakespeare," by Boswell, vol. xviii, p. 344.

<sup>3</sup> The edition printed by W. W. in 1600 reads, "Why do not?"

<sup>4</sup> The edition printed by W. W. in 1600 reads, "shall be his suretie," an alteration which is partially adopted in the amended play.

*Enter at one doore, the Earles of SALSBURY and WARWICKE, with Drumme and souldiers And at the other,<sup>1</sup> the Duke of BUCKINGHAM, with Drumme and souldiers*

*Clif* Are these thy beares? weel bayte them soone,  
Dispight of thee, and all the friends thou hast.

*War* You had best go dreame againe,  
To keepe you from the tempest of the held

*Clif* I am resolu'd to beare a greate stormie,  
Then any thou canst coniure vp to day,  
And that ile write vpon thy Burgonet,<sup>2</sup>  
Might I but know thee by thy household badge<sup>3</sup>

*War.* Now by my fathers age,<sup>4</sup> old Neuels crest,  
The Rampant Beare chained to the ragged staffe,  
This day ile weare aloft my burgonet,  
As on a mountaine top the Cædar showes,  
That keepes his leaues in spight of any storme,  
Euen to affright the with the view thereof.

*Clif* And from thy burgonet will I rend the beare,  
And tread him vnderfoote with all contempt,  
Dispight the Beare-ward that protects him so

*Yoong Clif* And so renowned soueraigne to Armes,<sup>5</sup>  
To quell these Traitors and their compleases

<sup>1</sup> The edition of 1619 reads, "and at the other doore"

<sup>2</sup> A helmet. See "Antony and Cleopatra," act i. sc 5.

<sup>3</sup> The first folio reads "housed" and the second "house's" instead of "household." The reading in our text is the correct one. The speech is exactly the same in the amended play with this exception. See Collier's "Shakespeare," vol v. p 216.

<sup>4</sup> Perhaps "badge," though the alteration does not seem to be absolutely necessary

<sup>5</sup> The first folio reads —

"And so to armes victorious Father,"  
while the second folio has —

"And so to Armes victorious noble Father"

This difference is not noticed by any of the earlier editors of Shakespeare, although of some importance.

*Rich* Fie, Charitie for shame, speake it not in  
spight,  
For you shall sup with Iesus Christ to-night  
*Yoong Clif* Foule Stigmaticke thou canst not tell  
*Rich* No, for if not in heauen, youle surely sup in  
hell  
[Exit omnes]

*Alarmes to the battaile, and then enter the Duke of SOMERSET and RICHARD fighting, and RICHARD kills him under the signe of the Castle in Saint Albones*

*Rich* So Lie thou there, and breathe thy last<sup>1</sup>  
Whats here, the signe of the Castle?  
Then the prophesie is come to passe,<sup>2</sup>  
For Someiset was forewained of Castles,  
The which he alwaies did obserue  
And now, behold, vnder a palty Ale-house signe  
The Castle in saint Albones,  
Somerset hath made the Wissard famous by his death  
[Exet.

*Alarme again, and enter the Earle of WARWICKE alone*

*War* Clifford of Cumberland, tis Warwicke calles,  
And if thou doest not hide thee from the Beare  
Now whilst the angry Trompets sound Alarimes,  
And dead mens cries do fill the empie aire  
Clifford I say, come forth and fight with me,  
Proud Northerne Lord, Clifford of Cumberland,  
Warwicke is hoarse with calling thee to Armes

*Clif speaks within* Warwicke stand still, and view  
the way that Clifford hewes with his murthering Curtel-

<sup>1</sup> This is omitted in the amended play The edition of 1619 inelegantly reads —

"So, lie thou there, and tumble in thy blood "

<sup>2</sup> "There died under the sygne of the Castle, Edmond duke of Somerset, who long before was warned to eschew all castles, and besyde hym lay Henry the Second erle of Northumberland, Humfrey eile of Stafford," &c — Hall's "Chronicle"

axe, through the fainting troopes to finde thce ou'  
Warwicke stand still, and stir not till I come

*Enter YORKE*

*War.* How now my Lord, what a foote?  
Who kild your horse?

*Yorke.* The deadly hand of Clifford    Noble Lord,  
Ffue horse this day slaine vnder me,  
And yet braue Warwicke I remaine aliue,  
But I did kill his horse he lou'd so well,  
The bonniest gray that ere was bred in North.

*Enter CLIFFORD, and WARWICKE offers to fight  
with him*

Hold Warwicke, and seeke thee out some other chase,  
My selfe will hunt this deare to death

*War.* Braue Lord, tis for a Crowne thou fights,  
Clifford farewell, as I entend to prosper well to-day,  
It grieues my soule to leaue thee vnassaid

[*Exet WARWICKE*

*Yorke.* Now Clifford, since we are singled heire  
alone,  
Be this the day of doome to one of vs,  
For now my heart hath sworne immortall hate  
To thee, and all the house of Lancaster

*Clif.* And here I stand, and pitch my foot to thine,  
Vowing neuer to stir, till thou or I be slaine  
For neuer shall my heart be safe at rest,  
Till I haue spoyld the hatefull house of Yorke.

[*Alarmes, and they fight, and YORKE kills  
CLIFFORD*<sup>1</sup>

*Yorke.* Now Lancaster sit sute, thy sinowes shrinke,

<sup>1</sup> This is a departure from the truth of history, but it is very remarkable that a different account should be given by the author of "The True Tragedie," if both these plays were, as is generally supposed, written by the same hand

Come fearefull Henry grouelling on thy face,  
Yeeld vp thy Crowne vnto the Prince of York

[Exet YORKF

*[Alarmes, then enter yoong CLIFFORD alone]*

*Yoong Clifford.* Father of Cumberland,  
Where may I seeke my aged father foith?  
O' dismall sight, see where he breathlesse lies,  
All smeard and weltred in his luke-warme blood,  
Ah, aged pillar of all Combeilands true house,  
Sweete father, to thy murthred ghoast I sweare,  
Immortall hate vnto the house of Yorke,  
Nor neuer shall I sleepe secure one night,  
Till I haue furiously ieuengde thy death,  
And left not one of them to breath on earth

[He takes him up on his backe

And thus as old Ankyses sonne did beare  
His aged father on his manly backe,  
And fought with him agaist the bloodie Greeks,  
Euen so will I. But stae, heres one of them,  
To whom my soule hath sworne immortall hate.

*Enter RICHARD, and then CLIFFORD laies downe his  
father, fights with him,<sup>2</sup> and RICHARD flies away  
againe*

Out crooktbacke villaine, get thee from my sight,  
But I will after thee, and once againe  
When I haue borne my father to his Tent,  
Ile<sup>3</sup> trie my fortune better with thee yet.<sup>3</sup>

[Exet yoong CLIFFORD with his father

*Alarmes againe, and then enter three or fourre, bearing  
the Duke of BUCKINGHAM wounded to his Tent*

*Alarmes still, and then enter the King and Queene  
Queene Away my Lord, and flie to London straight,*

<sup>1</sup> The edition of 1619 reads, "Where I may."

<sup>2</sup> The word "with" is omitted in the edition of 1619.

<sup>3</sup> The word "yet" is omitted in the edition printed by W. W. in 1600, but it is found in the edition of 1619.

Make hast, for vengeance comes along with them,  
Come stand not to expostulate, lets go

*Kin.* Come then faire Queene, to London let vs  
hast,  
And sommon a Parliament<sup>1</sup> with speede,  
To stop the fury of these dyre euent

[Enter King and Queene

*Alarmes, and then a flourish, and enter the Duke  
of YORKE<sup>2</sup> and RICHARD*

*Yorke.* How now boyes, fortunate this fight hath  
bene,  
I hope to vs and ours, for Englands good,  
And ouer great honour, that so long we lost,  
Whilst faint-heart Henry did vsurpe our rights  
But did you see old Salsbury, since we  
With bloodie mindes did buckle with the foe,  
I would not for the losse of this right hand,  
That ought but well betide that good old man

*Rich.* My Lord, I saw him in the thickest throng,  
Charging his Lance with his old weary armes,  
And thrise I saw him beaten from his horse,  
And thrise this hand did set him vp againe,  
And still he fought with courage against his foes,  
The boldest sprited<sup>3</sup> man that ere mine eyes beheld

*Enter SALSBURY and WARWICKE*

*Ed.* See noble father, where they both do come,  
The onely props vnto the house of Yorke.

*Sal.* Well hast thou fought this day, thou valiant  
Duke,

<sup>1</sup> The edition of 1619 reads, "And summon vp a parlia-  
ment."

<sup>2</sup> The edition of 1619 adds "Edward"

<sup>3</sup> The edition of 1619 reads, "spirited."

And thou braue bud of Yorkes encreasing house,  
The small remaindei of my weary life,

I hold for thee, for with thy wailike arme,

Three times this day thou hast preseru'd my life

*Yorke* What say you Lords, the King is fled to  
London?

There as I here to hold a Parliament

What saies Lord Warwicke, shall we after them?

*IVar.* After them, nay before them if we can

Now by my faith<sup>1</sup> Lords, twas a glórious day,

Saint Albones battaile wonne by famous Yorke,

Shall be eternest<sup>2</sup> in all age to come

Sound Drummes and Trumpets,<sup>3</sup> and to London all,

And more such daies as these to vs befall

[Exet omnes

<sup>1</sup> The amended play reads, "by my hand "

<sup>2</sup> This reading is peculiar to the present edition. The other reads, "eterniz'd," which is also found in the amended play

<sup>3</sup> The first folio of the amended play reads, "Sound Drummie and Trumpets "

